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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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A NEW HIBISCUS
see page 2

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CONTEST . . . DOCTOR RICHARD GORDON'S WITTY COMMENTS ON
AUSTRALIA . . . A MOTHER OF TWO WRITES ON DAUGHTERS AND SEX

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OUR COVER

● "Mary Estrella" is one of the latest arrivals among about 300 varieties of Hibiscus Rosaninensis available in Australia. From Hawaii, it was quarantined for 12 months at the Hibiscus Farm, Warriewood, N.S.W., where Ron Berg, of our staff, photographed its first flowering. "Mary Estrella" is a compact but fairly slow-growing plant, suitable for pots or tubs; the flowers grow to about 8in. in width.

The Weekly Round

BEFORE leaving for Australia to attend the recent Test series, English author Richard ("The Doctor" novels) Gordon said on the BBC World Service Program "Here and Now":

"Cricket is a combination of a picnic and a ballet. It's an art form.

"But you can bring along your beer and sandwiches and sit in the sunshine and watch cricket. It's therapeutic."

For what Richard Gordon thought of cricket in Australia — and Australians generally — turn to "Have a Go, Pom!" on page 5. You'll enjoy it.

Incidentally, while in Australia, Richard Gordon combined pleasure in watching Test cricket with business in publishing his book "Love And Sir Lancelot," which we

published as a serial and which he insists will be the last in the "Doctor" series.

SINCE publishing "A Short Story of Love and Marriage," by Daisy Ashford, in our March 2 issue and a week later her sister Angela's story, "The Jealous Governors or The Granted Wish," readers have been asking for further details about the sisters.

Daisy and Angela Ashford spent their childhood in Lewes, Sussex. About the time they wrote their stories in 1892 they used to pray for wet weather so they could stay inside and write instead of going for daily walks.

Daisy, of course, first became famous when her novel, "The Young Visitors," was published in 1919 after notes for it were found among her mother's papers.

The sisters are now in their 80s. Daisy Ashford lives in Norfolk; Angela in Sussex.

Hints to keep
your home
free
of insect pests



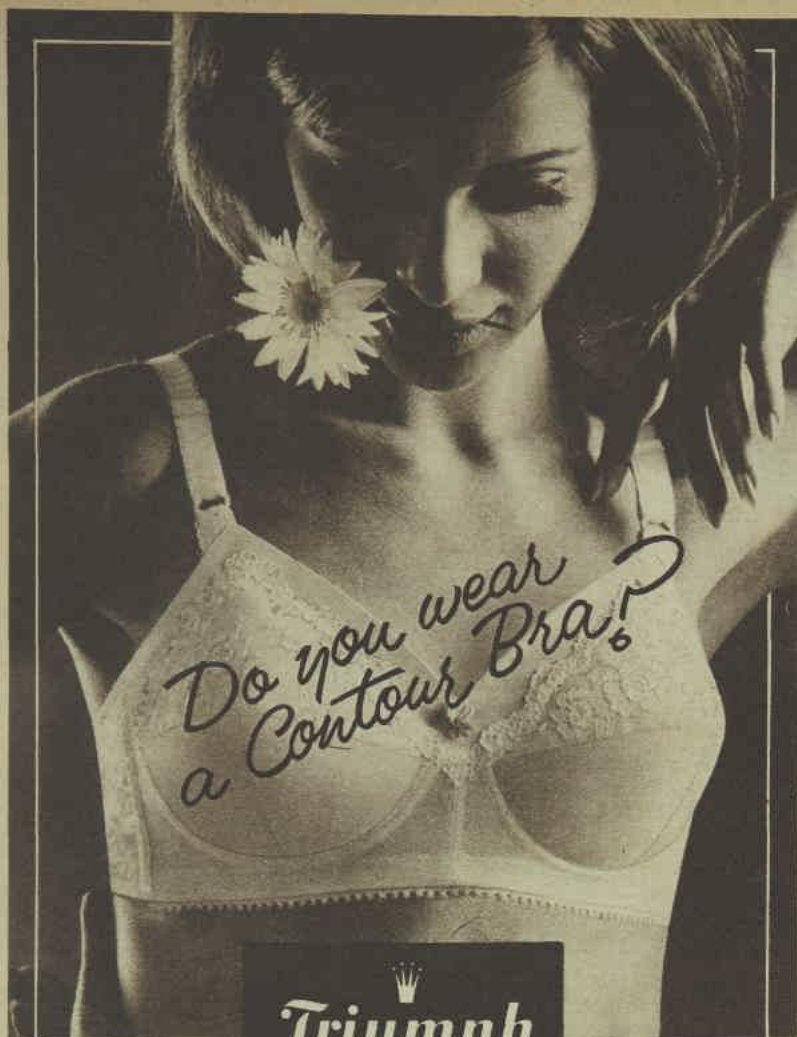
To quickly clear the home of disease-carrying flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches and other insect pests spray with "Safe" Pea-Ben insecticide. The powerful action of Pea-Ben quickly eliminates all insect pests, without harming the lungs. It can be used in the presence of children and pets with complete safety.



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for sweet, young things . . .

reshaper stretch bra . . .



JT 996

Australia's own "Funny Girl"

● The opening night of "Funny Girl" in Sydney was one of the most exciting and emotional in Australia's theatre history — perhaps only Joan Sutherland has received an ovation to equal the one given to Jill Perryman.

"If the show had stopped after that first night it wouldn't have mattered," Jill said. "It was the most exciting thing I have ever experienced." And a few years ago Jill, who is married to dancer-actor Kevan Johnston and has two small children, had retired from showbusiness!

She was persuaded to come back for the second lead and first understudy for "Hello, Dolly!", and eventually she took over the lead.

It was during this show that she first met American director Fred Hebert, who later insisted that there was no overseas star who could play funny girl Fanny Brice better than Jill.

Married a gambler

Fanny Brice was the ambitious uneducated lower east-side girl who reached the heights of success as a Ziegfeld star, but whose personal life was full of misfortune after she fell in love with and married the dashing but worthless gambler Nick Arnstein.

This real story is perfect theatre and the idea of making a musical from it was long the dream of the producer of the original show, Ray Stark, who married Fanny's daughter, Frances.

J. C. Williamson's brought out American director Fred Hebert (who produced "The Pajama Game," "Hello, Dolly!", and "Beekman Place" for them) to stage "Funny Girl."

WAR BREAKS OUT and the Follies stage a rousing military finale with Fanny (right) as the outlandish Private Schwartz, in crazy soldiering gear. (Song is "Rat-tat-tat-tat.")



Pictures by Ernie Nutt.



FANNY plays a Ziegfeld bridal finale for laughs (there's a surprise twist). Robert Murphy, an Australian dancer, designed the extravagant brides' gowns for the Australian show. Song, "His Love Makes Me Beautiful."



FANNY AND NICK ARNSTEIN (already acquainted) meet again when Fanny is on tour and have dinner at a lavish restaurant. They are attracted, Fanny drinks too much, and Nick woos her with "You Are Woman."



HENRY STREET, Fanny's old home, gives her an opening-night party to celebrate her opening night with the Ziegfeld Follies. Fanny (Jill Perryman) is pictured dancing with Tom Keeney (Will Mahoney). Songs sung are "Henry Street" and "People."

FANNY (Jill Perryman), right, shows her iron will to succeed while singing "I'm The Greatest Star." She has just found a good friend in vaudeville hooper Eddie Ryan. The Australian show is now predicted to have a longer run than was originally scheduled.



NOT ANGRY...

Russia's young rebel poet is tall, charming

● "I am delighted to be in Australia for the second time. The first time was in my dreams."

SO said distinguished Russian poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko when he arrived at Adelaide airport to take part in the city's Festival of Arts.

He scanned the horizon—happily bright, with just a few clouds—and tried to answer the rush of questions from reporters and others in the welcoming group.

But he was tired after the long flight from Moscow. When photographers had taken what were considered enough pictures, they and the reporters were eased into the background as the poet and his party were led to the terminal building.

But I dogged the group in the hope of catching the poet's attention long enough to make a later appointment.

"Just let me talk to him for two minutes any time today and I'll be happy," I told everyone who stood between the 33-year-old, Siberian-born poet and me.

At last I succeeded with the help of Russian-born Rita Frese, who had come to the airport to translate for me.

Asked names

Rita, executive assistant and interpreter for a shipping firm, had taken time off from her work to help me.

The poet looked sympathetic as she explained that we wanted a minute or two with him.

He said he would be glad to give us the time, but he must stick to the program arranged for him.

"What exactly IS the program right now?" I asked Adelaide author and publishing editor Mr. Geoffrey Dutton.

"To see a book of poems by Yevtushenko coming off the presses RIGHT NOW," said Mr. Dutton. Rita and I could tag along if we liked.

Tag we did and were each rewarded with an autographed copy of the new book. So were a dozen or so other people there as the books rolled off the press.

And, weary though he was, Mr. Yevtushenko took the trouble to ask the name of each recipient and wrote it in each book above his own.

I opened the book at the first poem:

"A poet in Russia is more than a poet.

There the fate of being born a poet falls only on those stirred by the pride of being long,

Who have no comfort, and no peace.

There the poet is his century's image..."

The last three words captured me—"his century's image."

I added them to the card I sent later with a carefully selected bottle of South Australian port to his suite along with some magazines and flowers for his official interpreter, Madame Oksana Krugerskaya.

The wine was sent with the genuine motive of making a small gesture and the ulterior one of jogging his memory about the promised interview.

We left the printery—still having exchanged only remarks about the weather and how soon we could see him—with the assurance that the visitors were now going to their hotel to have lunch and get some sleep.

I was told that maybe, if I were lucky, I MIGHT, perhaps, just get to see him at 4 p.m. when he had had a sleep.

But somewhere along the line the sleep arrangements must have gone by the board. By the time Rita and I arrived at his suite at four



TIRED: Weary but gracious Russian poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko on arrival at Adelaide airport after his flight from Moscow.

o'clock he said he was still very, very tired.

(He had made a presumably unscheduled appearance at a display of photographs of aborigines and works by Adelaide's founder, Colonel Light. Here he had given an impromptu Press conference which had lasted more than

an hour. I thought that if his first visit here had been made in a dream this trip was to be a very wide-awake one.)

But he would talk to us for a couple of minutes if "you let me tidy my room first."

I said through Rita that

I hadn't come to see his room and he shot me what I like to think was a grateful look.

Nevertheless, he tidied it before inviting us in.

It was warm and he asked if he might remove the coat of his suit—a smart white one, striped with tan.

He sank back in a chair, stretched his long legs—he's about 6ft. 3in. tall—clapped his hands, and looked at me as if to say, "Well?"

"Ask what he thinks of the modern trends in music, art, fashion, behaviour," I said to Rita. It was four questions in one, but there was so little time.

He began by saying that you couldn't consider youth as a complete body in itself. Youth varied from country to country, just as it did from generation to generation.

I mentioned Beatle music, sloppy clothes, long hair, ugly fashions generally.

"There are people to whom the Beatles mean everything," he said. "This is their doctrine. When I was in Rome, I wanted to hear the Beatles purely for my own interest. Although I attended a concert, I could hear nothing above the screaming.

"The Beatles were only a stimulant for all the shouting and the exclamations."

Could he see any possibility of a softening in people's general attitudes, a return to the gentle and romantic?

He rose from his chair and strode about. With a shrug and a gesture, he said, "Prophecy is a most useless thing. If there were a bank selling stock and share predictions, it would be bankrupt..."

"You mustn't say that things are ugly... things

that seem ugly to us are not necessarily so.

"I was looking through some papers of 1914 lately. The same sort of condemnations of art and so on were made then, but this era produced the likes of Mayakovsky, Picasso, and many other greats.

"Youth sometimes seems to be indifferent, but there are also activating forces in youth which are not always obvious from outside sources.

"This process of condemnation of the Beatles will sooner or later be crystallised and find its destiny. This process of crystallisation is happening now.

"Youth now feels that scepticism might be enough to make extensions to the buildings of life but is not good enough for the foundation of a new life."

We were interrupted. Time was up! The Russian poet was to be whisked off to the country to spend the night and the following day.

Well, it was only two minutes or a little more, but I think it was worth it.

"Remake it!"

That night I came across more of his views on what I had called ugly. It was in a verse called "In a Moment of Weakness."

"When ratbagery with a stupid air of prosperity offends my gaze, I wish I could retreat to the virgin forest..."

... But it is shameful, I swear, to lament that there are so many dregs, to talk about.

It is shameful to hide oneself from the present day — We should remake it!"

Two days later, on a Sunday, we drove 60-odd miles to take some pictures of the poet at Anlaby (the Dutton family's stud sheep station near Kapunda), where he spent some of the weekend.

Mr. Yevtushenko obligingly emerged from the house. He looked fine. Tall, handsome, smart.

"Have you been able to sleep yet?" I asked.

"No," he said abruptly, but softened the short reply with his kindly, whimsical smile.

We took just one picture, in which he pretended he was ready to drop, and left.

That was my very brief encounter with the famous poet. A great pity, because he's the kind of man who will talk with you for hours—if only he has the TIME.

STILL TIRED: He pretends utter exhaustion at Anlaby sheep station, Kapunda, S.A. With him are Mrs. Geoffrey Dutton, Andrew Dutton, 8, Mr. Dutton, with Therese, 4.



• Australians, at cricket, at work, or at war, "like to fool everyone they're tough." Underneath, says the British doctor-novelist, they are the kindest and politest people . . .

HAVE A GO, POM!



AUTHOR Gordon, who visited Australia during the Tests.



SPECTATORS on a hot day—irreverent, noisy, but barracking for both sides and "impeccably sporting."

By **RICHARD GORDON**

A missing excitement is the weather, the third combatant in any English cricket match.

No black clouds gather to be nervously assessed for their chance of drowning the game and the spectators. Appeals are made against light which at Lord's would be considered blazing sunshine. If it does shower a little, the covers are fetched from some distant storeroom, instead of being manned by mackintoshed attendants with the keen readiness of the Lifeboat Institution.

In such sunlight the crowd is impeccably sporting, barracking for (you can do it both ways in Australia) the Poms as noisily as for their own heroes.

This admittedly doesn't square with the Australian self-image of a grimly partisan tight-lipped Digger communicating in an impenetrable half-articulated language called Strine. But all self-images vanish on contact.

The Australians are as particular in their use of the Queen's English as the inhabitants of the politer

suburbs of Glasgow. The only Strine expression likely to confuse the visitor is Our Oprahs, which is expensively and slowly taking its place by Our Bridge and Our Arbor.

Our Oprahs will be fine when finished and Our Joan can sing opera in it, but at present its huge pointed yawning arches give the impression of half a dozen very bored whales.

Beer-and-pie

The Australians, at cricket, at work, or at war, like to fool everyone they're as tough as a load of overdone kangaroo steak. Underneath, they are the most conscientiously kind and polite people in the world.

Even the Sydney taxi-drivers address you more courteously than the ones in London, if you happen to speak Hungarian. Only the total absence from the cricket grounds of those piles of familiar hireable plastic cushions called "soft seats" possibly indicates that Australians are harder than us at least in this department.

The decisive factor in Australian and English cricket crowd behaviour is the beer.

Our mild warm brew induces a pleasant sleepiness broken by half-conscious murmurs of "Shot, sir!" Australian beer, which is so cold and strong they have to drink it in sherry glasses, provokes wild cries of "Have a go!" even when runs are rattling up on the complicated scoreboards.

This beer, which is

squirted from a pistol-grip tap in the general direction of a glass you have hired for a shilling, goes nicely with the great Australian hot meat pie—if you can avoid their smothering it with one of the great Australian sauces, which do double duty as floor-polish.

But beer and hot pies are becoming old hat, like pavlovas with pineapple filling, long white gloves, birthday-cake millinery, and endless tea, white or black with lemon. The Australians are now shrewd connoisseurs of plonk, which they call wine.

Australian wine is excellent, particularly when drunk with Snapper Walewska in restaurants run by genuine Italians speaking genuine Italian ("Arrivederci Melbourne").

And the local champagne is the best value in two hemispheres, once you get used to its being referred to widely as "The rich man's fruit-salts."

The Australians were a little hurt at my going home. They are a little hurt at anyone arriving on their surf-beaten shores without his family and household goods, prepared to settle for life.

Certainly no sadder traveller rinsed the taste of lotus from his mouth with a final schooner at Kingsford Smith Airport. We are really a nation of masochists, if any of us can abandon the lovely cricket, the lovely sunshine, and the lovely Australians for such harsh realities of life as dark evenings, frozen pipes, influenza, and Harold Wilson on the television.

THE cricket ground at Melbourne is very handy, just a pleasant if damp stroll across the constantly sprinkled grass of the municipal gardens, as though the Oval had been reconstituted in St. James's Park in London.

It is also very large. The northern stand runs up for the Olympics holds more than dear little Lord's, and spectators mounting its concrete escarpments to the upper tiers seem advised to take their seats in parties, roped together.

In Sydney it is very charming. The pavilion, all delicate green verandas, fluttering flags, and complicated decorative ironwork, needs only a couple of paddlewheels and smoke belching from its central clock tower to plough prettily among the piers across the harbor to Manly. After luncheon I wonder how many members would notice if it did.

The fundamental difference between these and English grounds is the fence.

This ring of sharp white railings round the boundary, on which some eager fielder will be impaled one day in a glorious if messy raid, it is to keep spectators from invading the pitch, to dry out the shirts of the more heated supporters, and to hang banners when the Australian attack isn't looking so hot, saying **WE WANT MECKIEFF.**

The fence can hardly be there to protect the umpires, an assault on them being as inconceivable as on a pair of church dignitaries in full canonicals. Shaming our English umpires ambling to the wicket in cloth caps and tweed trousers, the Australians uniform themselves in medical students' jackets with huge badges, black ties and trousers, and white shoes and hats.

They march from the pavilion briskly and in step, proclaiming from the start they are men of decision, even if some of them are wrong ones.

In Sydney there is no such thing as dull cricket. The batting may be tedious, but there is always an entertaining fight or "blue" somewhere on the Hill, quelled through an eruption of empty beer cans by a solitary member of the New South Wales constabulary in a white pith helmet recalling the majesty of the British Raj.

Girl-watch

In the absence of fights you can always divert yourself by looking at the girls' legs. Since Miss Shrimpton attended the Melbourne Cup, Australian skirts have shot upwards to a point unthinkable in the British moral and meteorological climate.

This is simply part of the innocent and sexless Australian exposure of the body, expressed at weekends by suprapubic bikinis sprawled all over Sydney's endless beaches. At least, that's what they told me.



MEMBERS' STAND at Sydney Cricket Ground "needs only a couple of paddlewheels and smoke from its tower."

when a simple little jacket
warms you and charms you
and keeps its shape
day in
and day out
you'll be glad
you insisted on
pure new wool



PURE NEW WOOL

naturally.



THIS IS THE INTERNATIONAL SYMBOL OF THE WORLD'S BEST ... PURE NEW WOOL



All I feel I can do is guide my daughters and be ready to talk it out with them as honestly as I know how, writes a mother.

DAUGHTERS AND SEX

By KAY KEAVNEY

● Physically, at least, that young daughter of yours is a woman. The boys who have begun to take her out are physically men.

-Many are in dire need of a star to steer by

BEING just young enough to remember this period in your own life and old enough to know there's nothing new under the sun, you've got a pretty fair idea of the pressures she'll be facing from now on.

Of course, as far as you can, you'll vet the boys who take her out and the places they take her to. You'll set rules and exert supervision.

But in the last analysis, more and more, you have to loose the silver cord and let her go; trust her good taste and good sense and the standards you've tried to give her.

And there's the rub, or so it seems to me.

What standards? Absolute continence until marriage? Self-control until she reaches some unspecified stage of maturity?

Once you could work on fears

Standards based on what? For the religious, the answer is simple. You'll say to your daughter, as perhaps your own mother said to you:

"Sex outside marriage is a sin. It's against the will of God and the law of the church."

For the non-religious, though, not so simple . . .

What to say in defence of self-control that will make sound sense to a lively, intelligent Australian teenager in this second half of the 20th century?

Once upon a time you could work on her fears. "Bad girls are likely to have babies."

Now, though, she can't pick up a magazine or watch television without learning there are ways round that.

Besides (and more seriously, in my book), all these arguments based on fear and external prohibition are pretty negative.

Surely what you hope to do is positive—to help her find a set of standards she will accept with mind and heart as valid. Valid for her.

And right away you run headlong into a contradiction.

Haven't you always tried to give her what they call a "healthy attitude toward sex"?

Now here you are claiming that it would be a good thing if she controlled instincts and feelings (on her own part and even more on the boy's) which you admit are perfectly healthy and natural?

My own teenage daughters and I have thrashed that one out by the hour, and, all right, I've freely admitted the contradiction.

Human life, as they already know, is chock-full of contradictions. And the more complex a human society becomes, the greater the clash between natural instincts and the demands of the social order.

Of course, social attitudes could change.

In twenty, fifty, one hundred years, this particular contradiction in society could be resolved.

But I'm concerned with my two daughters, growing up in the here-and-now.

So just what am I trying to put up to them? That they should exert self-control and discrimination during these formative years because that's what society expects of them?

In other words, "What would the neighbors say?"

No and yes. A lot more no than yes.

I don't care what the neighbors say. I do care about the effect of what the girls do on their own minds and developing personalities.

And what they do will be done in the context of the society in which they live.

They are products of that society.

They're not members of a tribe who keep girls in purdah, to suffer real agonies of shame if they expose their naked faces to a male.

Nor of a tribe whose girls (taking the opposite extreme in social attitudes) offer themselves quite naturally to the male visitor as some sort of tribal amenity.

process of education, but warned from every side that it isn't smart for a girl to be too clever.

Need some kind of yardstick

They're told that the only true measure of success for female teenagers is the ability to arouse male passions—which they must on no account indulge.

Oh, yes, they're in dire need of a star to steer by.

They need some kind of yardstick, some standard which is their own, not imposed on them from outside by their parents or anybody else.

As for my own two, all I

And how the boastful boy does boast! Half the conquests he claims may never have happened. And often a girl's general conduct can be the clincher on whether he's believed or disbelieved.

This makes sense to my elder daughter, a third-year university student, who has heard a fair bit of this kind of boasting. The thought of being its subject makes her cringe.

She has also found out that where their girls are concerned there's a puritan streak in the Australian male. Probably it grows out of male possessiveness rather than "morality," but it's very real and (both my girls feel) pretty natural.

So one way and another, even on the lowest, most practical level of expediency, sexual promiscuity doesn't seem a good idea to my teenagers (nor, they assure me, to most of their girlfriends).

But then, how many promiscuous girls start out meaning to become promiscuous?

Some are initially curious about an important human experience, and some are persuaded into it for a dozen different reasons.

Some begin because they are in love with another youngster, and see in the sex act a natural, generous expression of their love.

When the love doesn't last, a pattern has been set up, with the next boy and the next.

And I can't help feeling that in our society it's a pattern better not risked, a psychologically damaging one.

(Surely just as damaging is the reverse reaction—a sickening, a turning-away, which makes a good relationship in the future so much more difficult to achieve.)

In our society, sex just isn't, as they say, "as natural as breathing."

Rightly or wrongly, it carries all sorts of sociological and psychological overtones.

At the worst, this sets up dangerous tensions. At the best, though, it can give sex a far richer potential than a mere breathing exercise or therapeutic.

It seems to be that aloneness is the human condition. Human beings are boxed up inside their own skulls and bodies, separate and remote even from their nearest and dearest.

All our lives we're groping for communication.

We find it spasmodically with friends, brothers, parents, children, sometimes strangers. But we're still essentially separate, still alone.

And we always will be.

Communication with another

But the closest we'll ever come to real, continuing, developing communication with another human being is in union with someone we love, using sex as the physical expression of that union.

Marriage as an institution will not always ensure that. What could magically confer on two separate people, man and woman, the qualities of maturity and discipline and sensitivity that such a union requires?

But marriage is still the framework within which it is possible.

I hope very much that my teenagers will achieve this kind of marriage, and even more that they will use these years to become the kind of people who are capable of it.

Let that at least be a star to steer by.

There is a double standard of morality, and it has been here for a long time.

Their society is Australia, 1966.

And, let's face it, Australian attitudes to both females and sex are the last word in confusion.

Some community leaders exhort girls to take their full place in society as persons, while others stand ready to slap them down the minute they try.

They're compelled by law to submit their brains to a

feel I can do is guide them and be ready to talk it out with them as honestly as I know how.

So I've admitted the contradictions. I've advised them to accept the contradictions as among the facts of life.

There is a double standard of morality, and it has been here for a long time. A boy who can boast of affairs and conquests is a bar-room hero. The girls are just plain "easy."



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 30, 1966

In the wake of our world tourists



● Printed satin dress worn by Mrs. P. Moodie, of Sydney, at the Oriental Ball was bought in Hong Kong. Dance partner is Mr. Kevin Traill, of Tauranga, New Zealand.

FUN IN EXOTIC PORTS

● Passengers on our World Discovery Tour 1966 have enjoyed their trip to London. On this page Joyce Bowden, of our staff, continues her story of life aboard the *Orcades* and sight-seeing tours of ports en route.

AFTER our visit to Hong Kong one husband on our tour told me he was going to ask the captain to put his wife in irons before the next port so that she would be out of range of the shops!

But the men didn't do so badly with their shopping, either. Many are carrying new cameras, and they bought transistors, projectors, typewriters, fishing gear, suitcases, suits, shirts, and watches.

So the women on board didn't have it all their own way with their specially made dresses, shoes, bags, and embroidered sweaters.

Shopping is one of the most important items on a Hong Kong agenda, but our travellers were just as enthusiastic about the scenery on the shore tours. The trip along the marine drive around the island is a breathtaking experience

whether by day or by night.

Another wonderful tour was the night drive round Kowloon on the mainland, then to the Taipo Road leading to the Carlton Hotel, which is said to have one of the best views in the world. It commands the harbor, the Peak, and the blaze of lights from the great new housing developments.

Our cars—all 69 of them—took off along the new Ling - Chun Highway to Eastern Kowloon. Destination was the Golden Crown, a restaurant and nightclub, where a delicious 12-course Chinese meal was served while guests looked at a grand entertainment, including Chinese opera.

There was a hilarious note when we all tried our hand at chopsticks. At the table where I sat everyone "had a go" and spurned the spoon placed for Europeans.

Some found the menu a little exotic, but those who were used to Chinese meals at home realised what a treat this one was. Mr. Mark, one of the Chinese members of the Hong Kong tour organisation, told me that there had been many

conferences to ensure that the meal would be enjoyed by newcomers to the East.

When we sailed from Hong Kong many passengers spent the first afternoon sleeping, exhausted from the excitement of their crowded days in port. But the next day all were on the go again, getting ready for an Oriental Ball. Some of the women made flowers for the decorations, and there was a great deal of discussion about what to wear.

For the men the Hong Kong shops had provided the answer. They wore a gorgeous array of colored dressing gowns, adding Chinese moustaches and coolie hats.

It was a very hot night and I think Mr. George Lloyd found the most comfortable solution. He wore a pair of dark silk pyjamas which he had had made in Hong Kong. With his wife,

Ilma, he is from Whangarei, New Zealand.

Next stop was Singapore.

Everyone was up early, ready for a flying start. We saw the lush, tropical green of the island as we came in to dock, and passengers lined the deck to see the Lion Dance—a colorful and exciting welcome specially arranged. It was a great beginning to the day, and a splendid opportunity to use the cameras bought in Hong Kong.

After a hurried breakfast we went off to see Singapore, either on one of the arranged tours or in taxis with groups of friends.

Some passengers took a half-day tour of the city, or of Singapore Island and Johore Bahru. Others took a full-day tour which incorporated the two.

Again we had splendid couriers who did everything



● Relaxing between dances at the Oriental Ball aboard the *Orcades* are Graham Garland, of Adelaide, Judy Langdon, of Sydney, Mary Ann O'Keeffe, of Melbourne, and Canadian Douglas Blake, now of Putaruru, New Zealand.

possible to make the tours interesting, and guided us to reputable shops.

There were lots of interesting stops on the tour I took. Some occupants of the Botanic Gardens—the monkeys—won my heart.

Swinging happily on the tropical foliage, they came scampering down as we appeared. Our guide, thoughtfully, had come armed with a bag of bananas, which he distributed to members of the tour. He suggested that we peel them and break them in halves to share between two monkeys.

This I did, but the wise old monkey who collected his lunch from me was having none of that nonsense. He gently, but firmly, held my hand until he had finished one half, then took the other half and ate that in a business-like way.

I felt a pang of disappointment as I entered the world-famous Raffles Hotel. I had obviously been reading too many old novels. This hotel, once so splendid, has been overshadowed by more recent and luxurious buildings.

But it is built around pleasant gardens and I sat peacefully sipping a cool drink, recovering from the noonday sun, and picturing the days of grandeur when so many famous people passed through its portals.

Before returning to the

ship I strolled around the shops. One sign I saw while shopping stopped me in my tracks. It said, "Closed for prayer. Back at 1.30."

After the heat and bustle of the city (where a baby is born every six minutes and the population increases each year by 70,000) the peaceful, cooled atmosphere of the *Orcades* was a haven. A shower and cup of tea revived us, and soon we were all on deck watching the last-minute stragglers rush aboard.

Many of our travellers are having their first trip abroad. One of these, interested equally in sightseeing and meeting people, is Miss Blanche Lather, of Buranda, Brisbane. Blanche is program director of radio station 4BC in Brisbane, and she hopes to see something of the BBC, Radio Paris, and Radio Luxembourg.

Others will see their homeland after many years. One is Mrs. B. J. Ryan, of Concord, Sydney, who hasn't seen her old home in Surrey, England, since 1913.

She came to Australia as a small girl with her parents, who settled in North Queensland. She recalls going to school in a bullock dray.

Mrs. Ryan has two daughters, Mrs. C. A. Hart and Mrs. John Wales, both of Beecroft, Sydney, and a son, Bob, who is in the RAAF.

PREPARING FOR WORLD TOUR 1967

BECAUSE of the tremendous success of the current tour, we recently opened bookings for a second, to be called the World Discovery Tour 1967. This wonderful 18-week holiday abroad costs as little as \$1392 (£NZ585) a person.

Beginning in February, 1967, it will cover 18 countries in 18 weeks.

This time the whole of the comfortable one-class P & O-Orient liner *Himalaya* has been booked for the voyage to Europe, and the entire tourist-class section of the *Oriana* has been reserved for the return voyage.

You'll have a booking choice from four-berth cabins (for which the tour is costed) to de-luxe suites.

The basic tour price of \$1392 includes shipboard ac-

commodation to and from Europe; a 23-day European coach tour (inclusive of accommodation, taxes, tips, specified excursions, and the services of a courier); a seven-day all-inclusive escorted coach tour of the United Kingdom; special sightseeing tours in London; and a total of 13 nights' accommodation in London at well-situated hotels.

The tour organisers, World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., who are the acknowledged leaders in the group-travel field, also have included in the timetable a 22-day free period, in which the travellers may do exactly as they wish.

This period—which may be used to visit relatives and friends or perhaps do side trips to Scandinavia, Holland, Ireland, or Spain—is

at the members' own expense. However, all booking arrangements will be made by your travel agent, as a complimentary service, before you leave Australia.

One reason our first world tour proved so popular was that many people are shy about planning their own long trips abroad. This kind of prearranged group tour

eliminates individual worry.

On the leisurely sea trip to Europe there are stopovers at Hong Kong, Singapore, Bombay, Aden, Port Said, Naples, and Barcelona.

Piraeus (the port for Athens) and Colombo are among the ports of call on the way home.

In Europe the 23-day coach tour takes you to beautiful and historic cities and towns in many countries. Later you'll begin a seven-day coach tour of England and Scotland.

Book now to make sure of having this fabulous holiday abroad. Full details of the tour—and a special White Christmas Tour as well—are in a brochure obtainable from the official general sales agents (listed at left) or your accredited travel agent.

HOW TO BOOK

● Write to or call at any of the General Sales Agents:

N.S.W.-A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Limited, 33-35 Bligh St., Sydney. Tel. 28-4841.

VICTORIA-TASMANIA: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Limited, C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins St., Melbourne. Tel. 67-7481.

QUEENSLAND-N.T.-NEW GUINEA: Universal Travel Company, 93 Creek St., Brisbane. Tel. 2-3008.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie St., Adelaide. Tel. 51-2146.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Westfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington St. and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth. Tel. 21-0191.

NEW ZEALAND: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs St. East, Auckland. Tel. 20-959.

Or see your travel agent.



● Mrs. Keith Buller, of Bruce Rock, W.A., was a smartly-turned-out punter at a full-dress "race meeting" in the *Orcades*. Her model hat was made that morning of crepe-paper flowers.

Holland's future queen weds



● When Crown Princess Beatrix married handsome, clever German ex-diplomat Claus von Amsberg, the wedding was the occasion of public protests, because he was long ago a member of the Hitler Youth and, near the war's end, served in a Death's Head Panzer brigade. They smilingly ignored the demonstrators and were married in the presence of members of the royal families of Europe.

ABOVE: The couple wave to a cheering crowd from a balcony of the Dam Palace.



AT RIGHT: Princess Alexandra, accompanied by her husband, Mr. Angus Ogilvy.



DON JUAN and Princess Sophie were among the guests. Juan hopes to become King of Spain when dictator Franco retires.



AT LEFT: Queen Anne-Marie of Greece at the Westerkerk, where the church service was held. King Constantine was with her.

HER DAUGHTER IS MARRIED, and from Queen Juliana a tear of parting. With the Queen, at the civil wedding in Amsterdam Town Hall, is her husband, Prince Bernhard.





PRINCESS BEATRIX and her bridegroom in the Town Hall. The civil wedding, the binding ceremony under Dutch law, was performed by the Burgomaster of Amsterdam. The bride wore a satin gown with a train 16 feet long, and a diadem of pearls and brilliants. Claus, by his marriage, is now a prince of the Netherlands.



QUEEN FABIOLA, wife of King Baudouin of Belgium, attended the church service.

AT RIGHT: Princess Margriet, Queen Juliana's third daughter, with her husband, Pieter van Wollenhoven.



PRINCESS IRENE, second daughter of Queen Juliana, with her husband, Prince Hugo Carlos de Bourbon-Parma, of the Spanish royal family. Irene is a convert to Catholicism.

"A TADPOLE ON MY TOOTHBRUSH"

By KATHLEEN BURKE

● An English migrant who married a Sydneysider—a patrol officer in New Guinea—tells of her travels on foot with him

I STUMBLED along, my feet disappearing into the soft sand at every step, and the tropical sun beating down on my head. After a few miles we came to a river.

The swirling, murky water was armpit-high, and my husband and our loyal servant, Piwa, held my arms as I stepped in, fully dressed.

A little farther on we saw a crocodile, about 15ft. long. "Oh, yes," said one of the native carriers, "we saw his tracks leaving the river which we have just crossed!"

How I longed to continue our journey in the motor-assisted native canoe in which we had started. Even though we had to sit on the hard wooden floor, unprotected from either the blazing sun or torrential rain, it seemed de-luxe travel.

My husband, Roger, of Sydney, has been in New Guinea for six years and is a patrol officer on the north coast. We were married a little over a year ago—I migrated to Australia from England in 1963—and I was now accompanying him on one of his patrols.

We were covering the coast as far as 40 miles distant from our home station, so that my husband could check the population and prepare the people for the forthcoming elections for the Local Government Council.

New Guinea has a terrain hostile to man—mountains, rivers, and thick jungle growth make road-building difficult, and for great distances the only method of getting from place to place is on foot.

Along the coast canoes made of hollow tree-trunks and fitted with outriggers provide transport for part of the year.

But in the rainy season, when 15ft. waves pound in on the beaches, these canoes would be dashed to pieces.

Thus the patrol officer must be prepared to walk for weeks on end, even months.

And now, I was seeing for myself what it is like.

We had bearers to carry all our luggage—enough for two weeks.

These supplies are carried in tin chests with large handles on either side. The bearers slip lengths of wood through the handles, and then sling the poles over their shoulders.

On arrival at a village we were led to the rest-house—a native hut which is set aside for visiting officials.

This hut is made of tree-bark, with planking floors of areca-palm wood and a roof thatched with palm leaves. It is unfurnished, and usually consists of one room, a large veranda, a small partitioned space for washing, and a kitchen.

The houses stand on stilts about five feet off the ground, and access to them is by means of a steep ladder, which can be removed at nights to prevent the village dogs from getting in and eating the food.

These dogs are a menace, but they are also a pathetic sight, with sharp-pointed faces, and all their ribs sticking through their ragged fur.

They live on whatever scraps they can find.

Grazed shin

The natives, in their bare feet, and with centuries of experience behind them, can run up and down the steep ladders with the utmost of ease, but when I tried the same thing I finished up between the rungs of the ladder with a grazed shin.

Our first job on arrival was to get the house set-up for habitation.

We put up collapsible chairs and a table which we carried with us, and after a conch shell had been blown or a bell rung, to summon all the local people, the men from the village set about stringing up posts from which to hang our canvas sleeping stretchers.

Since there was a woman in the party, palm frond "curtains" were hung across the windows for privacy.

A bucket with sprinkler was fixed up in our "shower recess," and water for washing and cooking was brought by the village women, in bags made of sago bark.

The water on the part of the coast where we did this patrol is particularly evil-tasting and a murky green color, and boiling it and adding tea or coffee did nothing to disguise the taste.

It was no surprise to dip your toothbrush into your tooth-mug and bring it out with a tadpole on the end.

While all this activity was going on in the main part of the house, our houseboy, Piwa, was lighting a fire on the floor in the kitchen.



BUSH BRIDGE — and Mrs. Burke.

To do this the area is covered with sand and bordered by two large logs. With care, there is no great danger of setting the house on fire—it's really more a question of avoiding suffocation, as many of the kitchens have no chimney.

One has to watch the cooking pots through a thick, choking pall of smoke.

It is the women, too, who cut and carry the firewood. I remember one rainy day when the men were all huddled into their huts, keeping dry, seeing the women being sent out for wood.

They attacked a great tree-trunk with their axes, and then piled the chopped wood into a bag suspended from their heads and resting on their backs.

Not much fun

The men would think you were completely mad if you suggested that they should help. After all, that's what their wives are for! It's not much fun to be a woman in their society.

My husband usually worked in the morning and early afternoon, and I helped him by checking the villagers' names against the official census book.

This is not as easy a task as it sounds. Many of the individual speech sounds in a native dialect are difficult to distinguish and write down, and it is a question of linking up one's own idea of the spelling of a name with the idea of the person who originally wrote it out.

In addition, the natives often have several names.

Most of the people have had at least one foster-father in their youth, when their real parents have died

or been away working, and the foster-father's name is sometimes adopted.

When the people see that you are having difficulty in finding their names they will—in an effort to be helpful—give a different name every time you ask for it, but often none of these names is in the census book.

So you find out the name of the man's wife, brothers, and sisters to deduce which name on the roll he could possibly be!

After the day's work we were free to explore. The jungle abounds with pigeons, hornbills, and bush hens, and every afternoon some members of our party would go off with a shotgun and come back with a bird for tea.

Sometimes the local councillor would come to my husband to tell him of some trouble in the village and to ask for his advice.

It may be that the local people require clarification of an Administration ruling, it may be that a woman has left her husband, thus causing him to lose face, stealing, or a land dispute.

Whatever the problem, patrol officers must be able to give a satisfactory answer and arrange for justice.

As the sun goes down the sandflies which have been biting all day retire, and the mosquitoes make their appearance. Later on rats scurry along the rafters.

But, despite all the disadvantages, it is a wonderful feeling to sit on the veranda in the cool night air and finally to climb under the mosquito net and sleep so soundly after a day of exercise in the open, ready for another day of New Guinea patrolling on the morrow.



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Davis after their marriage at The Garrison Church. The bride was Miss Dorothy Sommerlad, elder daughter of Mr. E. Lloyd Sommerlad, M.L.C., and Mrs. Sommerlad, of Clifton Gardens. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Davis.

THE Peter Pan Ball committee are the latest group to give their annual ball the "new look"—a cocktail party before the ball.

There'll be forty hostesses at Menzies Hotel on April 1 (headed by president Mrs. Norman Hill) to welcome 450 guests at a pre-ball cocktail party which will be held at one end of the ballroom.

I'm told that Mrs. Robert Brash and Mrs. Robert Berick have created a stunning decor for the ball, with simplicity as the keynote.

Large orange and shocking-pink candles on the tables will be the only lighting, and massed branches of willow tree at either side of the orchestra stand will be tied with matching ribbons.

★ ★ ★
QUITE a gathering of the Falkiner clan in Sydney for the christening of the Ian Falkiners' first child, who was called Josephine Ruth. After the ceremony at St. Michael's Church, Newport (where they were married), a family party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. McL. Falkiner at Newport Plateau. Godparents were Veronica Williams, Tony Pickett-Heaps, and Mrs. Dick Langford. Mrs. Ian Falkiner, who drove down from "Murrumbilla," Narrabri, with Mr. Falkiner and the baby, was formerly Penny Mason, of Kenya.

★ ★ ★
SPOKE to a very excited Mrs. C. R. McKerihan, who told me that her daughter, Mrs. Cyril Roberts, has just had a second son at the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, making the McKerihans' eighth grandchild. So far no name has been chosen for the new arrival.

★ ★ ★
BUSY time for bride-to-be Helen Fisher, of "Tooloon," Coonamble, and her fiancé, Robert Korff, prior to their marriage at St. John's Church, Ashfield, on April 14. One party, at "Glenulla," Coonamble, the home of Mrs. B. Croxon, is a gadget party for Michael, when guests have been invited to bring anything from "tacks to tractors." Another, which sounds as if it could be amusing, will be given by Mrs. Graham Ridley at "Kingsdale," Coonamble, when guests are asked to bring something for the cellar and also a topical sketch.

★ ★ ★
LEAVING soon to make her home abroad is Uvon Brown, who marries Swiss Kurt Knoepfli on May 7 at St. John's Church, Dee Why, and sails in the Galileo two days later. They will make their home temporarily with Kurt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Knoepfli, at Schaushausen in Switzerland, a delightful tourist resort just three miles from the German border. Uvon is already practising her German and says she will have to learn to ski, as Kurt is quite an expert.

★ ★ ★
DATE for your diary . . . What sounds like a new kind of party—a HAPPENING—at the Gas Lash on April 1 arranged by the Pros and Cons Committee to aid the Dental Health Education and Research Foundation. Some of the amusing things which the invitation says COULD HAPPEN are: you could win the Sydney Harbour Bridge, two weeks' free accommodation in Penridge, or an appointment as honorary architect to you know what!

★ ★ ★
AND another one, the fashion parade and champagne supper which has been arranged in the Grace Auditorium, Broadway, on March 29, by the Golden Committee, to raise funds for the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children. It will be a gala presentation of this year's winning wool fashion awards, when president, Lady Barwick, will welcome more than 500 guests.

★ ★ ★
CHRISTMAS in England is being planned by Christine Herman, who weds Henry Roberts at St. Columba Church, Woolahra, on April 2. They'll travel via America and stay in Essex with Henry's family. Exciting event in June is Christine's one-man exhibition at La Salle Gallery.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

VICE-REGAL RECEPTION. The Governor, Sir Roden Cutler, with Lady Cutler and Doreen, the Lady Brabourne (right), who is staying with them at Government House on a visit from her home in Eaton Square, London, in the reception room before guests arrived for the reception given for members of the Consular Corps and their wives.



BELOW: The Consul-General for Argentina, Mr. Eduardo Manzella, with Mrs. Manzella (at left) and the Consul-General for Lebanon, Mr. Said El-Hibri, and Mrs. El-Hibri at the entrance to Government House, where they attended the reception for members of the Consular Corps.



LUNCHEON. Mrs. Andrew Vass (left) with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Nicholas Vass (centre), and Mrs. Nicholas Harris at the luncheon arranged by the United Nations Association Auxiliary at the Australia Hotel to raise money for the International Ball at the Trocadero on July 27. The president, Mrs. Joseph Giuffre, welcomed 200 guests as they arrived, including the guest-of-honor, Mrs. John Armstrong, the wife of the Lord Mayor, Alderman Armstrong.

AT LEFT: Interesting engagement announced in London of Hartnell model Miss Caroline Styles, daughter of Mrs. John Styles, of Henley, and Mr. Robert Newmarch, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Newmarch, of Semaphore, Adelaide. Mrs. Styles is now holidaying in London.

AT RIGHT: Guests-of-honor, twins Leonie and Greg Dumas (centre), with Miss Marilyn Montgomery and Mr. Stephen Shortus at the 21st birthday dance which the twin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Dumas, of Strathfield, gave in their honor at the Pickwick Club.



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and unparalleled qualities...*

1. It powerfully penetrates the skin, even in an un-emulsified state. Due to its extraordinary penetrative ability, Turtle Oil's active substances are partly absorbed by the dermal tissues and they also reach the blood vessels.
2. Though it is an Oil, it is readily absorbed by the skin without leaving a feeling of greasiness.
3. It is very rich both in various Vitamins and also in those poly-unsaturated fats - in very recent times so well known as an essential part of the basic diet for the prevention of heart disease - some of which are called Vitamin F. It is well known that the skin needs large quantities of Vitamins, but they are only useful if they can be absorbed by the skin. It is also known that unsaturated oils are not only essential to the human diet but also to the skin to prevent dangerous fat-deficiency.
4. It is the only oil which shows a peculiar property of astringency while, at the same time, it is definitely emollient and soothing.
5. We quote from scientific journals:- "It is claimed that Turtle Oil is extensively used by women of the Maya Indian Tribe in Mexico who, even the older ones, are reported to be notably free from wrinkles."



Thousands of Australian women have actually proved that the very first application of HERCO FACE LOTION with Turtle Oil will smooth the skin and replace an old, tired look with a youthful freshness. They notice it immediately and, from what they tell us, the difference is also quite obvious to their friends and family after only a few weeks of regular use.

AVAILABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS & GOOD STORES

picnic baby
bouncing
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Bouncinette \$6
Suncover \$3

Colour matched in blue, pink, lemon and beige/Prices slightly higher in country areas and Tasmania.

Prizewinners in the Mother's Picture Contest

● Judges faced a difficult task in selecting the prizewinners from the thousands of high-standard entries which came from children under 12 in all States. The final decision on the top ten is:

FIRST PRIZE, \$100

was awarded to Lesa Palmer, aged 10, St. George St., West Gosford, N.S.W.

SECOND PRIZE, \$50

to Darrell Drabsch, Alamein Rd., Puckapunyal, Victoria, who turned seven after the competition closed.

THIRD PRIZE, \$20

to Winsome Mary Nicholson, aged 10, of The Avenue, East St. Kilda, Victoria.

FOURTH PRIZE, \$10

was won by Jessica Sellors, aged 4, Main Rd., Buderim, Queensland.

SIX SPECIAL PRIZES, EACH OF \$10—

Louisa Jane Baggaley, Morrice St., Lane Cove, New South Wales.

Helen Brauwer, School St., Blackburn South, Victoria.

Rebecca Cool, Rockingham Rd., Kwinana, W.A.

Ben McGuinness, Kirribilli Ave., Kirribilli, New South Wales.

Daphne Pavlidis, Box 99, P.O., Werribee, Vic.
Marissa Rancan, Wychbury Ave., Croydon, New South Wales.



2nd PRIZE

● With a talent possibly inherited from an attractive mother whose hobby is sketching, seven-year-old Darrell Drabsch, of Alamein Road, Puckapunyal (Vic.), won second prize. Darrell's picture of his mother, Mrs. Pamela Drabsch (seen with him at left), was the result of filling in what his mother calls "a boring moment" during his last school holidays. "He asked me to stand up while he drew me," she said, "and the contest picture was the result. I was wearing a bright shift at the time and he put in all the colors of the material."

Darrell said that he had used some special crayons, sent to him from relatives in Germany, to draw the picture of his mother.

"I like climbing trees best of all," he said, "but I think the next best thing to do is drawing."

3rd PRIZE

● Winsome Mary Nicholson, who is nearly 11, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Nicholson, of The Avenue, East St. Kilda. Blue-eyed and fair-haired, she was excited and surprised when she learned that she was a finalist.

"Mummy thought it would be a good idea if I entered for the contest," Winsome said. "I did a picture of Mummy in charcoal. It didn't take me very long to draw, and I am glad I sent it in."

Winsome did not use her mother (pictured with her at right) as a model, but did her entry "from memory."

Winsome does not learn drawing except in the course of her schoolwork.

Her favorite pastime is reading. But she is also keen on sports, is fond of singing, and learns ballet.



• 100 prizes of \$2 each to:

James Akhurst, Birkley Rd., Manly, N.S.W.
Tracey Allan, Kalinda Rd., Bullaburra, N.S.W.
Anita Altman, Viking St., Campsie, N.S.W.
Norman Arthur, Wyong St., Oatley, N.S.W.
Kym Bartel, Oval Rd., Victor Harbor, S.A.
James Bedford, Wisdom St., Hughes, A.C.T.
Helen Birnie, Parsons Way, North Innaloo, W.A.
William Booth, Ray St., Dandenong, Vic.
Kurt Brereton, New Brighton, via Billinudgel, N.S.W.
Sally Brereton, New Brighton, via Billinudgel, N.S.W.
Dooley Burke, Surrey Rd., Burnie, Tas.
Christopher Canaple, Buxton St., Nth. Adelaide, S.A.
Claude Canaple, Buxton St., North Adelaide, S.A.
Martine Canaple, Buxton St., North Adelaide, S.A.
Linda Cantrill, "Kywarra," Boremore, N.S.W.
Robbie Caris, Oates Pde., Northgate, Qld.
Jane Carroll, Lawson Pde., Highett, Vic.
Belinda Clarke-Dickson, "Culladar," Longreach, Qld.
Victoria Collins, Ross Cres., Blaxland, N.S.W.
Benjamin Cool, Rockingham Rd., Kwinana, W.A.
Nicole Crossing, Currie St., Adelaide.
Leigh Thomas Douglas, Marion Ave., Mooroolbark, Vic.
Lee Dowding, Nicholas Ave., Beverly Hills, N.S.W.
Christine Duck, Belmore Rd., Peakhurst, N.S.W.
Sue-Ellen Everingham, Ghinni Ghinni, via Taree, N.S.W.
Tracey Farr, Annerley, Qld.
Peter Fincher, Henry St., Quirindi, N.S.W.
J. Fitzgerald, Marion St., Eden Hill, W.A.
Carol Gardiner, Parramatta Rd., Doubleview, W.A.
Jeanine Gardner, Private Bag, Paskeville, S.A.
Susan Gates, Rockvale Rd., Armidale, N.S.W.
Jan George, Milroy St., Willagee, W.A.
Carol Gillett, Lewis Rd., Dover Gardens, S.A.
Carolyn Grant, Kenmore Rd., Kenmore, Qld.
Leon Greenfield, Tucker Rd., Bentleigh, Vic.
Janet Greenwood, Barkley St., Footscray, Vic.
Michael Grose, Boundary Rd., North Epping, N.S.W.
Catherine Guerin, L'Estrange St., Glenunga, S.A.
Gillian Guster, Torrens St., Linden Park, S.A.
Stephen Gunn, Coral Rd., Cronulla, N.S.W.
Christopher Hannaford, Shandon St., Mornington, Vic.
Jane Hartridge, "Wongalea," Coonamble, N.S.W.
Nicholas Hobson, Wendouree Pde., Ballarat, Vic.
Patrice Hogan, The Strand, Williamstown, Vic.
Simon Hooper, Johnstone St., Malvern, Vic.
Anne Hudack, Vinyard Ave., Smithfield, N.S.W.
Andrew Hunn, Sonning Cres., Hobart.
Valerie Ingham, Northstead St., Scarborough, W.A.
Donna Johnston, Fowler St., Bonbeach, Vic.
Errol Johnstone, Parachilna, S.A.
Sperre Katras, Flemington Rd., North Melbourne.
Jane Killen, Wave Hill, Goondwindi, Qld.
Richard Korman, Avian Cres., Lane Cove, N.S.W.
Gregory Levin, St. Georges Rd., Toorak, Vic.
Diana Lewis, Collier St., Applecross, W.A.
Peter Ley, Coshan St., Brighton, Vic.
Paul Long, Woodward Rd., Golden Square, Bendigo, Vic.
Jenny Ann Lowe, Shepherd St., Katherine, N.T.
Morna McDonnell, Kimberley Ave., Swan Hill, Vic.
Tony Martin, Private Bag No. 1, Mooroolbark, Vic.
David Murphy, 6th Avenue, South Townsville, Qld.
Gregory Neighbour, Euratha St., Stafford, Qld.
Philip Neighbour, Euratha St., Stafford, Qld.
Malcolm H. Noble, Mary St., Beecroft, N.S.W.
Peter O'Donnell, Dalton St., Parkes, N.S.W.
Cathy O'Merra, Bransby St., Embleton, W.A.
Ann O'Ryan, Victoria St., Coff's Harbor, N.S.W.
Andrew Pearson, Como Pde., Parkdale, Vic.
Gina Peck, Napier Cres., Montmorency South, Vic.
Gail Permezel, Millroy St., Rockhampton, Qld.
Elizabeth Pollard, Galway Ave., Tranmere, S.A.
Christopher Prior, Ash Grove, Dandenong, Vic.
Shane Quinn, Falls Rd., Lesmurdie, W.A.
Christopher Raynor, Webb St., Warrandyte, Vic.
Marion Richards, Bungan Head Rd., Newport Beach, N.S.W.
Steven Russell, Nixon St., Marion, S.A.
Dominic Ryan, Williams Rd., Toorak, Vic.
Georgina Ryan, Parlington St., Canterbury, Vic.
Vidas Sadauskas, Gardenia Rd., North Balwyn, Vic.
Robert Schumacher, Dudley Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.
Brenton Scott, Neath Ave., Dover Gardens, S.A.
Kaye Secomb, Wanda Rd., Caulfield, Vic.
Kay Shears, The Boulevard, Sans Souci, N.S.W.
Kim Smith, 14th St., Narrabundah, A.C.T.
Peter Soobik, Buna St., Orange, N.S.W.
Anne Marie Southcott, Jasper St., Hyde Park, S.A.
Renate Sprung, River Ave., Villawood, N.S.W.
Kelly Taylor, Box 270, P.O., Esperance, W.A.
Heather Telford, Yahl, via Mt. Gambier, S.A.
Keith Thomson, Shephard St., Hove, S.A.
Soraya Verhaaf, Post Office, Bamberoo, Qld.
Nancy Ann Vickerman, Scrub Rd., Belmont, Qld.
Peter Wagenmaker, Hayes St., Raceview, Qld.
Errolyn Walker, Clifton St., Rockhampton, Qld.
Wayne Walmsley, Ashby Ave., Yagoona, N.S.W.
Ross Wardrop, Woodcroft Ave., St. Georges, S.A.
Bradley Watson, Creek Rd., Maryborough, Qld.
Marian Watts, Woodville St., Rockhampton, Qld.
Joanne Williamson, Grace Ave., Beecroft, N.S.W.
Michele Wills, Victor Ave., Cheltenham, Vic.



1st PRIZE

• Ten-year-old Lesa Palmer's portrait of her mother digging in the garden was done during the school summer holidays when Lesa (pictured) had bronchitis.

"Staying in bed was quite a blow to Lesa," said her mother, Mrs. John Palmer (pictured above). "To keep her out of the miseries I suggested she enter the contest."

"I painted Mummy in the garden, because that's where she is most of the time," said Lesa, "but really I think Mummy is nicer than she is in my painting."

Lesla said of her prize-money: "I would really love to buy a pony, but I think I'll leave my money in the bank until I am old enough to make up my mind."



• Entrants in the contest ranged from a little girl aged two years eight months to a boy who just scraped in by having his birthday two days the right side of the age limit of 12 years.

WHILE some entries were on good-quality paper, children drew on almost anything that came to hand — brown-paper bags, the backs of exercise books, Governmental depart-

ment forms, architects' plans, an airline flight schedule, and a pharmacy order form.

That artistic talent runs in families was most noticeable. There are brothers and sisters and, in one case, two brothers among our prizewinners.



4th PRIZE

• Jessica Sellors won't have her fifth birthday till next October. She has been encouraged to draw by her mother, Mrs. Ashley Sellors, and it was a case of history repeating itself, for Mrs. Sellors won a national art prize when she was only five. Jessica is pictured at right, her mother above.



Serious portraits in oils were attempted by some of the older children, and among this age group there was a great deal of sound and serious work, and even some abstract paintings.

Mum in her familiar role of cook was undoubtedly queen of the contest. More pictures showed her in a kitchen setting than in any other. Ironing and gardening were the second favorites.

But there were more exotic mums.

One was shown in her job of lift-driver, one with her leg in plaster, another feeding the family poddy calves during the drought, and one on the ghost train at Luna Park.

"Mum in mink"

One entry was entitled "Mum in her mink going to tea."

Another mother was painted practising yoga, another giving a music lesson, and still another as a Brown Owl in the Girl Guides.

One fortunate mum was shown (by a boy) having her breakfast in bed. Another was in the bath. (But there was no problem—it was a bubble bath.)

There were any number of backviews of mothers hanging out the washing, and one was concealed (all but the feet) behind a shower curtain.

But the best dodge for not attempting the difficult bits came from a girl who wrote, "This is my mother with sand over her hands and

her legs. Also there is a hat over most of her face."

The boys were the humorists of the contest, delighting in depicting mothers in strife in the kitchen with "BANG - BANGS" coming from the stove, or in other tense situations with appropriate comments in balloon captions.

By no means were all entrants satisfied with their work. Among attached comments were:

"My mother doesn't look as fierce as she does in my picture."

"This is my mum, she is short and fat. The head is a bit pretty for her, but she's the best mum in the world."

"Mum in a bad mood."

"In this picture my mother is cooking peas for tea. It is not very good, but I would like to win a prize because I have never won any contests in all my life."

As well as enjoying drawing the technicalities of kitchen and general household equipment, the boys rather went for strip-series entries, showing their mother in her various domestic roles such as nurse, cook, driver-to-school, bathroom superintendent, and ironer.

At the side of his picture showing his mother with four boys clamoring for her attention, a nine-year-old wrote, "My mummy is always home to help. I love her."

Still another understanding son explained the picture of his seated mother by writing, "My mother doesn't usually get time to rest, so this is a very unusual picture."



Striped camel top \$ 9.00
(approx.)

Sportscraft call it the "Go-Together Game". I call it agony. I can't stop playing. The temptation of this pure new wool striped top.



Culotte \$16.00

All I wanted was a culotte. I was culotte-crazy. Now I'm Sportscraft-crazy and pure new wool-crazy, and just plain crazy because next thing



Camel and Kasha skirt \$19.50

I'm swinging and swirling in this pleated skirt. The jacket? I love it. My only excuse: they co-ordinate and they're beautiful.

All good things don't come to an end. They keep on and on with slacks and coats (yes, Sportscraft make co-ordinated coats) and that jacket again (I'm just dying to wear the jacket with the culotte).

Beware of Sportscraft and their "Go-Together Game". Shut your eyes. Ignore the way everything co-ordinates with everything so beautifully.

For its great feeling for fashion Sportscraft loves pure new wool

FABRIC BY FEDERAL



PURE NEW WOOL

Game? What game?

Miss SPORTSCRAFT

The look of Miss SPORTSCRAFT

The look of Miss SPORTSCRAFT



Miss SPORTSCRAFT

Blazer \$18.50 Slacks \$16.00 Coat \$42.00

TRAPEZE ARTISTS FELL—FOR EACH OTHER



● Mervyn and Nikki at work . . .

■ The daring young man — and girl — on the flying trapeze "took the plunge" recently, but it was a happy landing.

They came down to earth long enough to marry in the Sydney suburb of Maroubra Bay.

The groom was 29-year-old Mervyn Ashton, of the Australian circus family that has had its own show on the road for six generations.

The bride was Nikki Hicks, a lissom 22-year-old blonde Sydney girl who has been Mervyn's trapeze partner for several years.

Nikki, a ballet dancer before she joined the circus about four years ago, reckons she was lucky to make it to the church at all — let alone on time.

About a year after her Big Top career started she fell while practising as a slack-wire walker and was seriously injured.

She spent three months in hospital but, undaunted, became a trapeze star.

After the wedding, in the best tradition of the show having to go on, Mervyn and Nikki had a one-day honeymoon, then rejoined the circus.

But in May the couple will take a delayed honeymoon, touring America and Europe.

Then they will "settle down" — on the open road in a caravan.

About half the 130 guests at the wedding reception were circus folk.

One of the Ashtons' people to miss the Maroubra Bay booking was animal trainer Captain Fritz Schultz. He had to look after his charges.

Pity. He would have enjoyed the cake, made by Nikki's mother. It was decorated with TIGER lilies!



. . . and at their wedding.

She worked with the original 'Funny Girl'



● Ethel Walker, today.

■ When "Funny Girl" — the musical about Ziegfeld Follies star Fanny Brice — opened in Sydney recently it brought back many memories for Miss Ethel Walker.

For Miss Walker, an old trouper herself, had worked with Fanny Brice on Broadway almost 40 years ago.

The journey that led Miss Walker to meet up with the real "Funny Girl" started in 1911.

A teenager from Orange, N.S.W. (she was a tailor's daughter), Miss Walker came to Sydney and joined the back row of the chorus of J. C. Williamson's — who, by the way, are producing "Funny Girl."

She graduated to important solo roles as a soprano.

Just before World War I she was in Melbourne singing at a private conservatorium when she suddenly recognised a woman listening to her — and faded away with stage-fright.

"It was Nellie Melba," Miss Walker recalled. "She shooed everyone out of the room and said to me: 'I'm surprised at an old-timer like you doing that.'"

"She made me start again — and sang along with me."



In 1922 Miss Walker went to America to try her luck.

She auditioned for famous entrepreneur Florenz Ziegfeld ("Victor Herbert accompanied me on the piano") but didn't get a part.

She won others, however, and built up a successful career in musicals.

In 1929 Miss Walker had a big part in "Fioretta," a romantic romp produced by Earl Carroll, of the "Vanities" series fame.

Fanny Brice was the star. "One day," said Miss Walker, "we had a rehearsal call."

"When the whole cast was assembled, Fanny swept in with Billy Rose (then a rising songwriter, Rose died recently a legendary U.S. showman) and joked: 'Well, he's made me an honest woman!'"

"They had been secretly married. Waiters rushed in with tables and food and we had a reception."

During her 14 years in America — she returned to Australia in the mid-'30s — Miss Walker met other famous show people.

A young, up-and-coming Jeanette MacDonald once took over from her when she was ill; and she knew Irving Berlin — "He was a nice little chap."

For years after her return here Miss Walker concentrated on radio performances, but in 1948 she made a stage comeback in "Song of Norway."

"That was my swansong," she said.

Miss Walker has not given up show business, however. For the past 15 years she has been script and music librarian for J. C. Williamson's.

● Miss Walker, in 1924.

COMPACT



● Fanny Brice, in 1910.

Curling up with good 'bookmark'

★ A Scots weaving firm has produced an unusual tribute to poet Robert Burns. To mark the 207th anniversary of the poet's birth they have made a delicately patterned and colorful rug, which shows a portrait of Burns and landmarks in the county of Ayr associated with him. The cottage in the top left panel (see picture below) is the one in which Burns was born in 1759. The 37-color rug has a Wallace tartan border.



DRY HUMOR...

■ The drought hasn't dampened the spirits of people in the Australian outback.

One of our reporters the other day asked a well-known grazier, who runs a 40,000-acre property back o' Bourke, N.S.W., how his sheep were doing.

He raised his eyes from the beer with which he was doing a bit of "irrigation" and said: "They're doing fine. I saw them both this morning."



TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the week

● Momma once said: Isn't it amazing, as we get older we tend to put on weight? And how envious we are when we see a woman OUR age with a beautiful slim figure. And we say: Humph. Probably starves herself to death . . . She probably has an overactive thyroid . . . If she had children like I do . . . It must cost her a fortune at the health studio . . . She probably has a massage every day. But have you ever thought, maybe I'm eating just a little more than is good for me? Or are you, perhaps, getting just a little bit lazy?

MOMMA'S MORAL: "That middle-aged woman with the nice figure may be only a bulge in a girdled cage."



Look!

GINGER CREAM PEARS

1 large can pear halves
 ½ pint cream
 2 dessertspoons sugar
 ½ teaspoon vanilla
 2 dessertspoons chopped ginger
 (preserved or crystallized)
 ¼ cup chopped glace cherries
 grated chocolate

Chill pears. Add sugar and vanilla to cream and beat until thick. Fold in ginger and cherries. At serving time, spoon pears and a little syrup into serving dishes and top with a spoonful of cream mixture. Sprinkle with a little grated chocolate. Serve.

Look what you can do with

Luscious pears! Their clean, refreshing taste is pure dessert magic. Straight from the can or in any of dozens of simple recipes, canned pears bring a luxury touch that costs surprisingly little (serve everybody a generous bowl of canned pears for 6d. a serve).

Enjoy canned pears tonight. Try one of our recipes on this page. Invent one of your own using jelly, custard, pastry, anything you fancy, but pair it with pears — **canned** pears at their juicy, flavoursome best!

Canned Pears!

THIS ADVERTISEMENT WAS PAID FOR BY THE GROWERS OF PEACHES, PEARS AND APRICOTS THROUGH THEIR SALES PROMOTION COMMITTEE.

Look!

GLAZED BAKED PEARS

1 large can pear halves
 1 cup pear syrup
 ¼ cup apricot jam
 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
 ½ cup toasted slivered almonds

Arrange pears in shallow baking dish. Combine pear syrup with jam and lemon rind and pour over pears. Bake 350° (moderate oven) for 15 minutes. Baste. Spoon pears and glaze mixture into sweets dishes and serve while warm, topped with shredded almonds.



Look!

PEAR UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

1 large can pear halves, drained
 ¼ cup (2 oz.) butter
 ¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 glace cherries
 1 packet cake mix (butter cake or ginger cake)

Melt butter in 8" or 9" cake pan. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Arrange pears cut-side down, with cherries in an attractive pattern. Mix cake according to directions on package. Spread over top. Bake 350° for 1 hour or until cake tests done. Remove from oven. Turn cake and pan upside down on plate. Let rest a minute or two before removing cake pan. Serve while still warm with cream or ice cream for a delicious dessert.



ACF59.19

HANLON IN
SYDNEY:

The fans clamor to see Tommy Television

By NAN MUSGROVE

Tommy Hanlon's recent visit to Sydney to record a week's programs of his famous TV show, "It Could Be You," sparked off a staggering demonstration of mass affection.

THE demonstration started two weeks before Tommy's arrival in Sydney, when he asked viewers to write for seats at Roselands, Sydney's mammoth suburban shopping centre, where the show was made.

Only 24 hours after the announcement, Tommy received 6280 letters from Sydney viewers reserving seats. By the time the tickets were allocated, more than 100,000 fans wanted seats.

Not that many seats were available, but as a special concession to his fans Tommy arranged a simultaneous preview telecast of the show, as it was being made, over the Roselands closed-circuit TV.

Looks younger

Every set on the circuit had its crowd of entranced fans. Others crowded the entrance and exits to the theatre, hoping for a live glimpse of their favorite.

When Tommy eventually did arrive in Sydney, he was in better form than I have ever seen him.

Some months ago newspapers reported that Tommy had been warned by doctors that he might not live long.

When I saw him, looking ten years younger than he did when I saw him last eight months ago, I asked him about it.

"My doctor told me I am 'coronary prone'," he said. "He told me I must slow down to keep healthy."

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Gait with English Slik Elastic
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measurements from \$45.00.

Our boots are comfortable and
long wearing and we guarantee
a genuine after-sale service that
makes your boots last longer.

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have had years of experience
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Next time you are in Town,
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(opposite Trocadero)
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● Could you put on a pair of men's pyjamas, do them up with one hand, and bounce a balloon with the other? Mrs. Shirley Scully (left), of Punchbowl, and Mrs. Robin Loveridge, of Mortdale, N.S.W., did amid screams from the ICBY audience, encouragement from Tommy Hanlon.

Tommy hasn't slowed down in effort. He still makes as many ICBY shows as ever, as many charity appearances, has made a special for prime night-time viewing, is planning a new series of 12 national evening shows.

But Tommy has slowed down on eating. These days he moves away from the dinner table swiftly. Since his doctor warned him, he has dieted and lost 22lb.

He is one of the best advertisements for weight-shedding I have seen. Eight months ago he was on the edge of turning into a fat man. His clothes fitted just too well, he looked his age, tired quickly.

Today he is thin, sun-tanned—sharper, fresher.

A day spent recording ICBY, from 9 a.m. till 6.30 p.m. without a break except for two cups of black coffee, left him still bouncy—not limp like he was last time I saw him letting down at the end of a similar day.

Tommy is now into his sixth year as kingpin of ICBY. He told me he still feels as excited when he walks out on to the stage as he did the first day he made the show.

"If it ever becomes hum-drum to me, that is the day I'll quit," he said. "I've made it 1250 times already, and every time I walk out I think, Wh-ee-ee."

I couldn't get over how different Tommy looked, so much more contented, less frazzled.

"I thrive on mental work,

challenges," he said. "I love new things. I've got round more lately, I've new ideas, seen new places, new faces, and I had that trip to Vietnam to entertain the troops.

"It was wonderful and was the first time I've been out of Australia for six years."

Tommy was adamant when I asked him whether he wanted to go back to America. He had sounded rather wistful when he said his Vietnam trip was his first away for so long.

Sparkle a minute

"I don't want to go back to America," he said. "Australia is my home now. I love it here, but this isn't news, I take it for granted that Australia is my real home."

I think Tommy's added sparkle shows in every minute of ICBY. It is brighter and better than ever.

The shows he recorded in Sydney are being shown on TCN9, Sydney, each week day at 2 p.m. from Monday March 21, to Friday, April 1.

Who WAS that attractive man?

DICK VAN DYKE, as Rob Petrie, scriptwriter, produced his father, Petrie, sen., last week on "The Dick Van Dyke Show" (TCN9, Tuesdays, 7 p.m.).

Petrie, sen., a white-haired, plumpish old man, was vaguely familiar to me.

Every time I saw him, his image niggled away at my mental filing system until finally it came good.

The old gentleman was Tom Tully, whom I last remember as the middle-aged but still attractive Inspector Mat Grebb, of "San Francisco Beat."

"San Francisco Beat" was Australia's first introduction to crime detection on TV, and was popular from the moment it was first shown on TCN9.

It was a well-produced series made from documentary case histories with the co-operation of the San Francisco Police Department, and it ran, and ran, and ran for more than 200 episodes.

Tully was 12 years younger than he is today when "San Francisco Beat" started, and those 12 years have moved him on into the grandfather class, but he is still a good actor. His role as Rob's father becomes him.

★ ★ ★
DEVOTEES of jazz will meet the world-famous Modern Jazz Quartet, in Australia for the Adelaide Festival, via ABC-TV on Wednesday, March 23, at 9.30 p.m.

The program, called "Jazz Today," is a discussion which takes place at the Sydney University with an audience of graduates and musical guests.

The quartet is making a strictly talking appearance—words, not music, will be their business that night—but it will be the good word from masters of the jazz art.

NEXT WEEK

★ Does housework get you down?
Don't let it!

Cleaning a house isn't fun, but you can make it a lot easier for yourself when you know how—and that's taken care of in our Sixteen-page lift-out—

EASY DOES IT —simplified housework



It shows you how to use tested methods to save household fatigue, relax while you work, and gain more leisure.

And:

The face that a few years ago was all mouth is today



ALL
EYES



★ Overseas, the eye make-up is fantastic—

eyes are decorated with pearls, with petals . . . but you'll see them (with full make-up instructions, too) in two color pages.

And:

★ In color:
AUTUMN PATTERNS
by VOGUE

All the patterns are made in Australian wools in the new, soft colors for autumn.



And:



★ Our new two-part serial is different:

"PENELOPE"
. . . is highly amusing, and a suspense story.

And:

★ Cooking with
YOGHURT
—adaptable for
sweet and savory.



READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

MOTHER'S PICTURE CONTEST

These portraits won top prizes
...all artists were under 12



1st PRIZE, \$100

LESA PALMER, aged 10, St. George St., West Gosford, N.S.W., drew her mother gardening.

Six special prizes, each of \$10



BY Louisa Jane Baggaley, aged 9, of Morrice St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.



LEFT: By Daphne Pavlidis, 10, Box 99, P.O., Werribee, Vic.



RIGHT: By Ben McGuinness, aged 7, Kirribilli Ave., Kirribilli, N.S.W.



BY Helen Brauer, aged 8, School St., Blackburn South, Vic. (At left.)



BY Marissa Rancan, aged 7, Wychbury Ave., Croydon, N.S.W. (At right.)



**2nd
PRIZE,
\$50**

went to Darrell
Drabsch, now aged
7, Alamein Road,
Puckapunyal, Vic.



**3rd
PRIZE,
\$20**

went to Winsome Mary Nichol-
son, aged 10, The Avenue, East
St. Kilda, Vic., for this portrait.



BY Rebecca Cool,
aged 9, Rockingham
Rd., Kwinana, W.A.

**4th
PRIZE,
\$10**

"MOTHER
COOKING"
was painted
by Jessica
Sellors,
Main Road,
Buderim,
Queensland.
She is 4.



● Striking stripe-and-plain total look in courtelle for before and after ski. Hip-length polo-neck sweater and matching stockings, \$11.99 (£5/19/11). Short sheath skirt in matching plain fabric, \$7.99 (£3/19/11). McDowell's Sportswear Department.

In the shops

NEW AND NEWSY



● White fur mohair helmet (THE shape for autumn-winter) has gay red underbrim, \$10.35 (£5/3/6). Separate red jersey hood is a face-framer and matches helmet brim, \$4.75 (£2/7/6). All Grace Bros. Stores.

● Still very with it, the textured stocking (below by Kayser, \$1.50 or 15/-), allied here with shoes of French suede in a geometric pattern of green, cragberry, navy, \$16 (£8). All Grace Bros. Stores.

● Below: Top-to-toe pale-costume look that takes any chilly day in its stride is seen in this glamor coat of eyelash wool, \$55 (£27/10/-). Pale mink and jersey turban, \$84 (£42). Hordern's Mid-City Store.

● Sequins and beading in dazzle designs count after dark. Imported pink sequin-laden top (right) is hand-made on double net with loop-bead border, \$46.20 (£23/2/-). Mark Foy's Little Shop, King Street.

● Rainy-day shine — the Paris-inspired space coat (right) in synthetic fabric with broad contrast trim. It's light in weight, perfect over shift-type dresses, \$5.30 (£3/-). Hordern's Mid-City Store.



FASHION IDEAS

Here is a round-up of IN fashion ideas to add fresh zip and color to your autumn-winter wardrobe. Some of the ideas might give a new-season fashion-lift for clothes you already own. Those pictured here, from Sydney shops, are typical of what is available in Australia.



● Shawls (and stoles) steal the winter scene. This triangular pyrenees shawl in cerise wool has a lacy border, hand-made fringe, \$16.95 (£8/9/6). Mark Foy's, Liverpool Street.

● Italian-inspired handbags (below). Barley-shade bag (left), \$26.50 (£13/5/-); red leather bag and pouch bag, each \$19.95 (£9/19/6); stitched bag (front), \$21 (£10/10/-). Farmer's.



The Australian Women's Weekly - March 22, 1970



● Feathers on the head (also round shoulders and hemlines) like this lovely aqua ostrich model is top late-day fashion, \$157.50 (£78/15/-). Henriette Lamotte, Elizabeth Street.

● Fashion demands hip accent—as in this Italian-knit slacks suit with low, slotted self-belt, roll neck, and contrast stripes, \$64 (£32). D.J.'s "Young Elite Shop," 6th Floor.



● Fur trimmings are back. The hoop of rich brown mink that encircles hem of this formal gown looks just as luxe on coat-collar or hood. Mink about \$94.50 (£47/5/-). Mark Foy's, Liverpool Street.



The essence of Quaker
ribbed blouse, wedge of skirt
wide belt buckling
at hipster level



THE NEW ROMANTICS BY MARY QUANT

London's most brilliant designer creates six enchanting styles for you to knit in Patons Courtelle*. They're all in Patons Book 775.



Clingy, ribby, dress, its skirt richly skinned with cables.

Throughout the fashion world Mary Quant stands for all that is new and exciting in fashion. Her look is the look of the New Romantic: strict, almost boyish. But breath-takingly feminine!

This is the look that Quant has designed for you to knit in Patons Courtelle. In Patons Book 775 (perhaps the most beautiful knitting book ever) you'll find all these enchanting new styles with instructions for knitting the New Romantics. They are simple little shapes to slither into: stunning, stripped-down, simple. Very easy to knit, easy to make your own.

You won't find these Mary Quant originals in the fashion stores but you can knit one for yourself, for about four dollars. The most you could possibly spend is ten dollars. Imagine a Quant at that sort of price! Knit yourself the look that's exciting this winter; the Mary Quant look in Patons Courtelle.

Knit it with Patons and you'll be proud of it



Above: A long, straight pull of skinny-rib sweater.



Above: Skinny-rib cardigan. Right: A skinny-rib sweetened with crochet.



Mary Quant chose Patons Courtelle because hand-knits in Courtelle will always hold their shape, will not sag, or rub, and are easy to wash, and quick to dry. 100% acrylic, Patons Courtelle is moth-proof, and comes in 15 fabulous shades. *Courtelle is the registered trade mark of Courtaulds Ltd. for their acrylic fibre.

Left: The smallest shaping of dress: sweater blouse, crunchy skirt.





For Lent: Main Course Magic — without meat!

You make it a meal with **KRAFT Cheddar Cheese** and **FRIONOR Haddock**...

Now you can treat your family to this delicious meatless meal, and *know* you're giving them the protein nourishment they need. With **KRAFT Cheddar Cheese**,

you add rich cheese flavour to favourite Lenten foods like **FRIONOR Haddock**. Make it a meal this Lent — with **KRAFT Cheddar Cheese** and **FRIONOR Haddock**.

HADDOCK WITH MORNAY SAUCE

Ingredients: 14 oz. packet **FRIONOR Haddock**; ½ oz. butter; 1 tablespoon lemon juice; salt and pepper.

Mornay Sauce: ¾ cup milk; ½ small onion; ¼ teaspoon salt; 2 peppercorns or pinch pepper; small piece bayleaf; ½ oz. butter; 1 tablespoon flour; 3 oz. **KRAFT Cheddar Cheese**, shredded.

Method: Thaw **FRIONOR Haddock** slightly then cut diagonally into 8 pieces. Melt butter in a frying pan, add fish, lemon juice and season with salt and pepper. Cover and cook over a low heat for 20 minutes. Drain off liquid and reserve ¼ cup. Keep fish hot.

Mornay Sauce: Heat milk, onion, salt, peppercorns or pepper and bayleaf in a sauce-

pan. Cover and allow to stand for 7 to 10 minutes. Melt butter, add flour and cook a few minutes. Strain milk and add gradually, stirring until sauce boils and thickens. Add shredded **KRAFT Cheddar Cheese** and reserved liquid from fish, stir until cheese melts. Pour sauce over the fish. 4 servings.

NOTE: For a change, use 16 oz. packet **FRIONOR CRUMLETS**®. However these must not be thawed but fried when frozen. Remember, when making the Mornay Sauce replace the ¼ cup of reserved fish liquid with milk. Just pour the sauce over the delicious fried **CRUMLETS** before serving.

All spoon and cup measures are level.
An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.



Your family needs these protein foods:

KRAFT Cheddar Cheese is rich in protein, vitamins and calcium because it takes a whole gallon of creamy milk to make every pound of this fine cheese. **FRIONOR Haddock** skinless, boneless fillets are available in 8 and 14 oz. packets. **FRIONOR CRUMLETS** fresh crumbed Haddock available in 8, 12 and 16 oz. packets.

KRAFT for good food and good food ideas

® Reg'd Trade Marks

FRIONOR for good fish

An appealing short novel

By IRENA DICKMAN

Uncle Charlie

REMEMBER my first pantomime audition, when I was twelve. I remember mostly the mothers, big-bosomed, big-voiced, trying to catch the casting director's attention, music blushed in one hand, infant prodigy's hand in the other.

The casting director was a screaming, balding man with pink garters around his shirtsleeves. He looked at me as I stood there alone.

"Where's your mother, kid?" His eyes were red, moist, remote.

"I don't have a mother," I said.

"You're in," he screamed. "If you can't dance a step, you're in." He clutched at his balding hair. "I can't stand any more stage mothers!"

I didn't have a stage mother. But I had Uncle Charlie.

I sometimes tried to find out what relation Uncle Charlie really was to me, but he was always vague about it, mumbling something about being a cousin by marriage. I think really that he was merely an original member of the "and Company" in Velma and Company (my mother was Velma) until his knees had cracked with rheumatism, and they had just kept him travelling around with them, without pay, to look after props and lodgings, because he had become a sort of habit with them.

I never pressed the point with Uncle Charlie. He brought me up, and that was good enough for me.

When I was five, days were prosperous in the Music Hall, and a good act could get almost straight bookings. Velma and Company was considered a good act. My mother was bright and slender, and my father was jolly and red-headed (I inherited his red hair, but fortunately darker) and wore loud black-and-white check suits on the stage.

That much I remember, right across the years, but very little else, because I didn't travel with them. I was going to grow up to be a little lady, my father said, and so I was placed in a home.

I don't think they have homes like that nowadays, and perhaps it is as well, because my memories of it are all mixed up with the smell of shoe polish and being punished by having to go without supper (I ate supper once a week if I was lucky) and a thin dried-up stick of a man who talked to us for interminable hours every Sunday about God and Duty.

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NOW SHOWING

MATINEE

movie theatre

HOLLYWOOD



It was that grand old trouper, her beloved Uncle Charlie, who paved the way

for the realisation of Tina's overwhelming ambition to become an actress

It was not quite a school, and not quite an institution, although most of the children were orphans whose relatives paid for them to stay there. I was always rather "declassé," because I had parents, and didn't live with them.

But when Uncle Charlie came to collect me, they made no demur. He simply told them that there was no more money forthcoming, and they even helped him to pack my trunk. We went out, I remember, in the bright frosty winter day, and the trunk was hauled on to the top of a cab, and we were off to the railway station.

"Where are we going?" I asked. "On tour," he said.

"Where are Dad and Velma?" I always called her Velma. She said it made her feel old to be called Mother, or Mum.

"On tour, too," said Uncle

Continued from page 27

Charlie. "A wonderful long tour. Booked right through, no one-night stands, and the very best of audiences."

"Will we see them?"

"Not for a while. Not for quite a long while."

And I was content with that for a long time. I don't know exactly when I realised that this tour of Velma and Company had taken them right out of my reach, but I think the realisation grew as I did, and it was not until I was much older that I asked Uncle Charlie, point blank, what had happened to them.

He told me that they had been caught in a fire-trap of an old theatrical boarding house, and had

died very quickly. By that time, they were only memories, and my tears were almost completely conventional, because we had never been a family, really. Uncle Charlie was my family.

So Uncle Charlie and I went on tour, and a pretty poor tour it was, too, because although Uncle Charlie was an old pro down to his fingertips, the accent was on the "old," and he just managed to scrape through on bookings because he was cheap, and reliable, and didn't mind helping with the odd chores.

I became adept at sneaking in and out of cheap lodging houses that didn't take children, and by the time I was eight I could rig a blanket over the door so that the landlady wouldn't smell cooking

when Uncle Charlie made a bit of supper.

I spent my days in the theatre, where the women always spoiled me, gave me cake, and bought me hair-ribbons, and made me presents of curious, unsuitable, outgrown clothes. After Uncle Charlie's act (song, dance, patter, and chatter) I was allowed to run out to him, and take a bow in my frilly ballet frock, and smile and blow kisses. Up at the gallery. But that was all.

Uncle Charlie did not approve of very young children on the stage, although it really made no difference. I was in the theatre all day, and half the night, and I learnt to sing and dance with the other children, and would have willingly gone through a whole routine

if Uncle Charlie had not dragged me firmly off into the wings by my hand when the audience ceased to be enchanted with my kisses.

And then, when I was eight, there came a very bad day. We were with a shabby little troupe called the "Happy Follies," more folly than happiness, as it turned out, because the manager left suddenly one Saturday night with all the money, leaving us stranded two hundred miles from town.

The whole troupe had to get back as best they might, and it was every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. I suppose we were the hindmost, and most direct way. We walked.

It took us three weeks. It was harder on Uncle Charlie than on me, because he had old sore feet, and I think he worried about me. People fed us when we knocked on their doors, mostly for my sake, I suppose, and we slept where we could, in barns, under bridges, sometimes in haystacks.

It was adventure for a week. After that it was dreary and dirty, and I was glad to walk on hard pavements that hurt my feet through the holes in my shoes, and to see streets of houses, and know that we were nearly home.

Home? It was only home to us because, to theatricals, the city is always home, the country a place where you go on tour. We had nowhere to go. We were as homeless in the city as we had been tramping along the rough country roads, and when we stopped to wash and smarten up it was at a fountain in the park, the water ice-cold in the early morning.

But Uncle Charlie went to see a theatrical friend who had not added snobbishness to success, and who lent him a little money. That night I slept in a real bed, and ate a real meal with a knife and fork, even if the tines of the fork were a little bit bent, because the room we took was not very high class, and the house was not in a high-class street, and the street not in a high-class neighborhood.

BUT the room became home to us for many years, even if the furniture was shabby and my bed was in a curtained-off alcove in the corner.

And the next day Uncle Charlie got a job. He worked as a waiter in quite a smart restaurant in the next, and smarter, suburb. Even at eight I was doubtful about it — Uncle Charlie off the stage! Uncle Charlie — a waiter!

I asked him about it. "Uncle Charlie, do you mind being a waiter?" He drew me on to his knee. "Well, Tina, I'll tell you," he said. "It's like doing a character part in an extended run. It's an easy part, plenty of action, not much dialogue, only a few lines to learn. Just the sort of thing an old pro likes to slip into."

I was not convinced, and one night (Uncle Charlie worked only at night) I slipped out of the house and ran through darkened streets to the restaurant and peeped through the window to see Uncle Charlie, napkin over his arm, with a flat-footed waiter's walk, his balding head bowed obsequiously as he hurried to fulfil orders.

And my head almost burst as I ran home to cry into my pillow for reasons I could not quite understand. I never told Uncle Charlie that I saw him in the restaurant, because I felt that he wouldn't have liked it.

But we got by very nicely, because, in addition to his wages, Uncle Charlie brought home a lot of food. How he came by it I did not know, and I had too much sense to ask, but it was good food, pieces of chicken and slices of ham, and exotics such as avocados and smoked salmon. Once, caviar. I didn't like it.

"You have to like it. It's obligatory," said Uncle Charlie. "Fame and caviar go together."

"Am I going to be famous?" "If you work hard." I accepted it, as I accepted everything that Uncle Charlie told me. I accepted the caviar, too, and ate it as a sort of duty. Even today when I eat caviar, although I like it

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 30, 1966

UNCLE CHARLIE

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WHEN Bill Winston was twenty-two, his foster parents were killed in a plane crash. Two years later he began to date a pretty girl named Marianne Potts. Except for liking lots of mustard on hot dogs they had practically nothing in common, so it seemed reasonable that he ask her to marry him. She accepted, and he was deliriously happy.

His best friend, Henry Carson, dared to voice disapproval, and used words like "empty-headed doll" to describe Bill's intended. Bill severed relations with Henry temporarily. He reconnected them, however, as Henry was apologetic, though in the course of apologising he spoke of Bill's putting his head in a noose.

On an appointed weekend, Bill was introduced to his girl's parents. They lived in a stucco house with figures of a deer and two flamingos on the front lawn. Bill had the distinct impression that Marianne's mother's eyes were too close together; but Marianne's eyes were not too close together, so what did it matter?

After dinner, Marianne helped her mother with the dishes while Bill and her father sat down in the living-room.

"Like to know something about your background," said Mr. Potts. "Going to marry my daughter, like to know something about you."

"Oh, yes, naturally," said Bill.

"Job?" said Mr. Potts.

"I work for Prescott and Washburn, the advertising agency."

"Salary?"

"It's seven thousand now," said Bill. "I have a little money—left to me by my parents. They were in that plane crash at La Guardia two years ago."

"Too bad. Who were they?"

"James and Mary Winston. He was the president of Winston, Ferris."

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Bill and Rose climbed the steep hill and, lost in admiration, looked down at the old stone house.

...and be
my love

By S. W. M. HUMASON

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The Wallflower

She was surrounded by gay and happy people, yet she chose to be alone

A short short story

By SUSAN
NEACY



THE invitation said "and friend," but they must have known from past experience there wasn't one. I decided to go anyway, and slipped into my old reliable, my black woollen dress.

Mrs. Denbeigh greeted me in her usual gushy manner, and without bothering to introduce me to any of the unaccompanied males of the gathering promptly left me to my own devices. I looked rather despondently around the room for a friendly face, but saw none. I realised that this must be the "in" crowd which my old friend was rather famous for gathering around her.

I must confess that hard as I looked I saw not an atom of talent—literary or otherwise—and feeling quite in a huff over the ridiculous mistake I had made in coming I decided to drown my sorrows as respectably as possible in whatever beverage I could lay my hands on.

I picked up a glass, and a bored-looking young man came over to do the honors. He eyed me coolly from head to toe, while filling my glass, and retreated without even a friendly word. He wandered off in search of a girl—possibly his girlfriend.

I sighed with disappointment, since he was rather tall, good-looking in a rugged sort of way, and deeply tanned. He was dancing a few minutes later with a vivacious, sophisticated blonde, who was undoubtedly the life and soul of the party.

I sat back to watch the dancing. My own few steps having been acquired at great pains by my partners, it had long been apparent to me that the dance floor was to be avoided at all costs.

"... and I'm sure you'll find mutual interests," I blinked up at mine hostess, suddenly aware of her presence.

"Aha!" I thought, my mind instantly swinging back to the tanned young man. That was a mistake for a start. I didn't know, but I rather guessed my new acquaintance's nickname—Tubby, perhaps? I belatedly wondered why "mutual interests" should have crept into the introduction.

Tubby and I stood with frozen smiles on our lips until Mrs. Denbeigh had floated away on her own private cloud. I suggested we stroll out on to the terrace, and my latest companion passively agreed.

"And what are you?" I asked him, a trifle sarcastically, furious with my hostess for landing me with... well... the odd-man-out. "Painter? Musician? Future Poet Laureate?" He shook his head.

"I'm a very lonely man," He looked at me, and I knew that for a moment he looked through me. The flippant thoughts, and a rather earnest desire

to escape, shamed me. I turned my head to hide my embarrassment. He reached up a faltering hand and turned my face toward his. I could not see his expression, but I knew he could see mine.

"We lonely people always get thrown at each other," he said softly, and gently released my chin.

One gets used to many things—acceptances of the soulless part we play in society, but never, ever to the great and final act of pity, the "mutual interests" introduction. But how do you say that when you are embarrassed and tongue-tied? I looked around. Tubby had gone.

I felt worse than I had ever felt in my life, sobbing inside bitter unshed tears. One thing was certain, I had to apologise to Tubby. I walked around the house to the front door. Tubby was just coming out, pulling on his coat. I blocked his way as he came down the front steps.

"Please, I'm sorry," I said. He laughed a little bitterly.

"It was cruel of her to introduce us like that..." He plonked his hat on with a firm, plump fist and stepped a little closer to me. He held out his hand. "Goodbye."

He wasn't upset any longer. I took his plump offering, feeling again that searing look, and noticing for the first time in the light from the porch Tubby's steely-grey eyes.

We stood there a few moments, lost for just a little while in a world of no mental barriers, no guards of any kind, then he left hurriedly, without a backward glance, and I returned to the party.

As soon as there was a lull in proceedings, I wandered off in search of my coat, thinking to slip quietly away. My friend Mrs. Denbeigh had excellent and expensive taste in most things, including carpeting. It was thanks to this that I entered upon the bedroom noiselessly and found, to my disgust, both the tanned, handsome young man and his blonde girlfriend coolly emptying all the guests' coats of anything valuable.

I checked my advance into the room to ensure that I wasn't dreaming. I would have hated to accuse anyone without being sure of the facts.

The window was open—ready for easy escape. So engrossed were the couple in their insidious little game that I managed in the poor light to sneak into the room, holding my breath, and over to the window.

I slammed it shut with a bang. The young couple looked up, startled. The young man appeared ready to knock me on the head, but the girl began to cry, and he turned immediately to comfort her.

"We were so short of money, we wanted to go away and get married..." said the young man huskily. "It was all my idea."

They seemed genuine enough, and I was frankly much impressed by the young man's desire to protect the girl. I upbraided them strongly—for that was the least they deserved—but decided not to pursue the matter further. They agreed that it wasn't right to start wedded life on the wrong foot, and when I said I wouldn't press the matter they were both so grateful that I nearly cried.

It so happened that I had an amount of money with me (which I always carried on my person due to my trust in human nature), and I felt that I would only be saving two attempted sinners from a far worse path if I gave the money to them.

I was much embarrassed by their joy, and told them to return to the dance floor or they would be missed. They agreed, and handed the stolen possessions over to me. The girl thanked me, the young man kissed my hand, and they left.

I returned to the window and hoped out. The bagful of stolen possessions would provide me with valuable spending money until I could dispose of the Denbeigh diamonds, especially since I had just given away the contents of Tubby's wallet in the cause of true love.

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MY AUNT'S PIGEONS

By
**ELIZABETH
O'CONNER**

The memory of those
gracious old days
still cast a spell
... a charming story

FROM the time of his marriage until I was about twelve years old, my father owned a sheep property on the fertile plains beyond the Blue Mountains. It has now been cut up into wheat farms, like so many other large holdings of that time.

But Landillo, the home of my grandparents, in the same district, is a sheep station to this day, although a good part of it was balloted for soldiers' blocks some years ago. The large stone house still stands. But much is changed, and if I went back there I would only feel a sadness. I prefer to remember it as it was in those gracious years long ago. To see it yet through the eyes of a child.

There was a circular drive curving up from iron gates to the broad stone steps, long verandas shaded by striped awnings blinds, french windows leading into cool, high-ceilinged rooms. There was an orchard that in summer was heavy with the scents of grasses and dropped fermenting fruit.

There were grapevines drooping with the weight of fat bunches of Isabella and Muscatels, and a rose garden, where the old-fashioned blousy roses that my grandfather loved soaked up the sun and scattered their petals on the well-tended soil that fed them.

The homestead had been built in the days of the convicts and there is a convict's grave in the home paddock. My cousins and I crept out one night to see his ghost, who was reputed to sit on the rough headstone, moaning and clanking his fetters. We did not see him, but we heard an eerie moaning, and ran breathless and chilled through the dark garden back to the warmth and safety of our beds.

There was a ballroom at Landillo. A weatherboard building standing apart from the main house. Panes of rich blue glass had been let into the long doors that led on to a veranda. At the end of the long echoing room was a stage, and between the narrow doors were little alcoves with upholstered seats, just room enough for two.

Here our aunts and their friends must have sat and flirted with their beaux, in those gay days before the war, when the ballroom was new, and my pretty aunts in their teens and early twenties, and my father a young man recently returned from school.

I cannot remember a ball being held there in my childhood. The war put a stop to that sort of lavish entertainment. And afterwards my aunts married and went away, returning for family reunions with their children, my numerous cousins, with whom I explored the garden, stole fruit, begged goodies from the cook, and raced up and down the ballroom floor on roller skates.

And always there was the drowsy murmuring of my Aunt Dinah's white pigeons, that seemed to be the very essence of Landillo.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 30, 1966



Thea loved to sit in the garden at Landillo, listening to the drowsy murmuring of the pigeons strutting about the grounds.

If I woke in the early morning while the room was dim and the furniture still held the shapes of dreams, I would hear the cooing, and the stirring of wings, in the tall pigeon house that stood between the tennis court and the ballroom. Falling asleep again, the sound would follow me and become the voice of my grandmother, throaty and warm.

Here in this lovely old homestead and all that surrounded it there was a feeling of permanency, that I have never known since. It seemed that the fruit had always dropped with a soft plop in the grass, the roses had bloomed since the beginning of time, and would go on blooming, and the cooing of the pigeons and the tranquillity would go on for ever and ever.

My father's property was a day's journey away. Although there were a few motor-cars in the district in those days my father always drove a buggy and four-in-hand. He had an eye for the spectacular, and it was a fine sight to see him sitting on the high seat of the buggy, using the reins with a strong sure hand, his face laughing and boyish under the wide brim of his hat.

My grandmother's birthday, early in November, was a time for gathering in force at Landillo. This family party would last for three days, and not only the Raymonds themselves but friends and neighbors from nearby stations would come to stay.

During that time there was much talk and laughter and some senti-

mental tears, for the Raymonds are an emotional family. The babies cried and slept, and we older cousins played and fought and ate and were bilious, recovered and ate again. There were picnics to the river, rides across the hot brown paddocks, exploring in the old stables, tennis parties, and roller skating in the ballroom.

This story concerns the very last gathering of the Raymonds for my grandmother's birthday. A year later my grandfather died, Landillo was sold, and my grandmother went abroad.

Only grandfather called Aunt Dinah by her right name. The rest of us called her Aunt Dinny. She was the youngest of my father's sisters, and the darling of us all. She was little and dimpled and fair, with eyes so large and blue that even we children were held fascinated prisoners by their beauty.

At the time of this last birthday gathering she was still unmarried, but two young men were paying her great attention. One was George Hewitt, a journalist on a newspaper in the nearby town. His ambition was to become a writer. My grandfather referred to him, with a twinkle in his eye, as "The Scribe."

George had inherited money from his mother, which allowed him a moderate income. It was rumored that he had lately acquired a motor-car. He was very popular with my

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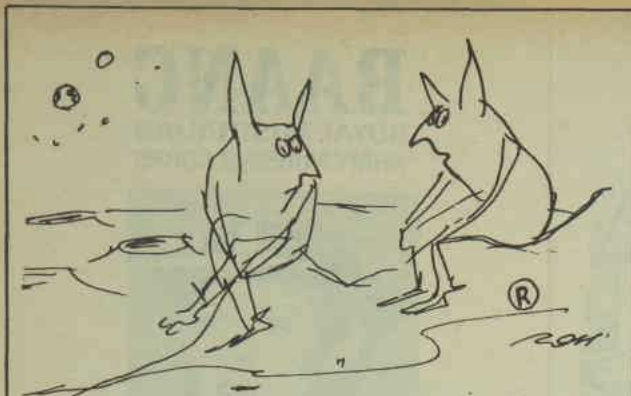
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"If we're anything at all, we're green, cheese!"

Continued from page 28

very much now, I get that sort of uplifted feeling that comes from duty well done.

Desserts, too, came home in Uncle Charlie's capacious pockets. I must have been sixteen before I realised that desserts really came in separate little dishes, not as a mixture of strawberries and creme caramel and sherry trifle in a washed-out coffee tin.

It was, I suppose, a curious life for a child, but it was one of unvarying, if unorthodox, routine. At seven o'clock Uncle Charlie prepared a light supper, and sent me to have my bath, supervised my prayers, and tucked me into bed.

At half-past twelve he was back from work with his pockets crammed

with food, and we would set the table and eat an exotic but quite irregular meal, while Uncle Charlie did imitations of some of his customers, or recited long passages from plays he had acted in during his short term in the legitimate theatre.

We went to bed at about two in the morning and slept late in the morning, when I usually got up first, made coffee, and picked over the remains of the food for breakfast material. When I grew up and found that smoked salmon was not an acceptable breakfast dish, I think half the fun went out of my life.

We skimmed round the room domesticity, but in a careless, light-hearted way, and then the lessons

began. All the time we had been on tour I had never learnt a thing, and at eight was still what Uncle Charlie called "spit ignorant."

Although the Education Laws were, of course, much slacker than they are now, Uncle Charlie carried them in his mind as a sort of spectre and set himself to bring me up to standard for my age in case "they" should catch up with us. This was not easy for either of us, because outside of a prodigious memory in Shakespeare and a good speaking voice, Uncle Charlie was not exactly a college graduate himself.

And then after lunch the carpet was rolled up (lest its threadbare surface be made more threadbare still), and it was Practice Time. I had never crossed either of our minds that I would not go on the stage, and since Velma and Company had been a song-and-dance team, it had never occurred to either of us that I would not follow the family tradition.

We practised from after lunch until before supper, with Uncle Charlie's knees cracking like pistol shots as we "Shuffled Off to Buffalo" in the gathering darkness. And I learnt to "Sing it Sweet" or "Believe It Out" as Uncle Charlie required.

It was, of course, an odd life for a child, but it was the only life I knew, and children are not often critical about the lives they lead. I had no friends, although I sometimes knelt by the window looking out at the children playing in the street, and to me their games seemed odd and meaningless and I had no wish to join them.

Only Jerry was my friend, Jerry who lived downstairs with his widowed mother and sold newspapers in the street and sometimes sat on the front steps in the evening playing soft, sweet, sad music on a harmonica.

But once when I crept out to join him he sent me severely back to bed, saying that I was only a kid and it was too late for me to be out, and I went upstairs, crushed.

AT first it frightened me to be alone at night, and once I hammered on the next door in my corridor, Miss Fan Watson's door. Fan Watson, in the words of Miss Flannery, the landlady, was no better than she should be, but the world had no significance to me and I was glad when she took me into her room, with its brightness and smiling atmosphere and loud party noises.

Fan Watson was always giving parties. She sat me on her knee and gave me the last drops in her beer glass and made me sing, and all the men clapped and laughed.

But on the next night she would not let me in. Enough was enough, she said, and that there was nothing to be afraid of, and even if there was I had only to bang on the wall and she would be in. So I went back to bed and was comforted by the sounds of music and laughter through the thin wall until I fell asleep.

Then, when I was ten, "they" caught up with us — the educational people. Or person. A round little man with a bald head and a habit of rubbing his finger and thumb together with a little rustling sound. Uncle Charlie put on his haughty air and said that I was being privately tutored because ordinary school hours wouldn't fit in with my stage training.

He put me through my paces, like a circus dog through hoops. I recited my geography, the oceans, the continents, the rivers, history, the dates. We skipped over arithmetic, because Uncle Charlie couldn't do arithmetic, and came quickly to English literature.

"The 'Quality of Mercy' speech, Tina," commanded Uncle Charlie. I started, but he stopped me on the first word.

"In French, Tina." I don't know where Uncle Charlie learnt French, but I suspected that was his only piece, as it was mine. I felt that it was impressive, but the Education man simply said "He" and rubbed his finger and thumb together like mad.

To page 38



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and 8 more colours to go to your head! Twelve ecstatic, fashion-right shades to make you feel more exciting. There never was an easier way to make your hair come alive with ravishing colour than with Napro Live Colour. Thick and creamy—no drips—no mess. Simply cream it in straight from the sachet! Voila! A new personality... and nothing ever looked so natural. Live Colour pampers your hair, too. While burnishing with beauty, it is reconditioning. Twelve high fashion shades... only 40 cents

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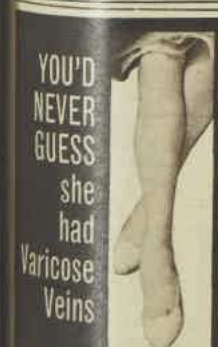
Wrinkles are really "river-beds" of dry cells caused by the plasma colloids (the water carriers of the skin) drying out through the passage of time and the drying effect of exposure to wind and weather. To bring new life and loveliness to your skin and stop wrinkle-dryness smooth in a film of beautifying oil of Ulan before making-up. This will nourish your skin at depth and give your complexion a delightful dewy bloom.

Margaret Merrill



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YOU'D NEVER GUESS she had Varicose Veins.

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LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Mothers form a club

MOTHERS of children in grades one and two at our local school have formed a Mothers' Club. Our aim is to learn teaching methods, to keep in closer contact with the teachers, and to raise funds for equipment. We also wish to make each meeting a social gathering, and so become a closer community and enjoy mutual interests. Any ideas for fund-raising activities would be appreciated, as none of us has any experience in this.

\$2 to Mrs. Boustead, Inala, Qld.

Grandma's privilege

THE metamorphosis that takes place when a mother turns into a grandmother is amazing. When I was a child my mother never allowed me to eat between meals, especially sweets or chocolates. Chips, pies, and hot dogs were out except on special occasions. Nowadays, as a grandmother, my mother plies my daughter with all these foods. When I protest, she replies that it is a mother's duty to rear the child sensibly and the grandmother's pleasure to spoil her!

\$2 to Mrs. S. Hollis, Bondi, N.S.W.

In favor of young marriages

IT angers me when I hear people running-down young marriages. I was 16 when I met the man I was to marry; he was 20. Two years later we were married and have been so for nearly 14 years. While others of our age were busy looking for a date to take them to a dance, we were having fun planning and building our house. When we see our friends with very small children we are glad our three sons are well past babyhood, and we are still youngish and healthy, with plenty of years left to enjoy life.

\$2 to Mrs. Rose Dobson, Mt. Yokine, W.A.

Aids on a desert island

IF readers knew in advance that they were to be wrecked on an island, I wonder what six articles they would take with them? My list would be: my favorite 20-year-old kitchen knife, kitchen tongs, a grater, a skewer, a teapot, a meat chopper. Anyone coming with me?

\$2 to "Me Jane" (name supplied), Croydon, Vic.

Hair-cut for the choir

ATTENDING church for the first time my four-year-old son stared at the white-robed choirboys in amazement. "Mummy," he whispered, "are they all going to have their hair cut?"

\$2 to Mrs. T. Lawe, Box Hill North, Vic.

Misses a nearby family

MY friend lives in the same town as her family, and says I am lucky being 600 miles from mine, as there is always so much interference. I disagree, and often long for someone more experienced to consult. I sometimes dream of dressing the children up and visiting, or having grandma and grandpa visit us each Sunday afternoon. What do other readers think of the advantages and disadvantages of living near mothers and mothers-in-law?

\$2 to "Sailors Wife" (name supplied), Nowra, N.S.W.

Uses for wedding dresses

USE your 16 yards of satin wedding dress, Mrs. Young (whose letter appeared in the March 2 issue), to make a throw-over bedspread for your bedroom—either plain or as a backing to lace or a transparent material. Leftovers can be used to cover lampshades. Satin can be dyed to match any color scheme and adds a touch of real luxury.

\$2 to Mrs. A. Parsons, Griffith, N.S.W.

UNTIL my small daughter asked me what I was looking at, and could she put it on, I, too, had wondered what to do with my wedding gown. I then decided to keep it until her wedding day in case she should like to wear it or use part of it for "something old." It's now in mothballs.

\$2 to Mrs. R. Lown, Redcliffe, Qld.

FINALLY, I made up my mind to give mine to the Smith Family, hoping some girl would have a day as happy as I had when wearing it.

\$2 to Mrs. B. Highfield, Caringbah, N.S.W.



GAY DOGS

● An American veterinary surgeon says that alcoholic dogs are on the increase, and he sees many with signs of hangovers. A drunken dog, he explains, usually starts as a joke at a cocktail party.

Living a sophisticated life is tough (my informant, a pug dog, said);

You get so bemused by the gay whirl you tend to lose your head.

Personally, I lap up no more than one martini, very dry,

But even that, I regret to say, makes me far from shy.

The other night I met a big dog who likes his whisky straight,

And his man-like devotion was so charming we stayed out very late.

We called in at a few more parties and finished up rather won,

But all's well that ends well—we've both joined alldogholics anon.

—Dorothy Drain

Stove of the future?

NOWADAYS we have electric kettles to boil water, sandwich toasters, automatic rice cookers, electric coffee pots, electric frying-pans, and portable electric rotisseries. Someday someone's going to combine all these and call it a stove.

\$2 to O. Mariak, Cairns, Qld.

Teaching the left-handers

I BECAME a teacher just at the time an eminent psychiatrist had announced that if you forced left-handers to write with the right hand you would make them stutter. So it became the thing to reprimand teachers who interfered with left-handers. I tried the middle path, asking for (not demanding) three lines of each page to be done with the right hand, then the left could be used if desired. Almost all my left-handers became beautiful ambidextrous writers without stuttering or suffering any other mishap.

\$2 to Mrs. C. L. Forrest, Waitara, N.S.W.

It was on her hairdresser's advice she first used . . .
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Sews unbreakable triple stitched seams

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● Ross Campbell is on leave. He will resume his column when he returns.



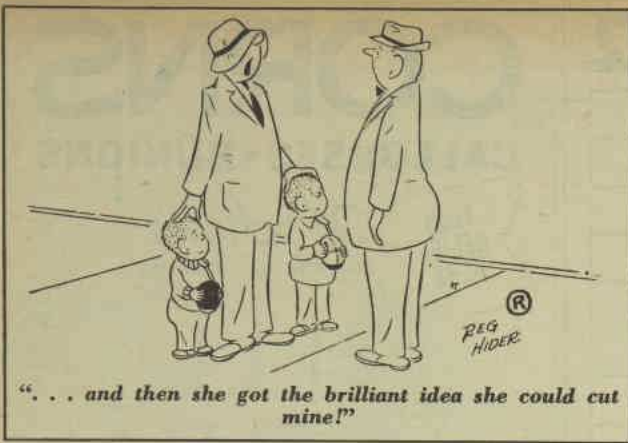
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As though you have to.**

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You'll find a hundred occasions for it between June and August.
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Continued from page 34

After he left I felt that I had done very well, but Uncle Charlie was very quiet and unusually restless, and we did not practise our song-and-dance routines at all that day.

Uncle Charlie had been right. An official letter came telling him that he was not a qualified person to teach a young child, and that he must make other arrangements or place me in a school immediately.

He swung the letter gently between his finger and thumb, and his eyes had a faraway look. Then he did something that he seldom did. He went to the cupboard and took out the “in-case-of-illness brandy” and took a drink, popped a pepper-

mint in his mouth, and went downstairs.

When he came back his eyes gleamed as after a battle won, and he told me that I would, in future, be having lessons with Miss Bedell, who lived on the ground floor.

Miss Bedell was a Qualified Person. She was a retired schoolmistress and had a degree. She was tall and thin, with a neck like a chicken, and a bird's nest of greying brown hair. She wore brown dresses with what were called in those days “modesty vests” in the front. She called Uncle Charlie, to me, “your Uncle Charles,” and blushed right down her chicken neck to her modesty vest.

I never realised until I was

grown-up that Uncle Charlie could have a great deal of charm with the ladies, and that he had the remnants of a handsome appearance, and a certain distinction, so that, to many elderly ladies, his stage career (he only talked about the “legitimate” part) carried romance and glamor far beyond my understanding.

In retrospect, there is something tragic about Miss Bedell's attachment for Uncle Charlie, but if I used it to our own ends, I think he calculated it shrewdly, my value against that of her heart, and came down heavily on my side.

Miss Bedell was a good teacher and a strict one, and under her tuition I learnt, though reluctantly, I grew mentally and physically, and became prey to the sulks and discontent of my age. Practice became a bore. I was training, I seemed, for nothing. Other children learnt to dance, to sing, to act, to sang, danced, acted on the stage.

They made money, bought nice clothes, heard applause, saw their names on billboards. I worked hard the day and earned nothing, bought nothing, was nothing. I wanted to go out and make friends, play with the other kids. I didn't want to be on the stage.

UNCLE CHARLIE never argued with me. Instead he would take me to a matinee, sometimes a musical show, sometimes legitimate theatre. It worked every time. I came back, eyes starry, lips parted, and we analysed every scene, dissected every dance routine, scaled them down to my size. But growing inside me was the ever-present question — when? And the answer always — soon, soon, soon.

But not soon enough for me. He went out one afternoon and came home to find me tap-dancing on the pavement to the music of Jerry's harmonica, gave me a crack across the ear, the only time he ever hit me, and ordered me upstairs.

“Who told you to caper around the streets like an organ grinder's monkey?” he demanded. “Is that what we've worked for for four long years? For you to become a busker?”

“We were only practising,” I protested, half frightened and half sullen. “Jerry —”

“Jerry!” Uncle Charlie half raised his arms and dropped them to his side in a kind of despair. Jerry had followed us upstairs, probably with some idea of protecting me, if protection was necessary.

Now Uncle Charlie whipped round on him. “You, boy, how far do you think you're going to get on a harmonica? A mouth organ, something for field hands to play around a campfire. Something to go in a soldier's pocket. Even an accordion outranks it.”

“Some day —” started Jerry, with dignity.

“Some day!” scoffed Uncle Charlie. “We're concerned with now. You want me to show you something? Stand up there alongside of Tina.”

That was the start of Jerry's stage training with Uncle Charlie. We worked together for two hours without a break, with Uncle Charlie sweating until his forehead glistened, calling Jerry a clodhopper and fumble-footed, sending him away crestfallen, telling him to come back at the same time tomorrow.

After Jerry had gone I said, “Uncle Charlie, perhaps Jerry doesn't want to go on the stage.”

“Nonsense,” replied Uncle Charlie. “Of course he wants to go on the stage. Music to his fingertips, that boy. Music right down to his toes.” There was a gleam in his eye that meant that he was adding “and Company” after my name in his mind.

Then he told me about the audition, the pantomime audition which I was to attend the next day, the one in which I got a part because I didn't have a stage mother.

And then even I saw the wisdom of Uncle Charlie's holding me back.

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Are you one of the 3 out of 20 who prefer...



Black tea?



Hate floaters... & dregs?



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till you get to the strength you like.



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LIP 1002





• Royal Doulton set.

Collectors' Corner

• Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, identifies some interesting porcelain ware.

COULD you give me any information about two Eastern vases, please? They have Japanese or Chinese writing on the base. There are pictures of warriors holding different weapons, which include the net, staff, quiver, small and large swords, and chrysanthemums. Would you also be able to identify my jug and vase set? The vase has the crowned lion Royal Doulton sign with the number E 3804.—Mrs. I. F. Dixon, Botany, N.S.W.

The pair of Japanese vases (right) are Kaga porcelain. Kaga is situated

in Kutani, and although your vases were made in the late nineteenth century, a pottery was established at Kaga as early as the sixteenth century. During the mid-seventeenth century the pottery specialised in the production of porcelain decorated with warriors and the chrysanthemum, or Kiku, as it is known. Orange and red enamels and gilding were much employed. These are typical features of late 19th-century Kaga ware.

Your Doulton ware jug and vase (left) were made about 1910-1920.



• Japanese vases.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Continued from page 38

The other children had more stage experience, but already, at twelve, at ten even, they were a little stale, a little overproduced, a little blase, like rosebuds cut too soon, slightly withered in the warm air of overheated rooms.

But my sullen mood only partly lifted. I was made into a pageboy, and I wanted to be in the fairy ballet. My long, straight, red hair was left uncurled, except at the very ends, and my suit was of black velvet, while I pined for corkscrew curls all over my head, for a white organdie tutu, and the magic wires that would fly me all over the stage.

But Uncle Charlie looked at me in my pageboy suit and said, "H'm. H'm." And seemed very satisfied. During rehearsals he sat in the wings, head bent, hands on knees, muttering the speeches given by all the characters. I felt ashamed of him, because he looked so odd, almost mad, and people giggled at him and he never seemed to notice. At home he made me learn three of the smaller parts. For practice, he said.

Practice it might have been, but it was measles that gave me my chance. I had had measles, long ago during the touring days, very slightly, and had gone around with my face covered with "wet-white" to hide the spots. But the girl who played the Youngest Princess hadn't, and the day came when Uncle Charlie leapt dramatically from the wings (knees cracking like fire-crackers) and said, "Tina Mason knows the part."

SO black velvet was changed for green satin, and my hair was swept up, and a tiara put on top of it. It was a speaking part, and I got my first review in a newspaper. It said I was "audible." Uncle Charlie said that it was a misprint for "laudable," and it was comforting to believe him. My spelling, in spite of Miss Bedell, was still a little weak.

But I had been blooded, so to speak. I had my first part on the professional stage, and, at least in my own mind, I had arrived. It was not a good time for stage people. Music halls were on the wane. The cinema, they predicted, would kill the theatre stone dead.

But actually, once the cinema programs reached the stage of two features, music hall people benefited, because a lot of managers booked acts in between the two films. They didn't like singles, so often Jerry and I worked as a team.

He learnt to dance well enough, and to sing in a pleasant voice, but he warred and won the battle of the harmonica with Uncle Charlie, and it was often the harmonica that got the most applause.

On my thirteenth birthday Jerry bought me a proper make-up case (we were earning what was considered good money for those days for our age) and then took up his harmonica and played a tune I had never heard before, a little melancholy, a little sad, a little like the

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AUSTRALIA ON THE MARCH...

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UNCLE CHARLIE

Continued from page 39

twilight on our own front steps, with the first star rising over the small slum houses.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"Yes. Where did you get it?"

"I made it up. It's called 'Tina.' Tina on her birthday."

I cried a little then, at the compliment, and the great grand strangeness of having a song written for me, but also because the thought touched me for the first time, that I was born and bred to the stage, and Jerry was not, and yet in spite of blood and birth and training, he was going to pass me, and reach heights I would never touch.

During the next two years, I got by, as they say, with bookings of a week here and there in a cinema, with pantomime at Christmas, with two small parts in small plays that ran for a week or two and died in their tracks. Sometimes Jerry and I went to Smoke Concerts — there were no restrictions on juvenile stage work in those days. You got it, you did it — that was all there was to it.

Uncle Charlie still worked as a waiter, older, more dodder, looking at the head-waiter out of the corner of his eye, always a little afraid. I added half of my money to the housekeeping expenses now. The rest went for audition clothes, and for dancing lessons, now that Uncle Charlie could no longer "Shuffle Off to Buffalo."

I still had no friend but Jerry. We were Stage people now, and the rest of the street drew their metaphoric skirts aside. Like Fan Watson, they decided we were no better than we should be. We went out together, cheaply, on ferry rides, sharing one soda with two straws, queuing for gallery seats to theatres, to ballets, and, when Jerry insisted, to concerts.

THEN I was fourteen, and due for another audition. I took out my new silk dress, and my mock-beaver coat (all child actresses were wearing mock-beaver coats that year), but Uncle Charlie said no. I was to wear my black practice pants and my black jersey pullover, and comb my hair loose over my shoulders. And take my guitar.

I protested. I quarrelled over it. (I quarrelled with Uncle Charlie a lot in that year. I had quarrelled over the guitar, too, because I wanted it silver-mounted, and he made me buy a plain old-fashioned one, and polish it up until it was the color of treacle toffee.)

But Uncle Charlie won, as he always won, and I went to the audition, feeling odd and ugly among the blonde mopheads in pink and blue, with their mothers carrying the mock-beaver coats, the tap and toe shoes, the music.

The casting director gave me an odd long look as I sat there, my burning cheek resting against the cool neck of the guitar.

"You there in the black, come here," he ordered. Casting directors were always rude to us children. I think it was a defence against the mothers.

I came and stood in the centre of the stage, in the centre of a hostile crowd. I was so frightened that my black jersey was sticking to

me. I couldn't know that this was to my advantage.

"Where's your music?"

"I don't need any music."

"I have my guitar."

"All right. What are you going to sing?"

"Barbry Allen."

"What?"

"Barbry Allen."

"Well, for ever more."

He nodded, and I drew up a chair, and started to sing. Sweet and straight. Uncle Charlie had said, and sweet and straight I sang it. After the first verse, I was conscious of an odd sensation, the first time I had ever felt it, of a busy theatre hushed to listen.

Even the hammering backstage had ceased, and, hearing the hush, I missed a beat. If I had been singing to an accompanist, it would have been noticed, but because I was accompanying myself I just picked up and went ahead.

When I finished, the silence on stage was hostile again, and the hammering behind the flats restarted.

"Come down here," ordered the stage director. "Mr. Speigal wants to speak to you."

I trembled a little, and my mouth went dry, because Mr. Speigal, I knew, was very important. But I climbed down into the orchestra pit, and into the auditorium, and faced the little knot of men who looked me over as if I were a horse for sale, or a piece of steak in a butcher's shop.

"Can you read lines?" asked Mr. Speigal. He had a cigar in his mouth, unlit, and the mouth end was wet and frayed where he had been chewing on it.

I nodded, my mouth still dry, and took the script he handed me, his stubby finger pointing at a portion of it underlined in red. I looked at it swiftly and then handed it back in the way Uncle Charlie taught me.

"I want to go home. I'm so cold and so hungry and tired. Why can't we go home now?"

It wasn't acting. The years churned back and I was with Uncle Charlie, stranded in a little town because the manager had run off with our money, and it was a three weeks' walk back to the city. It wasn't acting. Even the tears were real.

The men looked at each other and Mr. Speigal stopped chewing his cigar and nodded.

The director leaped on stage.

"All right," he said to me. "Tomorrow at ten o'clock." Then to the rest of them. "That's it. The part's filled. You can all go home now."

The stage became a parrot house, the mothers screaming macaws. How could they, when they hadn't heard Baby Karen sing "On the Good Ship Lollypop"? Didn't they know that Little Mandy had got the best reviews, the very best reviews, of any child performer of the year? One woman waved a newspaper under the director's nose. "A child of ten," she screamed. "A child of ten it says here. This girl's sixteen."

"Fourteen," I said defensively.

"Scripts can be rewritten," said the director, shooting them out, while they hissed and muttered like geese, giving me vindictive, witchlike glances over their shoulders.

The play was called "Love Is Blind," and I played the part of a blind boy, a troubadour. My sight was miraculously restored at the end, of course, and the play was full of all the things that a play needed in those days, of religion and magic and sentimentality and pathos, and true love that won in the end. It ran for a year in town

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 30, 1966

Kiss it
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Who said women don't make good firemen?



Even if the cap doesn't fit, a mother may suddenly be forced to take on, alone, full responsibility for her family and home. It is difficult for a widow if the possibility of her having to take charge has never been considered. Maintaining a home and family can be even tougher when food bills, mort-

gage payments, furniture payments, costs of educating the team fill the mail-box. A wife knows that her husband is thinking about his family's security when he calls in an A.M.P. man for an A.M.P. Family Security Check-up. This helpful service is free and entirely without obligation.

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A U S T R A L I A N M U T U A L P R O V I D E N T S O C I E T Y



Continued from page 40

UNCLE CHARLIE

and for six months on tour and I played the part right through.

I learnt something about audiences in "Love Is Blind," about the predictability of their reactions. When I made my first entrance, on the arm of my old grandfather (I wanted Uncle Charlie to play the part, but he said that the very old were never allowed to play the very old on the stage), into the marketplace of somewhere unspecified in the mysterious east, and said, "Which way is it to Alkalam?" the answer was, "To the west, into the sun."

And I would turn my sight-

less eyes toward the audience and say, "But which way is the sun?" and would hear every time the almost luxurious sigh of pity and the rustle of handkerchiefs drawn from pockets to vie with the rustle of chocolate wrappings as the audience settled down comfortably in their seats for a Real Good Cry.

While we were on tour, an interesting thing happened. There was a song in one scene which didn't take hold the way it should. It made a dead spot in the play. I wrote to Jerry and asked him to write another, and to send it to me, and he did so. It

was not my song, "Tina's Song," but it was sweet and melancholy and in the same vein, and perhaps I sang it extra well because it was Jerry's, but it took on very well, and usually got an encore.

Jerry got a job with the orchestra, too, playing drums. He had taken to heart Uncle Charlie's words about the harmonica. It was good to have Jerry along with me, and it buoyed me up, because I was getting very tired, and in those days only top-line actors and actresses were allowed temperament and tiredness.

When I came home, I was more than ready for a rest. I went to bed, on Uncle Charlie's orders, for a week. It was to me not only a resting time but a thinking time. I felt that I had reached a stage, an important stage, in growing-up and in my career. At the end of the week my mind was made up.

"Uncle Charlie," I said firmly, "I want to go on the legitimate stage. I want to be a serious actress."

He looked at me, head on one side, looking like a rather moth-eaten bird.

"You're sure?" he asked.

"Quite, quite sure."

He fiddled with the fringe of the tablecloth. He suddenly seemed smaller, a little frightened, even.

"It will mean tuition," he said. "Professional tuition. It won't be cheap."

"You could teach me," I said. "You've been on the legitimate stage."

He shook his head. "A few small parts. Second-rate touring companies. It doesn't amount to anything."

"But you always said—"

HE smiled a slight, uneasy smile.

"In the profession, some things you have to play by ear, as you might say. When you're older, you'll understand." A piece of tablecloth fringe came away in his hand. "I'll make a bargain with you, Tina. You get a scholarship to a good dramatic school, and you can be an actress."

"My part in 'Love Is Blind' was an acting part. Why do I have to go to dramatic school?"

He shook his head. "Your part in 'Love Is Blind' was a natural. You didn't really have to act." He turned to me suddenly. "Tina, you've done well in a very overcrowded profession, but for every singing, dancing

FROM THE BIBLE

● The fear of man bringeth a snare: but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.

— Proverbs 29:25.

soubrette there are ten up-and-coming actresses.

"If you think you've seen competition, you just wait! Talent isn't enough. You need training, timing, all the tricks of the trade. Believe me, I know. Because I never had any of them, except a little scrap of workaday talent."

In the end, we compromised. I got a "half-scholarship," that is, I got my tuition free, but I still had to live. Uncle Charlie's job dropped away to almost nothing, weekends and holidays and sick relief. We closed the gap with nightclub work, in the teeth of Uncle Charlie's opposition, my first real rebellion, abetted by Jerry, who was studying music in the daytime and needed the money, too.

"I'll be with her," said Jerry. "I'll look after her." At last Uncle Charlie gave in—reluctantly, unwillingly. As we went downstairs to our first nightclub engagement, he shouted after us.

"Don't let her take anything off, Jerry!" When I was seventeen, Jerry and I went hand in hand up to Uncle Charlie. "We want to get married," I said.

To page 43

Mother! Are you missing the eggstra?



(Only OVALTINE has it)

Forgive the pun. But only Ovaltine gives you malt plus milk plus eggs. And that's only one of Ovaltine's extras.

When your children drink their milk the Ovaltine way, they enjoy so much more than flavour. And there's more in it for you, during your busy day. So reach for Ovaltine—the bright orange can—the world's best tonic food drink and your best buy.

Only Ovaltine gives you the extra goodness of malt, milk and eggs plus vitamins and minerals.

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Only Ovaltine has been officially recognised at Olympic games around the world since 1932.

Only Ovaltine is enjoyed in 68 countries—it is the world's largest-selling tonic food drink.

UNCLE CHARLIE

He looked at us, and for the first time in my life I saw real defeat in his eyes.

"I know," he said.

"You aren't pleased?" I demanded. "You don't want us to?"

"Sit down," said Uncle Charlie.

Jerry and I sat down, hand in hand, on Uncle Charlie's bed, while he drew out a chair, and dropped into it heavily, as if his legs were too weak to hold him up. Sometimes you can see a person day by day, and miss the changes in them, and then suddenly look at them, and be shocked at the changes.

Now I looked at Uncle Charlie, and saw how frail he was, as if a puff of wind could blow him away.

"You're going in different directions," he said. "Both in the profession, but in different branches of it. You'll tour separately. You'll hardly ever be together. You'll grow apart. Song-and-dance teams, they're together all the time. It won't be like that with you."

I STILL had hold of Jerry's hand.

"We love each other, Uncle Charlie," I said.

He smiled, and his smile was sad. "Who else do you know to fall in love with?" he asked.

But we won in the end. It was an unfair fight, perhaps, because Uncle Charlie had suddenly grown so old, so frail that he had no fight left in him. We were married very quietly, with Uncle Charlie and the woman who swept out the Registrar's office as witnesses.

In spite of champagne and wedding cake, I couldn't feel really married, however hard I tried. Jerry and I went to stay at a hotel for three days — not a very good hotel, but as good as we could afford. A little better, as a matter of fact.

Then Jerry went back to the Conservatorium, and since the Drama School was on holiday for the summer I bought, and found, a job with a small touring company. I didn't want to, but we needed the money. Already Jerry and I were separated, just as Uncle Charlie said we would be. But only for a little while, we told each other. Only for a little while.

I felt badly about Uncle Charlie, so old now, so — left over.

"Come on tour with me," I begged. "I won't be making much, but we'll manage."

He shook his head and smiled, and I was surprised to see that his smile was implish.

"Not me," he said. "I've got my whole future mapped out. I'm going to sit in a rocking-chair and rock myself silly. I'm going to have me a comfortable bed and stay in it as long as I like. And I'm going to have a pretty nurse to hold my hand and worry over me."

"A home?" I said. "Oh, Uncle Charlie, no!"

He shook his head at me.

"You don't understand, Tina. It's what I want. I've planned it for a long time. Being with young people gets hard on the old sometimes. I want to smoke my pipe among my contemporaries and talk over old times and wonder what the world is coming to these days."

"Will you go into a theatrical home?" I asked.

He shook his head again.

"I'd rather not. I don't know why it is, but I never could stand old people."

Finally I took him to the home of his choice. It seemed nice enough, clean enough. The matron was a plump, full-breasted bird of a woman, who immediately called

Uncle Charlie "Laddie." She would be a kindly bully, I thought. Just what Uncle Charlie needed — for the moment.

For I had no intention of letting Uncle Charlie stay in a home. Just as he had taken me out of one, so I would take him out when the time came.

And the time came sooner than I had thought. Jerry wrote a really good musical play, wrote the lot, book, music, and lyrics, and it was snapped up for production right away. I played the lead and the play had a good long run and made money and we bought a house. A small house in a good locality, and small as it was there was room for Uncle Charlie.

We went to see him, Jerry and I, to bring him home with us, and found him, the old show-off, singing "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" to a ward full of his cronies, sketching the ghost of a dance on his tottery old legs.

Curiously, he looked younger than I had seen him look in years, perhaps because he was young compared to some of the residents, several of whom had tipped over the ninety mark, and two who were over a hundred.

When we told him our plans he looked as us with the old twinkle in his eye.

To page 48

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



"We don't really recommend you try this to see how light n' dreamy Tea-time wafers are . . ."

"Just take a packet home, and all the family will tell you".

Peek Frean's

Tea-time

WAFERS

8 OZ. NET

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 1000 words; short short stories, 100 to 1000 words; articles up to 1000 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 999, G.P.O., Sydney.

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A very useful sum of money for any youngster starting out in an adult world. And by the time your baby needs this amount it will have increased considerably with bank interest and you'll probably have added to it from time to time yourself too.

600 Consolation Prizes of 1 doz. supersoft nappies.

And what an easy way to win them! Baby will have plenty of extra nappies now! They're beautifully soft and thick too.

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1. Study the list of Nestlé's Baby Food Varieties below.
2. Decide which are the best-liked by Australian babies in order of preference.
3. Go on through the list and number one to five in order of preference both Strained and Junior Varieties. For instance, if you think Nestlé's Strained Pears is most popular Strained Variety, write "1" in the square beside it.

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- ☐ LAMB & VEGETABLES.
- ☐ CHICKEN BROTH.
- ☐ PEARS.
- ☐ BEEF & VEGETABLES.
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- ☐ APPLES.
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- ☐ EGG CUSTARD & RICE
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- (d) Judge's decision is final. The correct order is established by Nestlé's Baby Foods sales records over the last 18 months.
- (e) No correspondence will be entered into.
- (f) Nestlé's employees and their families may not enter the contest, nor may the members of Nestlé's Advertising Agencies and their families.
- (g) Entries close at 5.00 p.m. on April 8th, 1966.

* Labels not required where this contravenes State Law.
Winners will be notified by mail; winners names will be published under Public Notices in morning newspapers in all state capitals on Friday, May 6th, 1966.

(PRINT IN BLOCK CAPITALS)

Name

Address

Your Baby's Name Age

AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● I was amused to read that in England, for a charge of half a dollar an hour, you can have lessons in bull-fighting in a muddy field near Shepherd's Bush. You don't fight bulls, of course—Britain won't stand for that. You fight bicycles!

THE chief fighting bull of Shepherd's Bush is Bailador, named after a famous Spanish killer bull. Bailador is pushed at a brisk trot by a panting aficionado, who not only has the job of pursuing the matadors but also has to raise and lower the horns as circumstances or whim direct.

Bailador is built of half a woman's bicycle, with a dartboard added roughly at a bull's shoulder level to serve as a target for the banderillas, and a massive set of horns mounted on a "neck" of steel rod which can be moved up and down.

Personally, the idea of watching a bull-fight attracts me so little that I'd be willing to pay a very large sum to avoid it. But I have read "The Brave Bulls," and Ernest Hemingway's "Fiesta," and I've been impressed by the almost religious fervor with which aficionados describe that moment in which the matador stops all the funny business and the fancy passes with the cape, presents his body in profile to the enraged bull, rises on his toes, sights along the gleaming blade of his sword, and prepares to go in across the horns for the kill.

It mightn't be your cup of tea, or mine, but there's a repellent drama and courage involved, and I can see why, in the language of the bullring, it's known as the moment of truth.

That's why it strikes me as irresistibly funny to think of these English matadors, tricked out in brocaded suits and tricornered hats, brilliant muletas over their arms, bright swords in their hands, courageously profling and sighting along the blade at a tiny old bicycle-bull whose only substitute for the traditional enraged bellow is a tiny old bicycle bell.

Founder and director of the school (which apparently is madly popular and has lots of students, "People don't realise how exciting it is to pit your intelligence against a ferocious animal," one of them said) is a man who spends all his holidays in Spain.

Soon he hopes to bring over to Shepherd's Bush a fully qualified Spanish matador to act as chief tutor. I'll bet if he gets one it'll be a retired matador. I can't imagine that any popular and successful matador would risk his reputation.

No Ole! Ole! for the bicycle matador

SPANISH bullfight crowds are notorious barrackers, as free with shouted praise and blame for the man facing the bull as Australian crowds are for the man facing the bowler.

Any matador making a return appearance in Madrid after a tutoring session in Shepherd's Bush might find that instead of shouts of Ole! Ole! he was greeted by rude cries of "Ah, yer big mug, you've forgotten yer bicycle clips."

Mike, who is always on the look-out for

a way of making a quick fortune with very little effort, is very put out that he didn't think of this bicycle-bull matador school idea himself.

He and his friends, a few years ago, used to use their bicycles in some pretty peculiar ways. We went through dozens of cuts, a thousand bruises, several buckled wheels, and one broken arm (Mike's) at the time when the bikes were used for duelling with sticks.

Mike's broken arm resulted from his being unhorsed not, I should say in his honor, by an opponent but by the treacherous interference of a clothesline that neither Mike nor his trusty steed had noticed in the excitement of the backyard tournament.

Like most mothers, I heaved a mighty sigh of relief when the novelty of the bike wore off and it became just a convenient thing to use on errands he couldn't find a good enough excuse to get out of.

A novel pie-filling: small, live birds

SO many people send me old recipes the modern housewife couldn't possibly use that I've realised I'm not really a freak, and that all over the country there are hundreds of people who collect them as avidly as I do. Here is a beauty!

It comes from a 1598 translation of an Italian banquet book. Anyone who undertakes it is honor bound to have a professional photographer present when it is served, and send me a large photograph showing the table, the dish, and the faces of the guests at the moment when the pie is cut. Here it is:

TO MAKE PIES THAT THE BIRDS MAY BE ALIVE IN THEM AND FLIE OUT WHEN IT IS CUT UP.

"Make the coffyn of a great pie or pastie, in the bottome thereof make a hole as big as your fyst, or bigger if you will, let the sides of the coffyn bee somewhat higher than ordinary pies, which done put it full of flower and bake it, and being baked, open the hole in the bottome and take out the flower. Then having a pie of the bigness of the hole in the bottome aforesaid, you shall put it into the coffyn, withal put into the said coffyn round about the aforesaid pie as many small live birds as the empty coffyn will hold, beside the pie aforesaid.

"And this is to be done at such time as you send the pie to the table, and set before the guests: where uncovering or cutting up the lid of the great pie, all the birds will flie out, which is to delight and pleasure shew to the company.

"And because they shall not bee altogether mocked, you shall cut open the small pie, and in this sort you may make many others, the like you may do with a tart."



Pretty young mother Mrs. Marcia Frazer of Pacific Highway, Artarmon, N.S.W., is brimming with vitality, enjoys every moment of her busy life. Read about her All-Bran energy plan here!

How All-Bran helps me enjoy life more:

"Now it's fun keeping up with the children!"

A Full Life. Meet Marcia Frazer, a vital young housewife who fits about 25 hours' gay living into every day. Besides looking after her two small children, Mrs. Frazer loves to play tennis and swim, and despite her crowded day looks forward to entertaining in her lovely home. What is the source of all her energy? Marcia says it's her All-Bran! breakfast plan.

Her Energy Plan. "Now that I eat All-Bran, nothing seems to tire me. I always have plenty of energy," says Marcia. Yet 5 years ago she was feeling tired and listless, everything seemed to be too much trouble. "A friend suggested I try All-Bran," she recalls, "and in a week I felt absolutely wonderful . . . it was unbeliev-

able! Naturally I've kept on eating All-Bran, and have felt marvellously fit ever since. Just half a cup of crisp All-Bran each morning with some stewed fruit, or sprinkled over another Kellogg's cereal, that's my energy plan!"

How All-Bran for Breakfast helps You! All-Bran isn't a medicine or a drug. It's the safe natural way to maintain regularity. A crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal that is rich in the vital "bulk" your system must have to function properly. When you enjoy All-Bran for breakfast you're helping to make sure of a balanced diet, helping yourself to new energy and vitality. Try it for yourself—prove how All-Bran can help you (like Marcia), enjoy life more.



ALL-BRAN by Kellogg's
by far the nicest way to stay regular

*Registered trade mark. †All-Bran is a trade-mark of Kellogg (Austl.) Pty. Ltd.

K954



HOW TO MAKE

LENT

A FLAVOUR EVENT

GREAT NEW MEATLESS
RECIPES MADE WITH

Continental
BRAND
LENTEN SOUPS



HOW TO MAKE LENT A FLAVOUR EVENT GREAT NEW MEATLESS RECIPES MADE WITH Continental BRAND LENTEN SOUPS



1

CORNISH CAKIES

- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dried saluggia, soy beans or red kidney beans
- 1 level dessertspoon salt
- 1 pkt. Continental brand Garden Vegetable Soup
- 1 level tablespoon chopped parsley
- 1 x 10 oz. tin Whole Kernel Sweet Corn
- 2 cups soft, stale breadcrumbs

- 1 cup tomato puree
- 1 finely chopped onion
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 2 beaten eggs
- Dry breadcrumbs
- Sauce

Method: Soak dried beans in water overnight, drain. Place beans in a saucepan with salt and plenty of warm water and simmer until tender—approx. $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Drain. Beat beans with a wooden spoon until broken and a pasty texture. Empty soup mix into a saucepan, blend with tomato puree and add onion. Stir over gentle heat 7 minutes as mixture will become very thick. Combine soup mixture, pulpy beans, celery, parsley, drained corn, and breadcrumbs and mix evenly. Shape into flat cakes with floured hands and chill $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Dip into beaten egg, roll in dry crumbs then fry both sides in hot Copha until brown. Alternatively, place prepared patties onto a greased oven tray. Bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes, turn patties and bake 15 minutes longer. Drain then serve piping hot with savoury sauce, e.g. anchovy. Top with poached egg or sardines if desired.

2

MEXICAN EGG BOATS

- 1 pkt. Continental brand Tomato Vegetable Soup
- 3 medium size egg plants (aubergine)
- 1 tablespoon chopped capsicum
- Pinch dried basil or rosemary
- 2 level tablespoons flour, 3 tomatoes

- 6 hard boiled eggs
- 1 large onion, chopped
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream
- Grated cheese

Method: Cut egg plant in halves lengthwise then scoop out centre. Chop this roughly and place into a saucepan with chopped onion, tomatoes, capsicum and basil. Simmer 30 minutes, stirring occasionally, until mixture is quite thick. Empty soup mix into a saucepan, add flour and blend with water. Stir until sauce boils then simmer 10 minutes. Add cream and simmer 5 minutes longer. Mix through chopped eggs, then spoon into egg plant "boats". Spread tomato mixture down the centre, then sprinkle with cheese. Bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes.

3

RUSSIAN HOT SALMON PIE

- 1 pkt. Continental brand Mushroom Soup
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint (10 oz.) water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked rice
- 1 hard boiled egg
- 1 small chopped onion
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tin red Sockeye Salmon
- 2 teaspoons chopped parsley

- 1 teaspoon vinegar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packet Puff Pastry
- SAUCE:**
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (6 oz.) water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream, or milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fresh prawns

Method: Blend soup in a saucepan with water and stir until mixture boils and thickens. Spoon half this soup into a basin and add rice, chopped hard boiled egg, onion, flaked and boned salmon, vinegar and parsley, combine well. Roll pastry out thinly as directed until about 10" x 14" in size, trim edges with a sharp knife, and cut zig-zag edge down one side, save off-cuts. Spoon salmon mixture down centre, fold over plain side of pastry, glaze with egg or milk then overlap fancy edge of pastry over the top. Glaze again then arrange off-cuts of pastry down the centre to form a pattern. Place onto an oven side, glaze again then bake in a hot oven (450° F electric, 400° F gas) for 30 minutes. **Sauce:** Blend water into remaining soup and stir until boiling. Simmer 10 minutes. Add cream and peeled and chopped prawns. Serve sauce over slices of hot salmon pie.

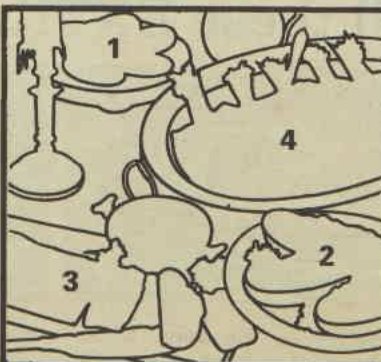
4

BALI STYLE FISH BAKE

- 1 pkt. Continental brand Seafood Curry Soup
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice
- 1 small chopped apple
- 1 small chopped banana
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 1 small chopped onion
- 6 medium size mullet or bream

- 1 cup (8 oz.) water
- 1 large lemon
- SAUCE:** 1 cup (8 oz.) water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream or milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced peeled cucumber

Method: Cook rice in plenty of boiling salted water for 10 minutes only, drain and place into basin with apple, banana and celery. Empty soup mix into a saucepan, add onion and blend with 1 cup water. Stir over low heat until thick and pasty. Spoon $\frac{1}{2}$ of this soup into rice mixture and combine. Scale and clean fish, removing gills and eyes but not the head. Squeeze some lemon over inside of fish and fill with rice mixture. Place a half slice of lemon under the gills and arrange fish on a greased ovenware dish, cover with foil. Bake in a moderate oven 25-30 minutes. Remove slices of lemon and replace with fresh lemon, then decorate the eye with a slice of olive or parsley. Serve with warm cucumber sauce. **Sauce:** Blend water into remaining soup in the saucepan, stir until boiling, simmer 5 minutes. Add cream and cucumber and reheat.



1. CORNISH CAKIES — made extra tasty with Continental brand Garden Vegetable Soup.

2. MEXICAN EGG BOATS — made with Continental brand Tomato Vegetable Soup for a Mexican style meal.

3. RUSSIAN HOT SALMON PIE — an interesting new dish made with Continental brand Mushroom Soup.

4. BALI STYLE FISH BAKE — a really different fish recipe made with Continental brand Seafood Curry Soup.

Continental BRAND LENTEN SOUPS

1. GARDEN VEGETABLE 2. TOMATO VEGETABLE 3. MUSHROOM 4. SEAFOOD CURRY

CN136WDDPS

Continued from page 43

Almost immediately Jerry started on the score for a musical comedy,

Jerry was on his way to the top, too, and although the first musical comedy wasn't a smash hit, his second was. We were so young. These were our days of glory, we said. Until we were really established we had to grab what we could. We were so much in love that we could be ten thousand miles apart and it wouldn't matter.

And at first it didn't. We called

each other long-distance every night. I wrote every day, remembered birthdays, anniversaries, bought crazy things in shops and sent them to each other. I would see something in a shop window and think, I must send that to Jerry. And he did the same. We were in the top layer of each other's brain.

But stage people, film people, live in glass cages. Their lives are mapped out by other people whose demands must be fulfilled. You cannot leave a party, interrupt a conference for a phone call. You can be so tired that when you finally get to bed, and start to write a letter, you can get as far as Dear Jerry, and your brain won't take it any further.

Gossip writers didn't help. Jerry's private rehearsals with his new leading lady, April Duveen, were magnified into "romantic interest." Every time I went out for a sandwich or a drink with any eligible male some columnist would see us or someone would see us and tell a columnist, and I knew that Jerry would read it, halfway across the world, just as I read about him.

The thought hurt, but what hurt more was the certainty that Uncle Charlie would read it, too, in "Variety" or "Billboard" or one of the other stage papers. Jerry might understand, but the stage was different when Uncle Charlie was young.

AFTER the film, Jerry and I were together, but it was not the same.

"It's like making love to a stranger," he said.

Would that be a new sensation?
I wondered. Would it?

I had forgotten so many things about him, things unimportant, and yet important, because they were part of the picture of marriage. That he didn't take sugar in his coffee, that he was allergic to tomatoes, that he liked a touch of starch in his collars.

He was busy, and forgot my birthday, and later we both forgot our anniversary, and slipped down into a hollow of petty little quarrels. I was offered another film, and took the offer, although I had originally decided to stay and keep house for Jerry.

My new leading man was Max Hannon, almost unknown then. I liked him, and was perhaps a little fascinated by him. Most women are suckers for that particular type of hungry good looks. We went around a bit, and it was not always business. Jerry wrote another musical comedy, and this, too, starred April Duvene. They were spoken of as a "team."

Gossip really flared then, driving a deeper wedge between us. Neither of us could step outside our doors without reporters hurrying up, pencils in hand, asking us what it was true.

Finally, Jerry cracked a little. Asked by a columnist if he and I were separated, he hesitated, and said, "Yes, I suppose so," and then seemed to be nothing for me to do but to suppose so, too.

Uncle Charlie was right, I thought. Perhaps we did fall in love because we knew no one else to fall in love with. And now we knew a whole lot more people, fascinating people. There were plenty of fish in the sea for both of us.

I supposed that we would be divorced as soon as the terms of the divorce were settled. We would remain "good friends," of course. I would see something of him occasionally. He had written a straight play, quite a good one. Perhaps he would write one for me, sometime.

And I? I supposed that I would marry Max. He had hinted at it, and it seemed a wise, logical move. More than that. It seemed inevitable. The gossip writers were working so hard to throw us into each other's arms that it seemed as if they must win in the end, by the sheer weight of words. I didn't care. I liked Max. It might not be a bad idea after all.

To page 60

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 30, 1900



and it toasts all these EXTRA things!



MORE than a new toaster — a new **kind** of toaster . . . and you'll wonder why someone didn't think of it before. Simply place bread (or crumpets or open sandwiches or frozen waffles or pancakes) on toaster rack, and the unique reflected heat toasts **both** sides at once, lets you **see** when it's done.

No more "brown in the middle, light on the sides" toast, the reflected heat covers the entire bread surface, toasts evenly, deliciously . . . saves electricity too! It's the kind of advance you'd expect from G-E, world's largest electrical enterprise . . .

...go see it today at your favourite store!

GENERAL  ELECTRIC
AUSTRALIA
A DIVISION OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST ELECTRICAL ENTERPRISE

and what a wonderful gift
at only **\$13.95!** (£6-19-6)

● Transform your plain sweater or cardigan into a haute couture garment with beautiful beaded motifs. Details of our complete beading kit offer are given below.

BEADING OFFER

OUR complete beading kit comprises eight outline guides of the motif (a bow design) and the beads, pearls, and gold metallic threads.

It is quick and easy work to embroider these pretty, sparkling bead motifs on your garment. The sketches below and the color picture at right show how they can be arranged in a variety of delightful groupings.

Our beading kit contains enough beads, pearls, and gold thread for eight motifs, eight printed outline guides, needles for beading and gold thread, thread for beading, and full directions.

The cardigan in the color picture and the sweaters sketched below would need only one kit of eight motifs. Two kits, that is, 16 motifs, would be needed for cardigan in centre sketch below.

The beading kits are available in three colors—ruby, gold, and pearl-white—all of them with pearls for the bow centre and tassel tops, and gold thread outlining the cords for the tassels.

The price of the complete beading kit is \$2, including cost of postage.

The kits are in limited supply, so secure yours by filling in the order coupon and address label below. Send them with your cheque, money order, or postal note to address given in order form.



CARDIGAN above has been decorated with the ruby and pearl motifs. See sketches at left for more ideas for using these motifs.

ENLARGED photographs (left) of the bow showing the three colors available. Area of bow is approximately 1½ in. x 2½ in.

ORDER FORM

Address envelope to "Beading Offer," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Mark in number of beading kits you require and your choice of the three colors available. Each separate kit costs \$2. This price includes postage within Australia and overseas.

Please send me . . . Beading kits in Ruby (Cross out colors not required)
Please send me . . . Beading kits in Pearl-white
Please send me . . . Beading kits in Gold

I enclose a cheque/postal note/money order to the value of \$.....

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If undelivered please return to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

CAPE COD HOME

● HOUSE of the WEEK



VIEW of quarry site (above) photographed six years ago shows stonework done by previous owner. Monastery gates were set into arch.



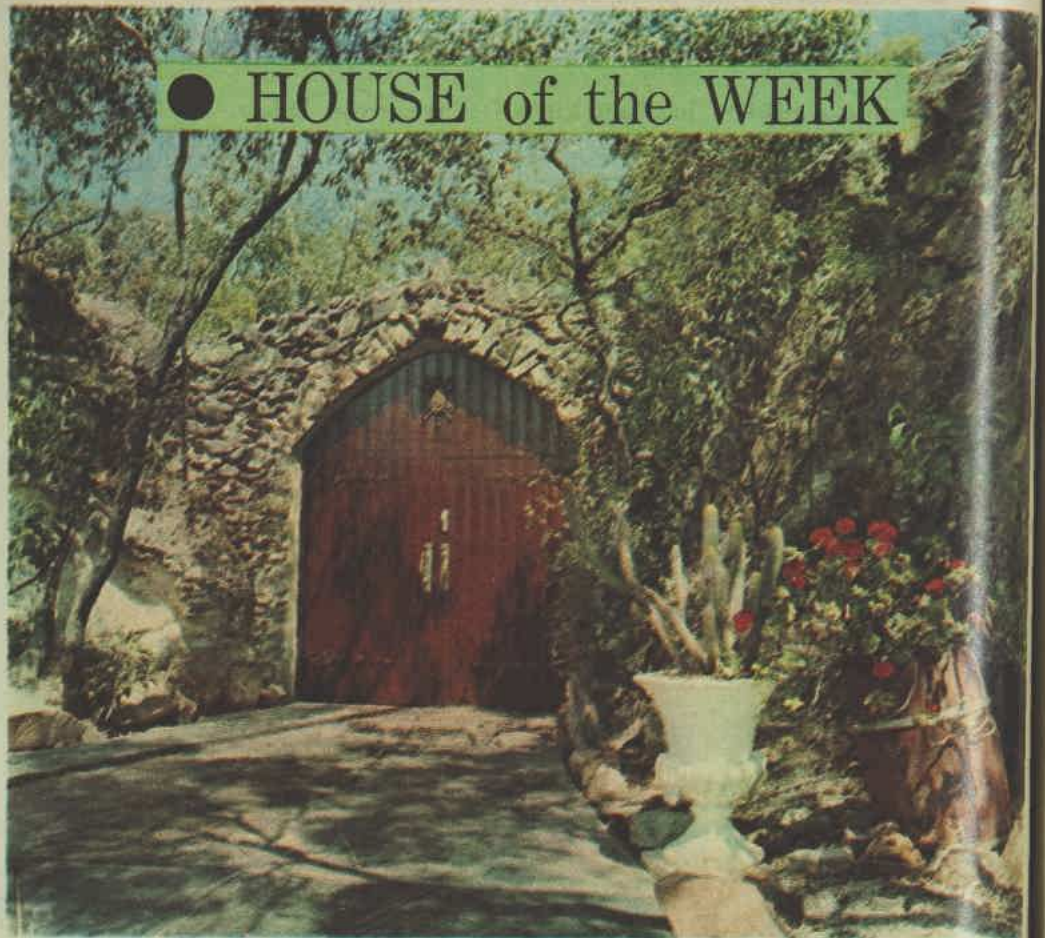
GLASS JARS, full of confectionery (above) are a novel and practical decoration in the kitchen. They stand on laminated cupboard top.



SECOND bedroom (above) is in gold and red. Basket and domestic brooms brought from the Philippines make attractive ornaments.



BREAKFAST AREA in the kitchen (above), which is predominantly pink to continue color scheme of the dining-room, which opens into it.



MAHOGANY-COLORED monastery gates (above) are set into natural rock walls which surround Mr. Brian Weber's house at Belair, S.A. The house is set in a quarry in hills which overlook Adelaide.

LIVING-ROOM is in blue, white, and gold. Blue velvet curtains have ruched nylon centrepieces in pale blue and white. The tiny urns for the wide window pelmets in the house were bought in Japan.



... BUILT IN OLD QUARRY



CAPE COD style house, owned by Mr. Brian Weber at Belair, S.A., is set in a quarry in hills overlooking Adelaide. The house is surrounded and sheltered by quarry walls.

● A disused quarry in the hill suburb of Belair, Adelaide, is the unusual but charming setting for a Cape Cod style home. Designed by Mr. Ian Gemmel, it is the home of Mr. Brian Weber.

THIS Cape Cod style house overlooks splendid views of Adelaide and suburbs on the plains below, but is quite secluded and hidden from sight behind natural rock walls and massive monastery gates.

It is in Briar Grove, which curves off a picturesque turn on the Belair Road about six miles from the Adelaide G.P.O.

The block of land containing the quarry area is an irregular five-sided shape, measuring about 200ft. x 220ft.

The two-storey house contained within the quarry is 144 squares and occupies just over one-third of the area.

Mr. Weber bought the land from the estate of the late John Gardner, a well-known Adelaide journalist, who had intended to build on the block himself. But Mr. Gardner's project was only in the planning stage when he died in 1961.

When labouring work began on the site to prepare it for building, Mr. Weber and the designer of the house, Mr. Ian Gemmel, had to listen to many derisive comments about the "mad" people con-

cerned with the block of land and the house to be built on it.

Some spectators had a favourable word to say, but for the most part they were sceptical, especially when they saw workmen, helped by Mr. Weber, digging out tons of rubble from the back of the quarry to make room for the house.

"We removed several tons of rubble and loose stone which had fallen on to the base of the quarry over the years," Mr. Gemmel said.

"When we started building there was another small problem to overcome. Mr. Weber had already installed the heavy monastery doors and the carport, which meant that all the materials had to be carted in by wheelbarrow."

Mr. Weber said he had been in a hurry to get the carport up because he wanted the concrete columns made by some excellent Italian workmen who were available only for a short while and were then moving away from Adelaide.

The big wooden gates, which he found in a Melbourne antique shop, were cut to size, fitted into an existing stone archway at the entrance to the block, and painted mahogany color.

The stone archway with its shaped, lattice gate had been constructed by Mr. Gardner.

The carport ceiling of

polished timber and the classic appearance of the white-painted concrete columns make it a place suitable for entertaining, although so far it has been used only to house the car.

A concrete path leads from the carport to the swimming-pool—elevated to save blasting the rock beneath it—which is surrounded by graceful willows and rock gardens strewn with plants, flowers, and ornamental grasses.

Behind the house the land narrows to a point which slopes up to the wall of the quarry. This back garden is also planted with small plants, cacti, and ferns.

Mr. Weber said the quarry walls which surround the house with a margin of from three feet at the sides to about 12 feet at the back act as an insulator against extreme temperatures.

And, being shaped rather like a protective hood, they were ideal shelter against summer or winter winds.

A very convenient aspect of building within the old quarry was the plentiful supply of stone for garden walls, although stone from Carey Gully was used for the swimming-pool walls. To "furnish" the garden Mr. Weber collected dozens of smooth river stones.

Mr. Weber, who is an Adelaide businessman, is also

Continued page 53



Pictures by Vic Grimmelt



MAIN BEDROOM (left) is in shades of blue. Dormer window, right, has a wonderful view over Adelaide city and suburbs. The chandelier is from Italy.



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LANDING (above) at top of staircase from ground floor entrance is decorated in gold and white.

From page 51

professional dancer — his partner is Janet Curthoys — has made several trips to appear in nightclubs and has been collected during travels in Hong Kong, Japan, Korea, the Philippines, Thailand, India, and Pakistan.

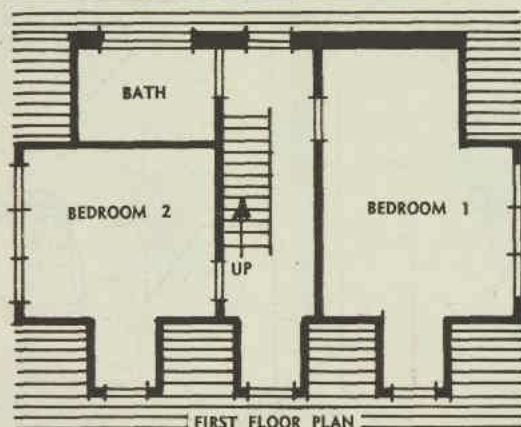
The entrance to the house is a hallway carpeted in Victorian blue with a gold-stained oak staircase and wallpaper patterned with gold medallions on a white ribbon-striped background. Mr. Dunstan designed the paper and had it made in Melbourne.

The living-room to the left of the hallway is in white and gold with blue furnishings; the main bedroom, which is upstairs, is also furnished in shades of blue.

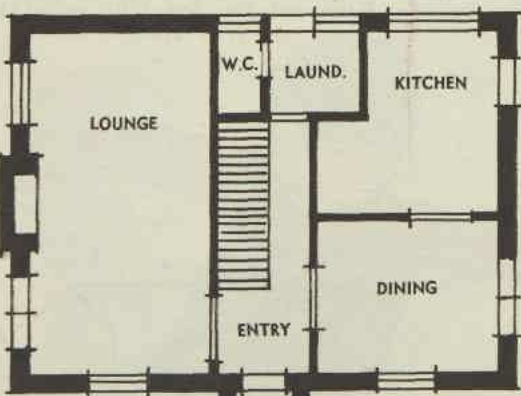
The dining-room to the right of the hall is in shades of pink, carried through to the adjoining kitchen.

Red and gold is the color scheme for the second bedroom on the top floor. The bedroom is in shades of periwinkle and hydrangea-blue.

— RITA DUNSTAN



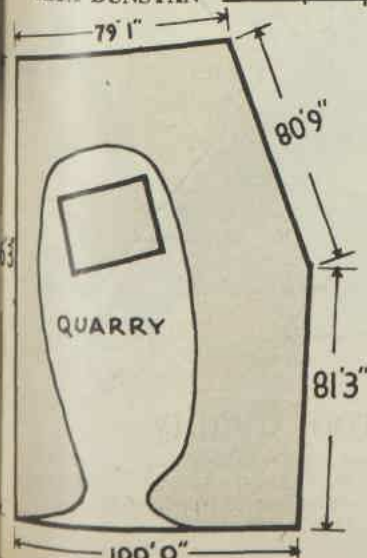
FIRST-FLOOR PLAN (above) shows the dormer windows in the two large bedrooms and in the landing at the top of the staircase.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

GROUND-FLOOR PLAN (above) shows the large areas for living and for formal and informal entertaining.

SKETCH (left) shows position of the house in the quarry. The house occupies about a third of the quarry area.



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Shift. Brushed cotton with French poodle applique. Blue, red, style 45615, 2-6 years 29/11 (\$2.99) **Crew-neck shirt.** Fleecy cotton. In white, royal, brown, blue, lemon, red, style 15945, 1-14 years 15 - (\$1.50) to 22/6 (\$2.25) **Fleecy-lined slacks.** Detachable straps. Brown, blue, red, green, style 45035, 2-4 years 29/11 (\$2.99).

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Pyjamas in gay animal prints! Easy shoulder opening. White pink, white blue, style 15250, up to 2 yrs. 35 - (\$3.50)



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Nightgown in fine Interlock cotton, delicate yoke smocking. White, pink, blue. Style 15303, up to 12 mths. 17/11 (\$1.79)



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Casual jacket. Fleecy-lined, worn with matching slacks. Style 45961 (jacket) 39/11 (\$3.99) Blue navy, green olive, lemon brown, red black. 2-6 yrs. Style 45062 (slacks) 29/11 (\$2.99) to 32/6 (\$3.25)



C is for Comfort

Sleeper. With zip-opening down legs for easy nappy changing. White, pink, blue, style 15234, up to 2 years 32.6 (\$3.25)



is for Dainty
trims so soft

Matching matinee jacket has Kapart no-seam sleeves. White, style 15639, up to 12 months 12.11 (\$1.29)

Dainty nightgown with printed yoke, softly-gathered skirt. In white, style 15339, up to 12 months 19.11 (\$1.99)



B is for Bond's GRO-WEAR

With such
magic stretch
one size fits
from 6 to 18 mths.



I is for Imagination in the styles

Stretch coverall. 'Gro-wear'. White, pink, blue, lemon. 95648, 6-18 mths., 18 mths to 2 yrs. 39.11 (\$3.99)

Stretch coverall. 'Grows' with trim. White, pink, aqua, lemon. Style 95647, 39.11 (\$3.99)

is for Healthy stretch that helps baby grow

Stretch pullover: 'Gro-wear' in brushed nylon acrilan. White, pink, lemon, blue, style 95947, 6-18 months 22.6 (\$2.25) **Stretch leggings.** Feet have a double sole, neat toe caps. White, pink, lemon, blue, style 95044, 6-18 months 19.11 (\$1.99)



L is for Long wear

Car coat. Brushed cotton with contrasting corduroy trim. Style 45962 2-6 yrs. 55. - (\$5.50)

Fleecy-lined slacks. Permanent creases. Blue navy, green olive, lemon brown, black red. Style 45061 2-6 yrs. 27.6 (\$2.75) to 29.11 (\$2.99)



M is for Mother who knows Bond's are best



Zip jacket with vintage car toggle. 'Little Man' slacks. Brown, green, red, blue, 2-6 yrs. Style 45936 (jacket) 39.11 (\$3.99) Style 45037 (slacks) 27.6 (\$2.75) to 29.11 (\$2.99)



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DUTCH motifs for your linens are from Iron-On Transfer No. 202. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 15 cents plus 4 cents for postage.

Cottage cheese as cake ingredient

● A cake with cottage cheese as an unusual ingredient wins first prize of \$10 in our weekly recipe contest. This is a delicious cake, with smooth, creamy texture.

CONSOLATION prize of \$2 is awarded for a recipe for date slice topped with marshmallow.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

COTTAGE CHEESE CAKE

Twelve ounces cottage cheese, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup

sugar, 2 teaspoons sweet sherry, 4 tablespoons sifted self-raising flour, 1 small can drained crushed pineapple, cinnamon for topping.

Separate eggs. Place all ingredients except egg-whites and pineapple in large bowl; beat mixture well until smooth. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold through mixture with pineapple. Turn into lightly greased 8in. cake tin, with greased paper at base. Bake in moderately

hot oven approximately 1 hour, until firm and golden brown. Sprinkle cinnamon on top before serving.

First Prize of \$10 to Mrs. M. Smith, 6 Baden Powell Drive, Frankston, Vic.

MALLOW DATE SLICE

Pastry: Two and a quarter cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 egg, 2oz. butter or substitute.

Melt butter, add sugar and milk, then warm the mixture; let cool. Sift flour with salt, add beaten egg and melted butter mixture. Knead together, press into greased swiss roll tin. Bake 15 minutes in moderate oven.

Date Filling: One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2 cups chopped dates.

Melt butter, add water, sugar, and spice. Blend in chopped dates. Spread this filling as evenly as possible over cooked pastry base while cool.

Marshmallow Topping: One cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 5 teaspoons gelatine, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, few drops pink food coloring.

Boil together sugar, water, and gelatine 5 minutes; leave to cool. Add lemon juice and vanilla, beat until thick and spongy. Color lightly with pink coloring, spread over date slice. Cut into slices when firm.

For party occasions this slice can be topped with thin layer of chocolate icing.

Consolation Prize of \$2 to Mrs. Beswick, Box 23, Sheffield, Tas.

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Home hints

● Useful hints sent in by readers win \$2 each.

TO arrange flowers with small stems, such as pansies, place a large hair-roller in a small bowl, and put the stems through the roller. The flowers are easily arranged in this way.—Mrs. Conally, 207 Dalton St., Orange, N.S.W.

A wire tea-strainer is useful for damping clothes for ironing. Just dip the strainer in a cup of water and shake over the clothes.—Miss P. Bond, 40 Hughes St., East Malvern S.E.5, Vic.

Sticky chewing gum can be removed easily by soaking garment in eucalyptus oil for 1 hour. The gum then peels off, no stain is left, and the garment can be washed in the usual way.—H. Price, 73 Wellington St., Aickvale, Townsville, Qld.

A pair of eyebrow tweezers are a great help in removing tailor's tacks from home dressmaking.—Mrs. W. Robertson, 34 McGregor St., Middle Park, Vic.

To clean windows and glass doors, use a cloth and plain cold water (a small quantity of detergent can be added if glass is very dirty) to wash the glass. Then rub over with crumpled newspaper. This gives a brilliant polish without fluff, is economical of time and energy.—Miss D. Wieneke, 41 Fletcher Pde., Bardon, Qld.

Don't throw out that old straw hat made of braided straw. The straw can be unpicked and used to twine round an indoor flower-pot, adding to the room's color scheme.—Mrs. G. Hyland, Cambridge, Tas.

Winter color from shrubs

● *Cestrum newellii*, a winter-flowering shrub which grows to 6ft. and in winter puts forth tubular, rich crimson blooms. *Cestrum*s are fast growers and easily managed in average soil, but need occasional heavy pruning.



Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 317

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Shrubs and small trees, with their intriguing range of size, texture, and flowers, can provide garden color all the year round if a good selection is planted.

WINTER-FLOWERING shrubs tend to be overlooked, but they are especially important in keeping color in the garden at an otherwise drab time.

The time of flowering depends a great deal on climate. Shrubs in cold climates have a different flowering period from those in warmer districts. Here is a selection of species which flower mainly in winter.

Reinwardtia indica (formerly known as *Linum trigynum*) is an ideal winter-flowering shrub, with bright green foliage and a profusion of clear yellow, bell-shaped flowers.

Grows 3-4ft. high, is sensitive to heavy frosts, and should be cut back hard after flowering. Tip-pruning in spring makes a well-shaped bush and more flowers.

Some cassias are useful autumn- and winter-flowering shrubs. *Cassia bicapnularis*, a tall shrub, has buttercup-like flowers about 1in. across. It tolerates fairly poor soils, preferring a light, well-drained one, will stand only light frosts, and needs pruning back after flowering.

Cassia artemesioides, a native plant, has an attractive combination of silvery leathery foliage and golden-yellow flowers. It likes a sunny, well-drained position, is hardy under most conditions. Prune lightly after flowering.

Some of the heaths (*Erica* species) flower well in winter and are particu-

larly suitable for colder districts. *Erica canaliculata* (often known as *E. melanthera*) produces masses of small, bell-shaped lavender flowers over a long period.

It forms a compact bush, to 6ft., and prefers a well-drained sandy loam free of lime. *E. darleyensis* is small-growing, compact, to 2ft., has rose-pink flowers; one of the most adaptable heaths.

Cestrum newellii has scarlet tubular flowers, grows to about 6ft., does best in warm, fairly sheltered position.

Daphne is, of course, one of the best winter-flowering shrubs. Its highly perfumed flowers, pink or reddish in bud, opening to white or pink, are an asset to any garden.

Daphne can be rather tricky to grow, as it is subject to a virus disease, requires a lime-free soil and little root disturbance. A semi-shaded, cool position, well-drained soil, and mulching produce the best plants.

One of the loveliest winter-flowering shrubs is *Luculia gratissima*. Large clusters of pink flowers are delightfully perfumed, the large, soft bronzy-green leaves often color attractively in autumn.

It is fast-growing but often temperamental, and sometimes dies for no apparent reason. Leave the ground undisturbed around the plants, but cover with mulch. It prefers a fairly rich, well-drained limed soil with an easterly or partly shaded aspect.

Continued overleaf

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 318

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"become an expert skier"



"pick a pineapple"



"the fishing's fine"



"you'll love the beach life"



"a castle in a tropic forest"



"cruise your cares away"



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**She's had a long day's ride,
in her Aywon Bri-Nylon stretch slacks!**



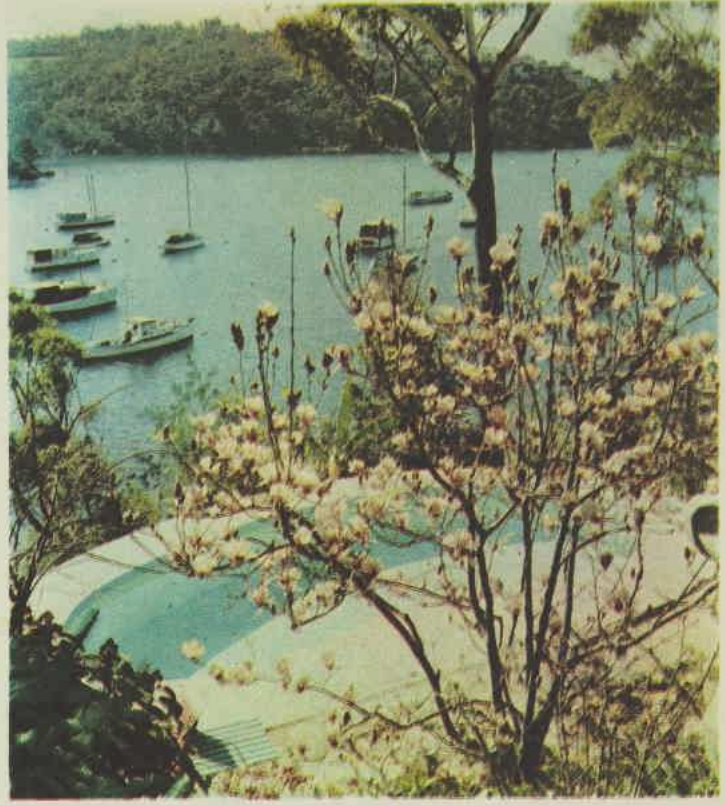
-But who'd ever know?*

Crouching forward as they raced away, knee-gripping the pillion as they swung round a bend, stretching back, shouting with the freedom of it all . . . She didn't give a thought to her 'Bri-Nylon' slacks. Knew they'd handle all the action. Double-stitched seams ensure their strength. Naturally they're wash-and-wear. (Tests proved all this before they won their 'Bri-Nylon' label.) And these slacks aren't merely comfortable . . . their stretch gives them tailored, racy looks as well. So look for the BRI before you buy. Laboratory-tested for seam strength and easy-care properties.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 30, 1966

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

For winter color



LATE-WINTER glory of the *Magnolia soulangeana* (to 15ft.) was seen to perfection on the sunny harborside slopes of the home of Mrs. Arthur Davis, of Cammeray, N.S.W., last July. *Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 319*

From previous page

Chimonanthus praecox (Winter Sweet, or Allspice) is a deciduous shrub, 5-8ft. The flowers, appearing as the leaves fall, are pale yellowish brown, star-shaped, about 1in. across. They have an arresting perfume and are delightful in flower arrangements.

The leaves often turn to soft gold before falling. Does best in cold, or cool temperate districts.

Leptospermum lambethii, Australian-raised and one of the most popular of the teatrees, produces large, single, two-toned light and dark pink flowers usually from April to October. Grows in most climates except tropical, prefers an open, sunny position, well-drained soil; resents root disturbance. 6-8ft.

Buddleia salviaefolia is a fast-growing winter-flowering shrub, to 8ft. The pale lilac flowers with orange throat are sweetly fragrant. Tolerant of most soils and climates, but needs hard pruning after flowering to keep a good shape.

Camellia sasanqua is undoubtedly one of the most adaptable of winter-flowering shrubs. Fast-growing, of open, graceful habit, suitable for most climates, and at home in sun or shade, it makes an attractive shrub (to 10ft.) or a delightful informal hedge. It can be espaliered along a wall. There are many varieties, single or double, ranging from white, pink, to red.

Garrya elliptica, or Silk Tassel Bush, is an interesting, hardy shrub, to 8ft., with silvery, greyish-yellow catkins up to 8in. long on male plants, shorter ones on the female.

The best plants are raised from cuttings from male stock. Most districts, except tropical.

As unusual plants, the various proteas are in a class of their own. The cone or cup-shaped flowers, up to 9in. long, are bracts in overlapping rows, often brightly colored. *P. compacta* and *P. repens* (also known as *P. mellifera*) flower during winter.

Proteas prefer light, well-drained soils,

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 320

winter rainfall areas with a fairly dry summer, will stand up to 10deg. of frost.

Thryptomene calycina (*T. mitchelliana*), native of Victoria, forms a compact, heath-like plant with slender branches covered with pink-and-white flowers. Likes well-drained, sandy soil. To 6ft.

Another native plant, *Chamaelaucium uncinatum* (Geraldton Wax-flower) is a shrub which blooms from early winter to late spring. The pale pink flowers are useful indoor decoration. It demands good drainage, does best on light soils in temperate climates. Regular tip pruning is necessary to keep a well-shaped bush.

A plant grown in many temperate gardens, *Salvia leucantha* (*S. barbata*) makes a fine splash of purple in the winter garden. The silvery or greyish leaves and stems provide contrast. Grows to 4ft., requires fairly hard pruning after flowering.

One of the viburnums, *V. fragrans* is deciduous (to 6ft.), with blush-pink buds opening to sweetly perfumed white flowers in winter.

Gordonia axillaris has large white single flowers like camellias, adorned with yellow stamens, and blooms from winter to early spring. The glossy green leaves are also attractive. Best in a fairly sunny position and well-drained soil with plenty of humus. Mulching is beneficial. Light pruning after flowering keeps it bushy. To 12ft.

Cupheas — cigar or cigarette plant — bloom in most seasons. *C. micropetala* grows to 3ft., has tubular, bright red flowers about 1in. long with a yellow mouth.

C. platycentra has flowers tipped with black and white. Both species are hardy except for heavy frosts.

Felicia echinata, hardy, 2-3ft. high, lilac-blue, flowers in winter and spring, likes a sunny position.

Early-flowering wattles to color the winter garden with gold include the *Cootamundra* wattle and the *Queensland silver wattle*.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Beautify Your Hair



Your hair will be alive with highlights and exquisite new beauty. It will look clearer and more youthful, free of all dulling film and glowing with rich deep-down tones and lustre when shampooed with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.

And then Uncle Charlie died. I had a cable from the matron of the home to say that he had had a heart attack, and could I come? I broke my contract, storing up I don't know how much trouble for myself, and flew over, but was a few hours too late. Dead, Uncle Charlie looked smaller and more like a bird than ever; a sparrow, perhaps, that did not survive a winter storm.

It rained when he was buried. It always seems to rain at funerals. I shaded my face with my umbrella, but the icy-cold raindrops lashed my face. It was a very small funeral. The matron of the home came, and old Fan Watson, no better than she should be, from the boarding house.

She stood beside me, and gripped my arm, and let me turn my face against her shoulder when the earth clods thudded on to the coffin. And when I turned away from the grave, Jerry was facing me.

It was a moment of complete embarrassment for me.

Continued from page 48

"Oh," I said. "It was nice of you to come."

"Of course I came." He bit the words off shortly. "It's Uncle Charlie."

Tactfully Fan Watson drew the others away, and Jerry and I were left, facing each other across Uncle Charlie's grave.

I LOOKED down at the newly turned yellow earth, and remembered what Uncle Charlie had said once, long ago, about my parents.

"A wonderful tour, booked right through, with no one-night stands, and the best of audiences."

"What did you say?" asked Jerry.

I repeated the words, a little more loudly, and explained them. I suddenly felt drained dry and empty inside, and wondered, a little stupidly perhaps, if in that

last moment, when Dad and Velma had known that there was no escape from the blazing hotel room, they had caught and clasped hands, and felt less alone than I did at that moment.

"Oh, Jerry," I said, beginning to cry again. "Please take me home."

He gave me a long, keen glance, and then said, "Of course. Of course, Tina."

I could see as soon as I crossed the threshold that he had not been living in the house, although there had been desultory paid cleaning done. Jerry moved quickly, lighting fires, making coffee, pouring brandy in it.

I sat on the sofa, shivering, and he wrapped a rug around my knees. But my coldness seemed to be the coldness of death, and even the brandy didn't seem to warm me much.

We sat each side of the fire, sipping the coffee, and

then Jerry said, "Well, what now, Tina?"

"I don't know, Jerry," I said. "All or nothing, I suppose. Together or completely apart." He handed me a cigarette, and I drew on it hard, my cheeks sucking in with the effort. "Look, Jerry, we could work out a plan. You've written a good straight play. You could write others. I could act in them. You could write musical comedy and I could act in that."

"Musical comedy isn't your field any more," he said quickly. But he meant, I think, April Duveen is better.

"Then I'd take a supporting part, a character part." Then at his assessing look I added, "Or stay home and be a housewife. We don't need both of us working all the time any more."

HE was unconvinced. "What about your filming? Could you give that up?"

"I wouldn't have to. I'd do a few films, good ones, and you could come across to Hollywood with me. You could work on a new play, or new music. We could have a house over there, too. We can afford it."

"We'd still clash. We'd be bound to. Supposing we both got an offer too good to be missed? What then?"

"We'd talk it over. Perhaps even toss a coin. Why not, Jerry?"

Still he hesitated. Then he went to the sideboard and poured out two brandies, adding a squirt of soda to each one.

He handed me my drink and then said, "All right, Tina, why not? We'll give it a try. I'm willing to be convinced that I'm wrong."

He smiled for the first time since I had met him at the funeral. "Warmer now?"

I smiled back, my nose to the brandy glass.

"Much warmer."

"Look," he said. "I have to make a phone call. It won't be a moment."

He went out of the room, and I sat on the sofa in front of the fire, sipping my drink, and I played fair and didn't lift the receiver of the phone extension. When he came back, he looked straighter and happier, and sat down beside me.

Cradled in his hand was his old harmonica, and then accompanied by the crackling from the burning fire, he played all our old favorites including "Tina's Song."

Did it work out for us? Did the plan succeed? Well, you probably read the game columns, too, so I really don't have to tell you.

Except that sometimes I make films and sometimes I don't. And that I have a husband and two children, a boy and a girl, and the girl is called Velma, and her brother is Jeremy Charles.

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Special people (you) deserve a special toothbrush (Tek). Only Tek has Anti-Germ built-in germ-fighting action!



***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting March 23.

- ARIES**
MARCH 21-APRIL 20
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, green, white.
* Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
* Week is dominated by a major good prospect which takes a lot of stinging out of a bad one and makes life more bearable. Good for romance and friendship all weekend.
- TAURUS**
APRIL 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
* Romance is under adverse pressure—and someone could be sniping at your image on the 29th. Otherwise favorable for family and home at weekend—and good for land deals.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
* Bad stars for marriage, partnership, and making new associates. Cupid is in a tricky mood on the 29th. Weekend excellent for new plans—and investment in the lottery.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, navy.
* Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
* Good for romance, especially at weekend. Some could form a glamorous and permanent friendship, either at sea or with a stranger from overseas. However, careful travelling on 29th.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUGUST 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, yellow, tan.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
* You might have to padlock the purse. Take no business or financial plunges. The 29th is deceptive, but some longed-for wish could surprisingly come true at last.
- VIRGO**
AUGUST 23-SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
* Big changes loom for many, especially those born 18-18-18-18. Sept. Unexpected financial gain and improvement to status for a lot. But the 29th is likely to prove unreliable.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, gold.
* Lucky days, Wed., Sat.
* 29th could prove muddling and tricky. Finance and romance-wise. For the rest, a windfall, salary luck, and unlooked-for bond or dollar earnings. Saturday good for a gamble.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, brown, red.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
* You benefit more than most from a powerful good influence. Time to put all your affairs on a firm footing. However, 29th is deceptive. Muddle in marriage and partnership.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
* Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
* All to do with wedlock, partnership, associations, etc. are under beneficial stars. It's a glamorous time for betrothal with good prospects of permanence. Only 29th-30th adverse.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, white.
* Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
* Your leading star makes a big, good contact, and there could be surprises all along the line, especially family-wise. But watch your finances on the 29th-30th.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, brown.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
* Routine is suggested 29th-30th when there could be a lot of confusion in personal concerns and new projects bog down. Otherwise, good influences dominate, romantic ones in particular.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, black, red.
* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
* If you have any last-minute plans, it's a good time for investment—say, oil, mining. It's also good for travel—unscheduled trips for some. However, 29th-30th are unlucky.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

David Jones'
for service

D.J.'s and Berlei design for the in-group



Berlei 201 bra, adjustable Lycra straps. In black, white. \$5.00. 2. Courreges inspired grey and white tartan slack suit. 3. Berlei Sarong corselet 7745, in white. \$16.00. 4. 841 Berlei bra in nylon lace, with adjustable stretch straps. \$4.50. High waist Sarong girdle style 745. \$11.95. 5. Suit in pure wool chiffon. 6. Berlei's new 200 bra, with sides cut way down low. \$4.00. Long 7" leg pantie in nylon. \$10.00. 7. The bra is 801X in "Snowflake" nylon crystal lace and nylon marquisette. \$6.00. The pantie is a Slimlyne long leg (125). \$10.00. 8. Berlei Temptress bra 855 in skintone, white and black. \$5.00. 9. A short half cup contour bra in white, with stretch straps. Xtasy style X1119 \$3.95,

matching Xtasy pantie with 5" leg, X1538. \$4.50. 10. Stretch strap embroidered cotton and Lycra bra in white. (Ask for Berlei style 991.) \$3.60. 11. Space age "invisible" raincoat, inspired by Courreges. 12. 8412 in nylon lace, with a low, low back. \$6.25. 13. Corduroy pinafore skirt in cherry and brown. 14. Another Berlei Temptress bra, in nylon lace—straps wide apart. V1245. \$6.50. 520 girdle in Lycra with a non-roll waist. \$8.25. 15. Sculptured double breasted "Coachman" coat. 16. Berlei "5 way" contour bra. X1121. Stretch back detachable straps. \$2.95. 17. Short wool skirt with matching sweater and stockings. 18. Full length evening dress from Italy.

David Jones'
for service

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"Ah," said Mr. Potts, "good firm. Good people."

"They were the best," said Bill. "It was my lucky day all right when they adopted me."

"When they what?" said Bill. "They adopted me," said Bill, "when I was three weeks old."

"Then who were your parents?" asked Mr. Potts.

"Good heavens," said Bill, "I haven't the slightest idea."

"Won't do," said Mr. Potts. "Can't have our little girl marrying a man of unknown parentage."

"But I told you —" said Bill, the image of James and Mary Winston too strong for him to admit any other claim.

"Fine thing for them to adopt you," said Mr. Potts. "But your real inheritance — need to know something. Think you could find out?"

"Well, I suppose so —"

"You try," said Mr. Potts. "Meanwhile, no engagement."

Marianne agreed that there should be no official engagement until her father was satisfied. She was fond of her father. Bill refrained from asking her why.

BILL told his problems to Henry, who uttered a one-word description of Mr. Potts.

"That's what he thinks I am, I guess," said Bill. "I probably am — technically, anyway. But how can I find out anything?"

"Haven't you got an aunt?"

"Oh, of course. Thanks, Henry."

So the next weekend he went to Radford, Vermont, to see his Aunt Susan, his mother's sister — at least, Mary Winston's sister. She was a maiden lady of great vigor who grew prize roses and wrote articles for gardening magazines. She was very glad to see Bill and, it being that hour, mixed martinis. Bill told his story. Her view of Marianne's father was like Henry's, although her language was less coarse.

"Well, I'm not marrying her father," said Bill.

"That's what you think," said his Aunt Susan. "Perhaps you're not marrying her either. I can tell you something, but it won't satisfy this Potts fool."

"Tell me what you can."

"You were found in a cardboard box on the steps of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Claxton, New York, where Mary and James were then living. The rector knew they had been on an adoption agency's waiting list for a long time. Through Doctor Martin, the rector, they were able to adopt you just by going to court. Nothing was ever learned about your real parents, unless the rector knew more than he was telling. You could write to him."

On Monday, Bill wrote to the Rev. Dr. George Martin, St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Claxton, New York. The answer was a long time in coming, because Dr. Martin had moved to Fresno, California. His answer was little help.

My dear Mr. Winston, You were found, on the steps of St. Stephen's Church in Claxton. There was no note accompanying you nor any identifying marks on your clothes.

The only slight clue is that near the bottom of your baby dress was a tiny hand-embroidered shamrock. This might denote Irish connections, though not, I fancy, Roman, or my church would not have been chosen as a repository.

I don't know why you worry about it. The Winstons

Continued from page 29

loved you from the minute they saw you, and you were only approximately three weeks old when they took you home. They were your parents, and you could not have had finer ones. But, as to any other background, I'm afraid you'll have to join Oscar Wilde's Ernest (railway station) and Fielding's Tom Jones (squire's bed) as one of the enigmas. Or should it be enigmae?

Come to see me if you are ever in the West.

"Make up a background," advised Henry when Bill showed him the letter. "Just decide where and what you'd like to have come from, and tell him."

"He'd hire detectives," said Bill.

"Then give the whole thing up," said Henry, with a hopeful note in his voice. But Bill, remembering Marianne's laugh and her liking for mustard, was not prepared to do that.

He met Henry a few days

...AND BE MY LOVE

"have you just now come to Dublin?"

Bill admitted it.

"Not soda," said the bartender gently. "Not with Irish. It's the flavor you're wantin' — the full flavor. With Irish, water—in, or on the side."

Bill took water—in. The flavor was indeed rare, and would take some getting used to, but if Prescott and Washburn were going to spread his praises abroad, get used to it he would.

He was busy during the day, and dined a couple of times with people from the company. Other evenings he strolled around the city, watched the river traffic, went to the Abbey Theatre and discovered that he was a little homesick. He wrote long letters to Marianne, full of undying affection, although he had to struggle for words in which to express it.

In two weeks his job seemed pretty well finished, but he didn't want to go

day's hayin' in the road and me horse heaven knows where."

"You know where," said the policeman mildly. "He always goes straight home." He turned to Bill. "What have you to say?"

Bill answered by fainting. When he came to he was lying on the grass with the two men on either side of him.

"English," said the little man. "An American, now, wouldn't faint like that."

Bill tried to sit up.

"Stay a bit," said the bigger man. "The copper's gone to fetch a car. Your arm's broke, and you got a lump on the head."

Bill was taken to a doctor, his arm was set, and he rented a room over a pub called The Lonely Man, with a view of the Connemara hills. He thought it might be pleasant to stay there and get the feel of the countryside until his car was fixed.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



later at their favorite bar.

Henry stared. "What gives?"

"The damndest coincidence," said Bill. "The firm's sending me to Dublin!"

"Well, that's nice. Travel is broadening—"

"We've got one of the Irish whisky accounts."

"That's nice, too. You going to stay in Dublin permanently?"

"No, I'm just going to set the thing up. Be gone three weeks to a month."

"This mean a big raise or something?"

"Well, no, they didn't say anything."

"All of this," said Henry, "does not explain why you came in here all lit up while sober."

"Don't you see?" said Bill.

"The coincidence!"

"What coincidence?"

"The—the shamrock," said Bill, coming down a little from where he'd been.

"Hey!" said Henry, signalling the waiter. "Have another drink and pull yourself together. Because there was a shamrock embroidered on your baby clothes you expect to arrive in Dublin and immediately find a second cousin once removed on your mother's father's side? When you don't know even your name?"

"I didn't think about it like that. It's just that ever since I heard about the shamrock I've been sure I was Irish, and—well, I kind of feel like I'm going home."

"Kathleen Mavourneen!" said Henry. Then he brightened. "You maybe have something," he said. "You tell Marianne's old man you're going to Ireland to trace your ancestry, and you come back with a fine family tree."

"He's very thorough," said Bill. "I can't just make something up."

So before long Bill stood at the window of his room in the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, staring across the street at St. Stephen's Green and was pleased with all he saw. He went down to the bar and ordered an Irish whisky and soda.

"Sir," said the bartender,

home without seeing the Irish countryside. He hired a small car, and by the next afternoon was in the wilds of Connemara, where were stern and stony hills, browsing sheep, lakes, long arms of the sea, and small cottages.

Toward evening, as he came down a long hill, a two-wheeled hay cart, piled high and drawn by a thin white horse, came out of a gate and on to the road with no warning. Bill stood on the foot-brake and tried to go behind the cart; but he hit it broadside.

In seconds the horse and the hay were down in the road, the cart was on its side, and Bill and his car were in the ditch upside down. He crawled free, thinking his left arm was broken, as indeed it was. The driver of the cart was eloquent — calling on saints, devils, the rebel army, and the people of the bogs to come and witness the deed of this stranger and his own innocence. His voice summoned a crowd of two men.

"He'll be English," said one of them.

"American," said Bill feebly.

"Will you fight, Englishman?" asked the man. He was quite small and quite old and had red hair.

"I'm American," said Bill, "and I think I've broken my arm."

"Come on, come on—"

"Whisht," said the other man, "he can't fight you with a broken arm. Let's get the horse up."

Loosened from the shafts, the horse got to his feet and trotted off down the road. Nobody paid any attention to him. Nobody paid any attention to Bill, either, lying there with a hurting arm. The three men were arguing about the best way to get the cart up. Another man, in a helmet, rode up on a bicycle.

"What's all this?"

"You may ask," said the farmer. "I was comin' out of me hayfield. Then this comes over the hill at a terrible speed — one hunder miles an hour maybe — and he bashes right into me and there's a

It took him a day or two to understand his status in the community. He was simply "the Englishman who had bashed Jim Logan's cart," never mind that he had an American passport. Nobody would talk to him in the bar, nor buy him drinks, nor accept his offer—he tried only once—to buy them drinks.

His arm stayed in a cast and a sling. He took long walks across the hills, and when he got far enough away from his base he might get a pleasant nod or a greeting. One afternoon he covered a good six miles and stopped at a pub called The Three Wishes. There was a very

pretty barmaid in charge. He ordered a beer and cursed the weather.

"You'll be from far away," she said.

"I'm staying at The Lonely Man over in Ballycoddin."

Her expression changed. "Then you'll be the Englishman that bashed into Jim Logan."

He put his tankard down with a thump. "Look," he said, "I'm American and didn't bash into anybody. I was going slowly, but Jim Logan came out of the road without a glance and there was nothing I could do."

"You're American, truly?"

HE showed her his passport.

"Ah," she said, "creatures! The story one that you're English and the Irish, that you bashed Jim Logan on purpose, that you go about making fun of us. That's all lies," said she. "Are all Irishmen liars?"

"Ah, no," she said. "Jim Logan's a liar, but the rest of us are not. It's not liars they are, but believers. They believe what they want to believe."

"But why should they want to believe I hate them? As I thought the Irish liars Americans — after President Kennedy's visit, and all—"

"Ah, rest his soul! That's why you have to be English. So they can hate you."

"But I'm not English."

"They've put it in their own heads you are."

"How do they explain my passport?"

"Oh, explain—no Irishman is interested in explanations. Mick Rafferty's pig disappeared last month, and he went around that it had been drawn to the bog by the little people. The pig turned up in Lannistown, having been stolen. The police got back to Rafferty's sty, but you walked up to Barrow's and met somebody, they show you the spot where the pig went down. The tale is better than the real, that's all."

Bill walked back to Ballycoddin thinking that the more as well go to Dublin, and then on home. But he was in love with the countryside. He hadn't had enough, and he wouldn't be driven away.

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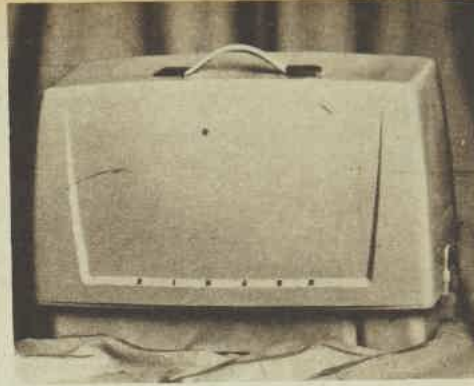
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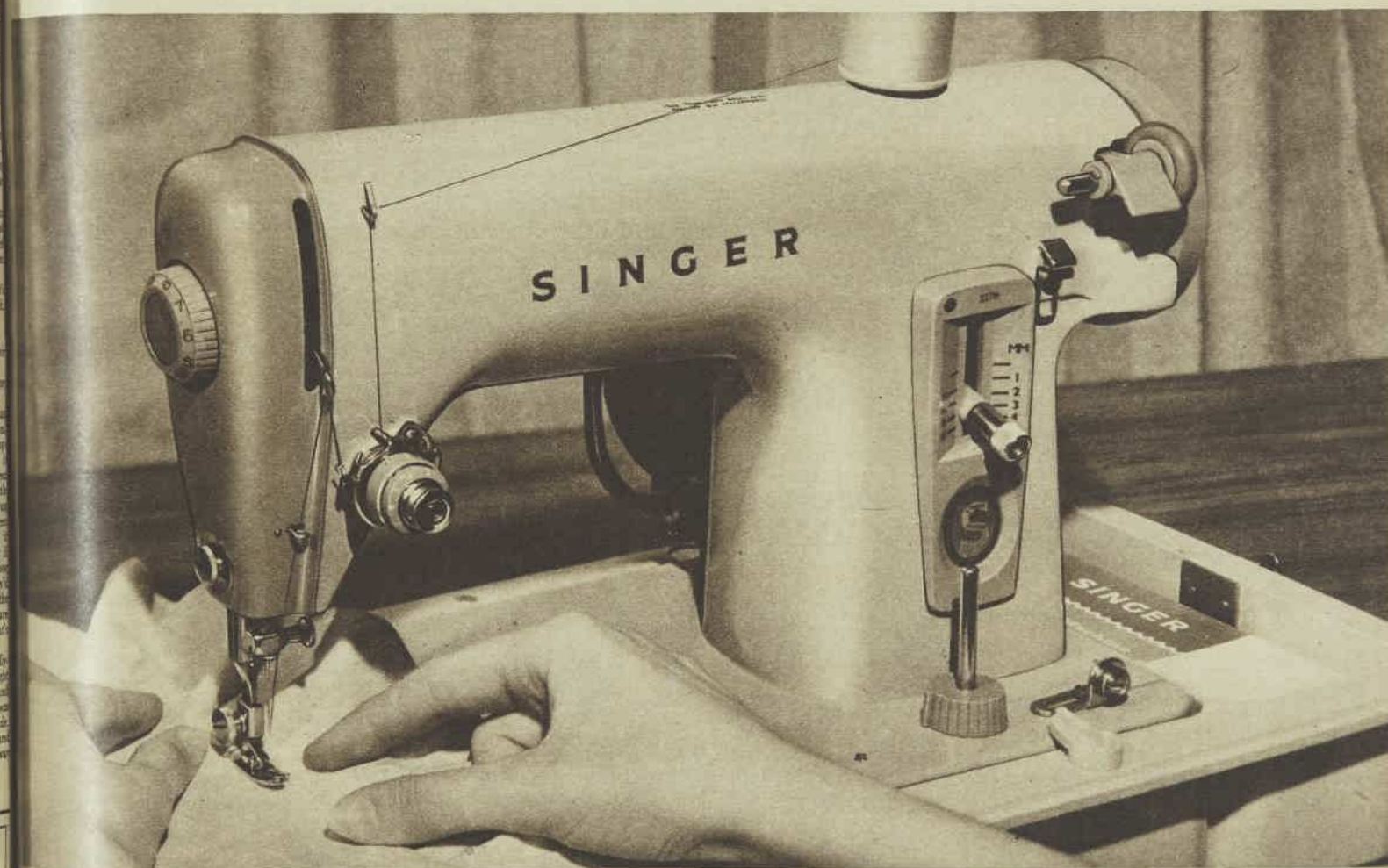
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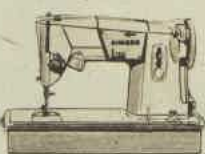


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RIVETS

Continued from page 62



by this idiot stand against him.

The walk to Cromachtown became his favorite walk. The beer at The Three Wishes seemed a little better than other beer. The girl's name was Rose Flaherty. Her day off was Thursday and, yes, she would go walking with him.

She took him through a piece of valley he had not yet seen, and they scrambled over a steep hill on a path of slipping stones and stared into another valley. Tucked against the side of a hill and seeming part of it was a long, grey stone house with a crumbling wall around it and round towers at each end.

"Good heavens," said Bill. "Is it a castle?"

Rose laughed. "Just a house, or what's left of one. It belongs to a family named Drummond. 'Twas a great place once. They owned all the countryside for miles, and three villages, but the holdings have fallen off now to forty acres."

"What happened to the Drummonds?"

"There's only one left, and him somewhere in South America. Will we go down?"

They climbed down the hill and up again. The house lay halfway up the other slope. A rabbit scuttled from almost under their feet and a bird unknown to Bill whistled sorrow from a distant tree. They turned at the front of the house and looked back at endless hills

folding one into the other and fading in the mist.

"Tis the most beautiful spot in Connemara," said Rose. "In all Ireland, maybe."

"In the world, maybe," said Bill.

"And nobody lives here?"

"Only the birds and rabbits. And rats, likely."

"And ghosts?"

They circled the crumbling house. In back, behind a broken wall, there had once been a kitchen garden, and beyond that were the stables. The roof of the stables sagged and ivy grew solid over the windows. They rounded the house at the other end, and Bill said in surprise. "This part's quite solid."

They peered through dusty win-

dows but saw only emptiness. They sat on a piece of wall. The mist lifted. To the north was a gap in the hills and through it they caught a glimpse of the sea.

"Wow!" said Bill from his seat. He came back by himself the next day, which was sharply clear. He had brought sandwiches and he ate them sitting with his back against the wall, the sun hot and the breeze cool, and was content. After an hour he saw something in the grass and reached down to pull at it — a FOR SALE sign, badly faded.

He looked back at the house and fancied himself rich and buying it and rebuilding it and putting a new roof on the stables and keeping horses there and having parties and dancing in the great hall. He whistled happily and made for The Three Wishes — to get a pint of that good beer, he told himself.

"I found a FOR SALE sign," he told Rose. "Up there at the house. Is it for sale?"

"It's been for sale for twenty years. You after buying it?"

The walk to the house became a daily pilgrimage. On Thursday Rose went with him. They sat in the grass drinking from a flask of tea and talking. He learned that Rose was a student at the University of Dublin, earning twice money bartending through the summer. He told her only that he had come to Ireland on business, and he did not mention (he realized this, walking home) a girl named Marianne Potts.

THE next day it rained.

It had rained a little nearly every day he had been in Ireland, but this was a serious, wind-blown rain. He was not to be kept from The House. He put on a raincoat and heavy boots and borrowed a battered hat from his landlady.

Halfway there he heard a noise without a name, suggesting that all the banshees and leprechauns and little green men of Ireland were in the dripping underbrush. If the sound was human, somebody needed help. He could barely see through the rain and his feet sloshed in marshy ground, but he moved on toward the noise.

The sound was the anguished voice of a calf, sunk knee-deep in a bog. With only one usable arm, how could a man pull a thrashing calf to firm ground? Its struggles were making it sink deeper. Bill saw one glimmer of hope. The calf's tail lay across a high hummock that was solid.

Moving with caution, Bill gripped the tail with his good hand and held on. The calf's voice rose higher. Bill sat down in the mud, braced his feet against the hummock, and pulled. His one arm wasn't strong enough to pull the calf out, but the grip did keep it from sinking farther.

Bill yelled for help. His breath gave out, and he rested and then yelled again. The calf never stopped bawling. Bill heard a car on the road. He yelled louder. The car stopped. A face with a red beard pushed through the brush.

"Glory be to heaven," said the face. "Hold on still, I'll get a rope."

Red Beard lay on his stomach and wriggled across the hummock and put the rope around the calf's neck and got it on to dry land.

"Thanks," said Bill.

"It's you to thank. She's my calf, and she was to take a prize at the fair, and she will yet — due to you, American."

The rescued calf and the sudden repatriated Bill rode back to The Lonely Man in Johnny's truck. Bill borrowed his landlady's wash basin and took a bath. When he went to the bar for a drink, it was streaming full of people, and Johnny was telling a tale, obviously not for the first time.

"Sittin' there he was. In the mud he was. Holdin' on to the creature's tail with his one good arm, he was, and he'd have held on 'til the trumpet blows for us all — had it not happened by and heard such a hollerin' and bellowin' as would have waked the mayor of Dublin."

They looked up as Bill came in and made room for him at the bar.

To page 66

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Dress Sense

By Betty Keep

HERE is part of the letter dealing with the request and my reply:

"I am taking my 13-year-old daughter to London and want her to have one really nice dark frock for our arrival in London.

Could you help me with a suitable design? My daughter is rather big for her years."

Illustrated below is a suggested design for your daughter. It would be a good idea to have the white collar made detachable. London is a grimy city and white seems to become grey in no time. A paper pattern is available for the design. Above the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I have a silk crepe frock I have had dry-cleaned at least five

times. Now I intend to wash the frock. How should I iron it?"

Silk crepe should be pressed on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron. It must not be pressed with any moisture, so don't use a damp cloth.

"Is it correct to lunch in the dining-room of a large resort hotel in brief shorts?"

No. Most hotels would not permit a guest to enter a dining-room wearing brief shorts. Shorts are usually permitted at an outside snack bar.

"Could you suggest a fashionable style for a late-day frock in dark crepe? I am in my forties but still have a slim figure."

The shift line is still very much in fashion and I sug-

gest you follow this silhouette. Finish the design with a cowl or turtle-type neckline. Both are currently in fashion. If your arms can take it, have the dress sleeveless. If not, have it finished with slender to-the-wrist sleeves.

● A semi-fit, slightly A-line-shaped one-piece dress is my design choice for a 13-year-old who is going overseas. The dress is available also in all teenage sizes.

"Is it correct for a formal bridal gown to be finished with a low, scooped-out neckline and very short sleeves? What length gloves should be worn?"

Perfectly correct. Wear above-elbow gloves in white skin.

"I am planning a pastel outfit for early autumn and would like to know what colored accessories are correct?"

I think beige is the prettiest accessory color to wear with a pastel. If you wear a hat, have it in the same shade as the dress.

"I am soon going on a cruise. I do not wear slacks, and I wondered what could replace them to wear playing deck games?"

Depending on your age group, choose a knee-length culotte skirt or an ultra-short (2in. above the knee) sports skirt.

6325.—One-piece dress in junior sizes 30½, 31½, and 33in. bust for 9, 11, and 13 years, also in teen sizes 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6325. Price 58c (5/9) includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Geydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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WHAT'S
THE ANGLE?

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Wisdom two ways:

WISDOM REGULAR, with super nylon bristles that stay germ-free and hygienic.

WISDOM FLEXTRON, with twice the bristles . . . to massage your gums as you clean your teeth.



Continued from page 64

"You'll have a pint, American?" said Johnny.

Bill had several pints. He was introduced to everybody, though they'd all been seeing him for two weeks.

They called him Bill. They put arms around his shoulders and bought more pints. He was not the Englishman who had bashed Jim Logan's hay cart. He was the American who had saved Johnny Fogarty's calf.

"You were born in America for certain?" said Johnny. Bill said he was.

"He's the look of an Irishman," said Johnny. "I noticed in the beginning. He's the look of — of a Daugherty."

...AND BE MY LOVE

"Ah, not them," said somebody. "They were a long-nosed breed."

"Drummond," said an old man who sat in a corner.

"Drummond it is," said Johnny. "He's the image of the General."

Him that gave the right to shoot rabbits over his land. Were your folks from Connemara?"

"I'm not sure," Bill said.

"Man," said Johnny, "it was from Connemara. You held on to the tail of my calf, and she'll be takin' a blue ribbon Saturday at the fair. You're of Connemara folk."

"Drummond," said the old man again.

Bill told Rose about it the next day. "They've decided I'm a Drummond. I could be."

"Don't you know?" asked Rose.

So for the first time he told her the whole story. She was indignant.

"What kind of a woman is this that would not marry you for emotional reasons of her father's?"

"Well," said Bill feebly, "she's very pretty."

It came time for him to set his thoughts for home, where he didn't want very much to go. A man from the car-hire company came and drove him back to Dublin.

On the afternoon before his plane was to leave he received a telephone call and a letter. The phone came first; it was his boss, saying the company wanted a permanent office in Dublin and would Bill consider taking charge of it?

"Think it over."

He hung up; Marianne would not like Ireland, he was sure. He did not have to think about it for long. In collecting his mail he found a letter from Marianne saying that, considering her father's feelings, it seemed better to terminate their unofficial engagement, and she was, in fact, going to marry a man named Hubert Thompson, a salesman with impeccable New England ancestry.

As no young man likes to be jilted, Bill wrapped himself and his wounded pride in a raincoat and went out to drown his sorrow. He picked up sympathisers here and there and there developed a party of some magnitude. It wasn't until closing time that Bill realised with sudden clarity that he was not sorrowing but celebrating.

HE was young and healthy, and his hangover was dispersed rapidly by a bath and a hearty breakfast. Drinking his coffee he was visited by an idea so entirely preposterous that he had to act on it immediately.

He got in touch with a lawyer he knew, and the lawyer got in touch with somebody else, and by mid-afternoon Bill was the owner of forty acres of Irish hillside and a tumble-down house with thirty rooms. The price had been surprisingly low; he could start putting the side end of the house in repair.

He called his boss and said he would take the Dublin job, and he went to a doctor and had the cast removed from his arm. The doctor thought he could drive if he was careful.

The next day he bought a small camera and was in Connemara in time for supper. The following afternoon he stood, with Rose, looking at his ancestral mansion. He picked up a brick and set it carefully back in a space in the wall and felt that work had begun.

Twenty minutes later he and Rose were engaged.

It was a grey and misty day, but he walked off a way and took a picture. When developed, the snapshot proved astonishing. The details of the old house were not visible, it looked enormous, tower and gate rising from the swirls of mist in dignity and grandeur.

Bill enclosed the picture in a letter to Marianne. She need not feel sorry for him, as he, too, was going to be married and he thought she might like to see a picture of the house where his ancestors had lived.

"Their name was Drummond," he wrote. "I have bought the house back for sentiment's sake. We plan to use it as a weekend retreat. They say all Irishmen are descended from kings. This may be an exaggeration, but Patrick Drummond fought with Brian Boru and was later knighted, and Sean Drummond was Lord Mayor of Dublin. There is a very pretty view from the house."

He was more or less convinced that it was all as true as the last sentence.

His old friend Henry flew over to be best man at the wedding. He was a commercial artist and he made them a wedding present of a couple of arms he had designed and painted. It bore a mysterious legend which Henry insisted was Gaelic and meant "Grab Fortune by the Tail," and was further embellished by the Stars and Stripes crossed with the flag of Eire, and a call rampart on a field of mud.



This is Paris.



This is Paris.



This is Paris.



So is this.

Teal is a real Parisienne talc.

Perfumed by Robertet of Paris. Soft and fine to keep you freshly fragrant all day. Sold by chemists and stores. And priced (voila) at three French francs the tin. That's 59 cents. (A very petite price for a talc. as nice as this.)

Johnson & Johnson

MY AUNT'S PIGEONS

more handsome than I had ever seen her, among her five lovely daughters and her only son, my gay good-looking father.

There was much rustling and talking about the great cool house. Much shouting and laughter in the garden.

In the middle of the afternoon who should turn up but George Hewitt in a glittering, noisy motor car, smelling of fumes and warm rubber. He came up the drive with such a roar and a rattle that the pigeons flapped off in confusion. We crowded about him.

"Hello, all you little devils," he said amiably. "How d'you like my bus?"

"It's smelly."

"It makes an awful noise."

"It's wonderful. Can we go for a ride in it, George?"

"Why not? Hop in, all hands, and we'll go for a spin."

Fosters and Bennings, Radcliffes and Bowmans and myself pushed and jostled about him.

"Hold on there! Hold on!" George protested. "Too many for one trip. We'll have to take it in turns. Girls first. Boys next."

Aunt Dinny came hurrying down the steps dressed in blue linen that matched her eyes. "Oh, George, how nice to see you. So this is the car." She seemed a little nervous

To page 68

LULUBELLE



"My boyfriend doesn't have a car yet — but he has a beautiful scooter."



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Pastel will blend the grey hairs in with your own natural colors. For predominantly grey hair, use Polycolor Permanent Cream Hair Color in the black and red box.



and kept touching her hair uncertainly with one hand.

"I'm taking the youngsters for a drive," said George. Then very quick and low, "You look so sweet, Dinny."

"Silly," she laughed, then her forehead creased in a little line of worry. "Do you think the children should go? You drive so fast, George. I saw you turn up the drive."

"I'm most careful with all young people," said George. "Especially young ladies. You come, too, Dinny?"

"Oh, no," she shook her head.

"Please, Dinny."

They seemed to be quite alone, these two, as though there were not a seething excited group of children surrounding them.

"Do come—Dinny, dear."

"Not now. I'm rather busy. Some other time, thank you, George."

"Right you are." He turned away abruptly, and five little girls were loaded roughly into the car. He was not smiling now, and I for one

Continued from page 67

MY AUNT'S PIGEONS

had lost all enthusiasm for this adventure in a motor car. Aunt Dinny should have come. Tears prickled behind my lids.

Much later, as the sun was going down, and the babies already put to bed, Ross Fairweather came, mounted on a fine thoroughbred of seventeen hands. He looked handsome and remote. He kissed my grandmother, which I thought very familiar of him, and I liked him even less.

The next day was one of riding and exploring and fruit gathering. A day of fighting with my young cousins and making it up again. Of sitting in a group on the lawn and listening to George's stories, of gathering together in the drawing-room in the afternoon, hastily brushed and cleaned, while Grandmother poured tea in a steaming amber stream from a silver teapot.

The teacups were of fluted china, sprawled about with a pattern of violets. A wicker-work stand of many tiers was handed about by Aunt Dinny. Nestling on starched doilies were little bread rolls filled with asparagus, sponge fingers, cream puffs, dusted white with icing sugar, thick slabs of fruit cake rich with brandy and nuts.

We gorged, watched anxiously by our parents in case we spilled crumbs on the brown-and-gold-and-red carpet. We were never sent out of doors at afternoon-tea time. It was part of the ritual. The time when we must remember that we were young ladies and gentlemen.

I always thought of the drawing-room at Landillo as the golden room. It possessed a tawny beauty. Even the roses arranged in brass bowls were the deepest yellows and apricots.

The third day was always

the picnic day, the highlight of all Landillo house parties. No casual affair of hastily packed sandwiches, but a picnic on the grand scale.

Grandmother and Mrs. Budge, the cook, had spent much time the evening before preparing a sumptuous feast to be eaten sitting about a white tablecloth spread beneath the willow trees on the bank of the river. There was turkey and home-cured ham, and little meat pies, and tarts of all sizes and description.

All these things were carefully wrapped in crisp white napkins. This touch of damask seemed to endow the food with a special delicacy. Grandmother's only concession to out-of-doors eating was to allow the tea to be brewed on an open fire in large blackened billy-cans, across which a green twig was placed so that the tea would not be smoked.

We swam in the river,

played "Sheep Sheep Come Home" and "Pass the Slipper," and many other games that today would probably be considered dull by a ten-year-old child. But the Landillo picnics were always wonderful, and everything that we did on that glorious hot day had a special quality, as though happiness had been captured between our young hands for a fleeting moment in time.

We returned to the home-stead at dusk. And there to our dismay and delight were met with a departure from the normal. After nursery tea, hardly touched (bread and butter and milk being too much of an anti-climax), we were told to play quietly until the grown-ups had dined, then we were to come to the drawing-room.

"Are we going to play charades?" I asked my mother.

"No, dear, I don't think so."

"Is it for something nice?"

"Of course! Something very nice, I should think."

The golden-room received us graciously, with the scent of roses and well-polished furniture, and the exciting smells of the dark garden coming through the open french windows.

Aunt Dinny seated herself at the piano and began to play the "Moonlight Sonata." She looked very lovely that night in a soft white dress. Little pearls swung from her ears and circled her throat. A band of pale blue velvet held her soft, fair hair in place. On one side of her stood George Hewitt, looking down at her with a teasing, tender glance that made my own ten-year-old heart ache with love. On the other side stood the ever-attentive Ross Fairweather, leaning to turn the pages of

the music, smiling, too, with equal tenderness.

Never again would the high-ceilinged, tawny room hold the enchantment that it did on that summer night. Never again would the diamonds be grouped together in such a solid phalanx of beauty and charm.

At last Aunt Dinny stopped playing, her hands dropping from the keys and nestling demurely in her lap. Then Grandfather rose stiffly from his chair and walked to the side, while the echo of the sweet romantic music lingered. He cleared his throat, and, taking her hand, led her to the centre of the room.

"Ahh — ahem — I have something to tell you all."

We children, seated cross-legged on cushions, shivered and murmured. An adult said, "Hush!"

GRANDFATHER twinkled at us and continued. "I have very great pleasure in announcing the engagement of our youngest daughter, Dinah, to our very good friend and neighbor Ross Fairweather."

A rustle and a sigh went through the room, a trill of delighted laughter, an unconscious shout of congratulations. Then there was movement, and kissing and handshaking, and Aunt Dinny and her young man were almost hidden by an excited group of uncles and aunts.

I was so stricken that I dared not look up. A tear slid warmly down my cheek, then another. My mother leaned down and touched my arm. "Come to bed, Tina."

"I want to say goodnight to George."

"Very well, then."

But when I spoke to him

To page 69

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MY AUNT'S PIGEONS

"It's a pigeon!" shouted one of the children. "Is it sick?"

"Whatever are you doing with it, Thea?"

I walked straight to the side of Aunt Dinny and spoke loudly because I was afraid. "It's the husband," I paused, the better to remember my message. "— Aunt Dinny — George says to tell you that he died of a broken heart."

With that I tumbled the limp white body into her lap.

Aunt Dinny screamed. She screamed twice, shattering the serenity of the morning. Then she jumped up and ran, hiding her face, stumbling and sobbing, across the bright garden to the house.

I, too, wept, so loudly and so long that I was led away and made to rest in the cool bedroom, a damp towel smelling of eau-de-cologne on my forehead. It was thought that I had a slight fever, so I stayed there for the rest of the day.

"A shock," said my grandmother. "So dreadful of the young man to do such a thing! So distressing for your poor little aunt, distressing for everyone. It was really too bad."

Late in the evening she brought me a gruel of bread and milk, lightly sprinkled with brown sugar, which I detested, but that night I slept deeply without dreams.

To page 70



"FINAL notice. Well, thank goodness, that's one bill we can forget about."

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YOUNGER
LOOK
BRIGHTER**

Clear skin is an outward sign of inward good health. Young people find that the daily "KRUSCHEN" plan assists in removing those embarrassing skin blemishes. Older people find that the daily "KRUSCHEN" plan also relieves irregularity, rheumatism, sick headaches and dizziness. If you want to feel on top of the world—want that "great-to-be-alive" feeling, start the "KRUSCHEN" plan today.

**TAKE
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DAILY**

FOR THAT 'GREAT TO BE ALIVE' FEELING

reaching to take his hand, he looked at me with a face quite colorless and sweet clean of all joy. I don't believe he even knew which child had spoken or touched his hand.

But at the breakfast table next morning he was as gay and teasing as ever. In fact, of all at that bright and noisy table, he was the brightest and noisiest.

On that last day there was to be tennis. But, coming out of the front door alone, I found George standing ready to crank his car. From the tennis court came the soft thud, thud of tennis balls. On the far side of the lawn beneath the pepperina trees sat a gay company of visitors and relatives.

I ran down the broad stone steps. "Are you going for a drive, George? Can I come?"

"No, my dear. I'm leaving. Duty calls, as the saying goes. I'm a working man, remember."

I glanced toward the gay, indolent group on the far side of the lawn. "Do they know?"

"Oh, yes." He, too, looked across the lawn. Patches of white, patches of color, snatches of laughter, the voices of children, lacy shadows cast by the pepperinas. Overhead the pigeons sailed free, then swooped with a quick clapping of wings.

"I've been over there," said George. "I've said my farewells." He walked to the front of his car and turned the crank handle with energy, his face very red; his fair hair flopping across his forehead.

Then, without looking left or right, he tramped back and climbed into the car. With a jerk he moved forward. There was a loud revving of the engine, a crunch of tyres on gravel, and then there appeared briefly above the bonnet something white, fluttering desperately.

"A pigeon!" I screamed. "You've lost a pigeon!"

THE car was making such a racket that but for my agonised expression and the wild waving of my arms he might not have known. But he stopped at once, and in the sudden silence I spoke quietly, not wanting to draw the attention of the others. "It must have been there on the drive in front of you. I think it's still there."

Like conspirators we crept to the front of the car, and there on the gravel lay the proud male bird, ruffled and still with a little patch of blood staining his white feathers.

"Damned if I saw it," said George, squatting on his heels. "Must have been strutting about the way he does." He picked up the limp, crumpled heap, his sensitive fingers stroking the feathers into order. "He's all in, I'm afraid. It's the old boy himself, too."

"Is he quite dead, George?"

"Yes, quite dead." He looked at me, squatting close beside him, hidden from the group on the lawn by the shining bulk of the death-dealing vehicle. His face was haggard, his eyes strained and pleading. He spoke in a whisper. "I didn't mean to do it, Thea."

"I know," I whispered back.

"I wouldn't have had a thing like this happen for all the world. I know it. Damn my rotten car and me, too."

Then he smiled, a queer, crooked smile, and placed the dead pigeon in my two hands. "Take it to your Aunt Dinny," he said. "Tell her, I paused, biting his lip. "Tell her she died of a broken heart."

"But, George . . . !"

"I'm off," he said shortly. "And the sooner the better, I think."

He was gone, leaving behind him a drift of fumes and the warm, smelly smell of rubber. I stood, dumb and a little frightened, watching him turn through the tall grass. Then, very slowly, holding my tragic burden in outstretched hands, I walked, past the rosebeds, across the lawn until I reached the pepperina trees.

Aunt Dinny swung herself back and forth on a hammock. She looked wistful, as though her thoughts were not really with the company. "What have you got there, Thea, darling?"

THE BOYFRIEND



"Just the way my mother makes it—terrible!"

Continued from page 69

When we all gathered for breakfast on the following morning, three people were noticeably absent. My father, Aunt Dinny, and Rosi Fairweather. I dared not ask after Aunt Dinny. Perhaps I had made her ill by tossing the dead bird into her lap. In a whisper I asked my mother where my father was. She merely said, "Hush," and looked away. The absence of Mr. Fairweather did not concern me at all.

Grandmother presided as usual beside the tall silver coffee-pot at one end of the table. Although she appeared composed and her beautiful

MY AUNT'S PIGEONS

white hair was as carefully dressed as ever, there was a difference in her. Her heavily lidded eyes were red-rimmed, and the hand that dispensed the coffee trembled a little.

But Grandfather was his same dear, quiet self. His eyes twinkled at me. He spoke to me, looking down the long length of the table, "Home today, Thea?" I nodded, not daring to speak in this tense atmosphere, so unusual at Landillo. Even the children were silent, dipping sedately into their porridge.

Shortly after breakfast my father arrived in the buggy, pulling up at the front door

with a flourish. He was the first really cheerful person I had seen that morning, and I ran thankfully to meet him. But he went at once to my grandmother and together they vanished into the drawing-room. The golden room, where Aunt Dinny's engagement had been announced.

Everyone was leaving that day, and my mother bustled about putting our things together, while the four buggy horses stood patiently, and the drawing-room door remained closed.

They came out at last, father grinning cheerfully enough, and my grandmother

dabbing at her eyes with a white linen handkerchief.

Later, seated between my parents on the seat of the buggy, I listened to their conversation, trying to understand what had happened suddenly to make things so different.

"Was your mother very upset, Ted?" asked my mother. "Oh, yes, well you can imagine how it would be. But after I had talked to her she realised that she must bow to the inevitable. Give me a hell of a tuning-up, and then cried on my shoulder."

MOTHER

"It was rather harsh of me. I went through an ordeal that morning, having to face the all." She pulled a face. "I think I held the worst end of the stick, really."

"I'm glad I did it, just the same, and so are you, my dearest. George and Dinny send their love, by the way."

At the mention of these dear familiar names I sat up, my spine rigid with excitement. "Where are they? Isn't Aunt Dinny sick, also?"

"Never better," answered my father. "George and my aunt are to be married. They're off to Sydney tomorrow."



"After all, they're nothing but a mess of molecules."

"But how did Aunt Dinny find him?"

Mother glanced quickly at my father and then at me. "I suppose there is no harm in her knowing?"

"Not a bit of it. Tell her of course. After all, she was one of the main characters in this drama."

"Daddy took Aunt Dinny away in the buggy very early this morning before anyone was up. She realised that she did not want to marry Mr. Fairweather, after all. You know, Thea, darling, she loves George very much."

"I know." I felt light with happiness. "He didn't mean to kill the pigeon," I said.

Then sadness touched me with a stealthy hand. I was experiencing for the first time a sense of change. The death of a pigeon had a little to do with it and Aunt Dinny running away with George and my grandmother's marriage and something about my grandfather so stooped and thin.

I heard in a half dream the "Moonlight Sonata," and Aunt Dinny's hands falling gently on the keys. For a moment the fluttering and the cooing of the pigeon seemed close to me, and the sound of ripe fruit falling with a plop in the grass. Would it ever be quite the same again?

Lulled by the beat of the horses' hoofs, a name came with memories echoed over and over in my mind. Landillo. Landillo.

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What's IN for boys?

● *Winter gear for swingers will be daring and different. As the IN-group switches to color, floral and paisley prints, in everything from ties to watchbands, are rave news.*



Teenagers
WEEKLY

FOB WATCHES (left) are IN. Turn back the hands to grandpa's day and you'll find this three-piece and with old-fashioned timekeeper.

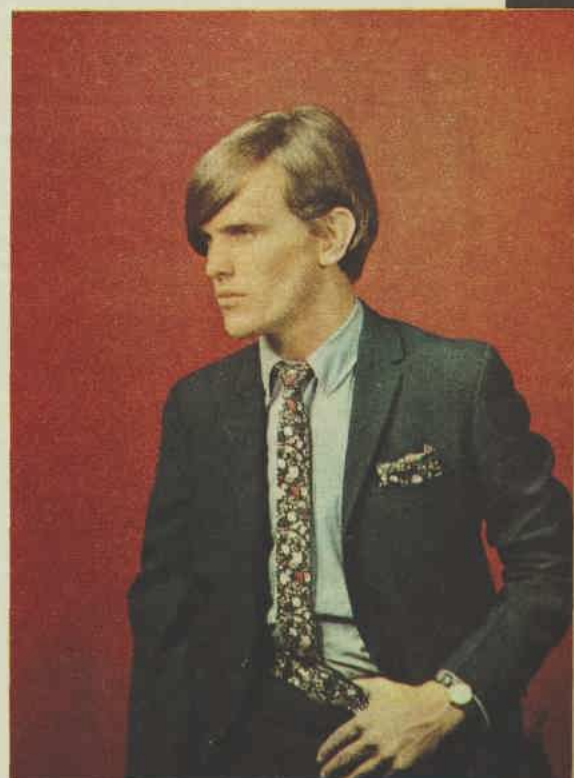
RED FLANNEL nightshirts are the latest rave nightgear. In London boys wear them over plain trousers to the maddest parties and discotheques!



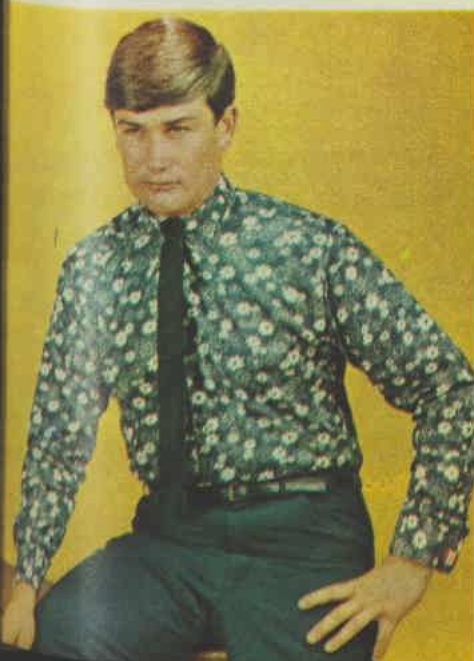
CARNABY caps are top-gear for Sunday driving in your Aston Martin DB5. (Still very IN!) Almost a uniform for shoppers in London's mod Carnaby Street, they are worn with suits as well as casuals.



BRACES are back. And these floral ones with matching ties, according to young Melbourne designer Peter Langham, are O.O.C.—OUT OF CONTROL! (The latest IN vocabulary.) Note the rave pin-stripe trousers.



MATCHING ties, belts, hankies, and watchbands are to-o-o-o much! This set—in paisley print—adds color to the conservative-look business suit. Colored denim and linen shirts are going formal.



OTHER INS . . . Tartan tweeds (IN words for trousers). Double-breasted shirts. Pop art ties. Corduroy suits. Gaiters. Tab-shouldered shirts. Bell-bottomed Cardin-belted suits. Braiding on suits. Two-tone shoes. Stiff, high collars. A girlfriend to cut your hair (a little).

FLORALS feature everywhere (left) in the IN-gear for boys this winter. Shirts like this one, or with contrasting wide collars and cuffs of white, are really king, especially if the leather-look is added with a suede tie.

DOUBLE - BREASTED suits, with the latest belted-back, look sharp with flowered ties. Suits will move on from the usual school grey or navy to striking pin-stripes, bones, lighter blues, greens, and even tartans.





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Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

Should Mum go, too?

I CERTAINLY agree with the reader who said that young people job-hunting should not take their mothers along to the interview.

Last year when enrolling for Teachers' College I noticed that roughly half the students came alone, while others were surrounded by loving mothers and fathers, who "helped them through."

At assembly that night, lecturers and administration officers, who had mingled with people enrolling that day, remarked that each year they made a survey to see how many prospective teachers came alone.

This was in relation to a talk about entering an adult world, leaving school and parents' assistance behind and having to take on a mature standing in the world on our own.

Surely this is evidence enough that prospective bosses are more favorably impressed by those people who are able to act independently and stand on their own two feet, than by those leaning heavily on Mum. — "Mum's Girl," Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

AS an interviewer for my employer I would like to say that I prefer a mother to accompany her daughter.

When interviewing I always insist on seeing the applicant alone, but I like to see the parent also, if only to sum up whether or not the daughter is likely to be a good, conscientious employee.

I also think that a mother would be happier if she knew that her daughter's prospective employer was interested in meeting her. — "Accountant's Secretary," Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

MY first two jobs were only temporary, but each time Mum went along and the employer was impressed with the interest Mum showed in me.

My present employer now tells me that he was pleased to see my mother, as it helped him to understand what sort of background I had come from.

So, don't be ashamed of letting Mum tag along. She will be more help than hindrance. — "Employed," Launceston, Tas.

Budgeting

ONE of my New Year resolutions was to try to budget on the sum of \$3.00 a week. I am a 15-year-old school student, but do not have to buy books, pencils, etc., as Mum pays for these.

But this money does have to buy clothes, shoes, records,

and magazines. Each week I work out the amount I shall need, and then put the rest into a tin. This amount is accumulating, and I can already proudly survey the few articles I have bought myself under this scheme.

Mum and Dad are happy about this plan, and I recommend it to any school student who wishes to have the pride of buying something without having to go to their parents. — "Budgeter," Williams-town, Vic.

Blind protests

PROTESTS are only a step. The state to be aimed at is one in which each person and society as a whole, can correctly evaluate conditions and act on those aspects found wanting.

The trouble with the protest today is that it is seldom a result of a balanced and complete appraisal of its target by its promoters, and is thus undesirable.

In fact, the only benefit which our complaints have achieved is a certain amount of thought among members of society who are normally incapable of it, and whose characteristic blindness is all too often a trait of protest movement followers. — Norm Chesterfield, Everard Park, S.A.

No complaints!

DO you complain about your figure, your hair, your clothes? My idea about people who complain is that they are too lethargic to do anything constructive about their complaints.

Don't complain about your parents, your school, the town in which you live. No one will find these complaints interesting, and you will be labelled a bore. Instead, look for their good qualities and strive to make these even better.

In doing this you will have no time to complain, and as a result will become a much happier and more contented person. — Marguerite Tierney, Martinsville, N.S.W.

Top talk

SOME weeks ago a reader gave a list of new terms she had heard over the holidays, and asked for others. Some used among my friends are the following: "Pedal the treadle," meaning to ride a bike. "Rock box," for a transistor, and "gossip box," meaning a telephone.

A retort for those who repeatedly say "umm" during

a telephone conversation is "No, you can't buy those here." — Yvonne Griffin, Brighton, Vic.

Fitness camps

LAST holidays my girl-friend and I decided to go to a National Fitness Camp. Not for a moment have we regretted this, and we intend to go again next year.

A lot of people seem to think that you only train and do exercises at camp. This is not at all true.

We were in camp for nine days, and every day we did something different. We had a water carnival, sports carnival, went to Newcastle beach, the BHP (which was very interesting), had games, gymnastics, went on bivouac, made handicrafts, and trampolined.

We made a lot of friends, it really was terrific and we hated leaving. — Irene Beyersdorf, Denman, N.S.W.

Saving money

SOME friends and I were discussing ways by which we could make and save money while still at school. I thought other teenagers might be interested in the list we compiled.

1. Doing a newspaper run.
2. Selling magazine subscriptions.
3. Writing articles, letters, and poems for newspapers and magazines.
4. Selling old and outgrown clothes to Opportunity Shops.
5. Selling old novels and textbooks to second-hand book shops.
6. Saturday-morning jobs in shops.
7. Holiday jobs—selling, waiting, or fruitpicking.
8. Making your own lunches instead of buying them at school.
9. Walking to school when possible.
10. Baby-sitting. — D. Moss, Kew, Vic.

Hair line

WITH boys wearing their hair like girls, we don't know where we stand.

I was recently debating whether to get my shoulder-length hair cut, and decided to ask the boy next door. His answer really amazed me.

He replied that I'd better hurry up and get it cut because I was beginning to look like a boy! — Letty Salzone, Haberfield, N.S.W.

Letters

BEATNIK



Normie's father. By this I was shaking like a leaf.

Then—there he was, met the family and friends, too. It was fabulous. They were all so friendly and natural, especially Normie.

Besides signing my book, Normie gave me an autographed photo of himself. And then to top off my trip I was shown and allowed to hold the gold record Normie was awarded for "Que Sera Sera" and "Shakin' Over."

Meeting Normie Rowe something I'll always remember. — Michelle Jacquelin, Mt. Gambier, S.A.

Talk and listen

A MAJOR problem resulting from the emergence of the teenager as a much-discussed individual, a lack of understanding and communication—a message parents and adolescents.

Teenagers, listen to advice offered by elders. It is meant. Try to understand other point of view before asserting your own. Do problems with your parents without losing patience as you will be, at least, expected for your tolerance.

Surely if understanding achieved within the home is one step only to understanding among the nation. — Wendy Sullivan, Appleton, Qld.

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Special Cosmetic Frankfurt/M. Germany

A DOCTOR TALKS ON HEALTHY SKIN AND HAIR

● We begin on this page the first instalment of "A Teenage Guide to Healthy Skin and Hair," in which a leading dermatologist gives expert advice on skin problems, cosmetics and grooming, hairstyling, and diet.

YOUR PRIVATE SPACE SUIT

YOU'VE got almost twenty-one square feet of natural armor. It tells you when you're hot and warns you when you're cold. It sends sensations to the brain and muscles, it fights off attacking organisms, and it throws off body wastes. It's one of the most important organs of the body.

We're talking, of course, about your skin—the birth-suit that keeps you from looking limp as a jellyfish.

It seems hard to believe, but just one square inch of skin contains:

- 20 nerves
- 600 sweat glands
- 18 or 20 blood vessels
- 23 sensory apparatuses for heat
- 13 sensory apparatuses for cold
- 300 nerve endings to record pain
- 19,500 sensory cells at the ends of nerve fibres
- 160 to 165 pressure apparatuses for the sense of touch
- 25 to 100 sebaceous glands
- 65 hairs and muscles
- 10,500,000 cells

If you are a whiz at math, you can multiply all those components in one square inch of skin and get a pretty fantastic figure for all 21 square feet of you!

What is the skin? If you use a microscope to a square inch of skin, what would you see among the wiggles and wrinkles? The top layer of skin is the stratum corneum. Its job is to act as a protective armor against heat, sun, and external injuries. The most delicate skin is on your

eyelids—the toughest, on the soles of your feet and the palms of your hands. Skin can be thicker on some people than on others. Have you ever known a girl with an almost translucent skin so that the blue veins underneath show clearly? Her skin really is thin, and this has nothing to do with her temper!

Below the stratum corneum is the stratum lucidum, a clear layer.

Next comes the stratum granulosum, a granular layer, and the stratum germinativum, the prickle cell layer. The bottom layer is the basal cell layer. Each of these skin layers is in a continuous process of movement. As the cells of the outer layer become hard and lose their nuclei, they are cast off and replaced by new, active cells that migrate upward. This process of cell movement and change is called keratinisation and usually takes about 25 days.

The skin layers have important work to do. They contain sebaceous glands that manufacture an oil that lubricates the skin and hair. They contain your body's sweat glands and hair shafts (follicles). They house the busy blood and lymph vessels, the nerve ending cells, muscles, fat, and connective tissue elements.

Among the functions the skin performs, one of the most fascinating is pigmentation, or the coloring of the skin itself. Development of pigment occurs in the basal cell layer of the skin. Here, cells convert an amino acid into the skin coloring pigment, melanin.

Melanin is the ingredient that gives the races of mankind their different skin tones. The pale skin of the

Caucasian, the reddish tint of the Indian, the golden tone of the Oriental, and the brownish-black coloring of the full-blooded negro are all determined by the amount of melanin in the skin.

When a human being or an animal lacks essential pigment, he is called an albino. His skin and eyes

have a pinkish tinge, which actually comes from the red blood

circulating beneath his "no color" skin and eyes. Albinism is hereditary, but it is not disabling.

But back to the skin. It also protects, by covering your bones, muscles, arteries, nerves, and tissues. Lying loosely like a sheet upon a mattress of muscle, the skin bears the brunt of irritation, absorbs shock, and protects

essential internal organs from harm.

The skin is your body's thermostat, too. Inside your body your blood temperature is about one degree higher than 98.6 degrees. In very hot weather, when the air temperature is about as hot as your blood temperature, the skin carries off the body heat in the form of perspiration. When the weather is cold, blood vessels under the skin constrict, keeping body heat inside to warm you. Efficient, isn't it?

Far more complicated than the best electronic brain invented by man, the skin is a busy message centre, telegraphing sensations of heat, cold, pain, and danger. The messages sent by the nerve endings move fast, whizzing to the brain and then to the muscles, which react by reflex action.

Meanwhile, back at the dermis, its vast manufactur-



A CLEAR COMPLEXION is a joy to young people. It helps to understand your skin—what it is, how it functions, and, if something goes wrong, how to correct it.

ing process is busily turning out sebum, which is deposited on the epidermis. Sebum is a lubricant—your body's own brand of cold cream. Too much or too little sebum can cause oily or dry skin. Acne and dandruff also are caused by trouble in the sebaceous glands. Perspiration is another excretion of the skin. Your sweat ducts give off one to two quarts a day.

You also should know that

the skin "breathes" through millions of pores, absorbing oxygen and certain other substances, giving off carbon dioxide. This carbon dioxide combines with the perspiration and amino acids of your skin to form an "acid mantle" which helps ward off bacterial infection.

But sometimes something goes wrong. What happens? How can you correct it?

NEXT WEEK — Acne: The Teen-age Problem.

ROUND ROBIN

LOVE, AU [VAN] GOGH-GOGH

● If a young man wants to be sure his romance will work out, one night he should cancel his movie tickets and take his girl to an art gallery.

AND, another day, he should forgo a trip to a pop show for one to a classical concert.

You see, according to an American sociologist, a girl's art and music appreciation has important bearing on her ability as a companion.

The expert's idea is quite simple. He proposes a compatibility test and plumps for art and music because, he believes, they are subjects most likely to show up personality differences.

Young lovers are better able to adapt to each other's tastes in food, sport, etc. I guess the system works like this:

For instance, a bloke takes his girl to the art gallery and they look at a reproduction of the "Venus de Milo."

If the feller thinks its fab but the girl giggles, "Look, Mum, no hands," they're clearly not meant for each other. On the other missing hand, if she says it's all Greek to her, there's a ray of hope and he should persevere.

Even if a girl "digs" some painters, the boy should carefully analyse which ones.

Dump a girl, for example, who likes Monet.

Remember the old saying: "When Monet comes in the door, love goes out the window."

Similarly, if a lass likes paintings of bowls of fruit and vases of flowers, beware. She obviously has a lazy streak. Her husband would see a lot of still life round the house.

The classical music test could be handy for a feller who wanted to stall his bride-to-be.

He simply has to postpone the wedding until they've been to the Sydney Opera House.

Robin Adair

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



LUCKY HE WAS WEARING HIS HELMET.



AND WE SPENT OUR MONEY AT FRAZIER'S MALT SHOP.



HOW MUCH FARTHER CAN WE GO?



HOW MUCH, BUD?



AND LET IT INHALE THE FUMES.



Louise
Hunter

Here's your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

How to hold hands

"IS it all right to just hold a girl's hand or do you have to ask her first? I am 15 and have gone out on a number of occasions with this girl. I have known her for a year. The trouble is that I am very shy and would be extremely embarrassed if she did not like it. All the boys at school say that holding hands is natural for people of our age and they brag about their own conquests. She lives a long way away and I would be grateful for suggestions for the kind of outings we could go on together."

"Puzzled," Vic.

I don't think you should ask her first—just slip your hand into hers and hope for the best. I'm sure

she won't object. You could go on picnics, to the beach, or to any daytime events together, such as the car races, or a sporting event. You could also visit the museum or art gallery one afternoon.

Pretty, rich, and silly

"I AM a very attractive girl with a good figure and I am 14. My parents are quite rich. I have a lot of boyfriends, but the one I really like doesn't even know I exist. He is 20 and is very plain and his parents are a bit hard up. Do you think he would look at me if I wear low-cut, short dresses? Please help me. I am desperate."

"Depressed," N.S.W.

I'm sure he will look at you—just long enough to decide what a silly little girl you are.

Convenient love?

"I AM writing for my boyfriend and we would appreciate your opinion on this. Do you think it is improbable for us—we have been just good friends for 18 months—to suddenly fall in love? We went to the same place on holidays, at our families are friends. We are pretty serious and we are sure it is true, but we wonder if you think that it was just too convenient as we were together a lot. We have the same tastes in everything and we are very happy, but we would just like your opinion."

"Good friends," Vic.

It is quite possible—and much more likely for it to be a real love than a "first sight" infatuation.

Self-conscious

"I AM 17. I am a clerk and my problem is self-consciousness. I find it very embarrassing at times when I do the silliest things because I am being watched. I cannot do anything correctly if someone is watching me. It is becoming unbearable and I can't help myself. For instance, when I answer the phone and someone is present I cannot speak. I become tongue-tied or my reply is just a croak. I feel as if I need air and am "puffed out" and feel hot in the face. I am not exaggerating in fact, it's worse. I am so self-conscious that I seem to be going mad. Do you think a doctor can help me? I don't really want to see a doctor if there is any way I can help myself overcome it."

"Speechless," S.A.

Enrol at a model agency in classes in deportment, grooming and beauty care. These classes will be one step toward making you more sure of yourself and yourself. It might be just as well to see a doctor, too, just to make sure there is no medical origin of your nervousness. I'm sure you are not going mad; all you need is someone to help you know how to act and the correct way of dealing with, for example, telephone calls. Once you are sure of what you should say, and how, and feel confident of your appearance and manner you will find it quite easy. There are all sorts of classes which will help you. Also, try to make yourself interested in the person you are talking to; forget about yourself and make a big effort to listen to what the person is saying. If you become absorbed in other people, or the job at hand, you will forget about how YOU look and how YOU look.

"Awful situation"

"I HAVE been going with a boy for two years and we were supposed to become engaged this year, but, unfortunately, he was in a car accident and will be in hospital for quite some time. My problem is that one of his mates has been taking me out. My boyfriend knows this but does not mind, as he doesn't expect me to sit at home while he is in hospital and he trusts this boy. I'm afraid I'm falling in love with this boy and he told me he feels the same way. We feel awful about the situation, but it's just one of those things that happen when you least expect it. What should I do?"

"Confused," Vic.

I was going to advise you to wait until he comes out of hospital to tell him—to save him being hurt while he is stuck there with nothing to do except mope. If this could work it would probably be the kindest way—he has enough troubles already—but you do run the risk that someone else will tell him that there is more between you and his mate than convenience and this would be worse. You will have to tell him as soon as you are quite sure that you want to break your engagement plans.

How Jenny made a fresh-start



FRIDAY 5 P.M.

OOO GOODIE, WEEKEND AND I'M GOING TO A BARBECUE WITH TOM. WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JENNY?

OH GAY, MAD THINGS LIKE WALKING THE DOG. WHO'D TAKE OUT A GIRL COVERED IN AWFUL SPOTS!



IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT—YOU SHOULD BE USING FRESH-START LIKE ME.

FRESH-START?



IT'S A FANTASTIC GEL FOR OILY SKINS. YOU WASH YOUR FACE WITH IT NIGHT AND MORNING, AND IT REALLY DOES HELP PREVENT PIMPLES

HOW? WHY?



BECAUSE IT WASHES DEEP DOWN INTO YOUR PORES—GETS RID OF ALL THE NASTY OIL AND GRIME THAT START PIMPLES!



THE NEXT NIGHT

THIS FRESH-START FEELS GREAT. IT TINGLES!



2 FRESH-START WEEKS LATER.

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT I'D BE DANCING CHEEK TO CHEEK TWO WEEKS AGO. WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT I'D BE DANCING..... MUST KEEP USING FRESH-START!



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BUTTERICK PATTERNS



2716.—Easy-to-make skirt in three versions—semi-flared, flared, and straight. Waist sizes: Young Juniors, 23½, 24½, 25½in. Teen, 24, 25, 26, 28in. Price 5/- or 50c includes postage.

3375.—Sleeveless blouse with cowl collar, and elasticised hem. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 5/- or 50c includes postage.

3375

3375.—Pretty dress for the 1 to 6 size range. Full-skirted, back-belted with square yoke, lace-trimmed with three-quarter-length sleeves. Triangle scarf and elasticised bloomers also in pattern. Chest sizes 20, 21, 22, 23, 23½, 24in. Price 5/- or 50c includes postage.



3693

3723.—A Mary Quant design, in long or short versions, is short-sleeved, semi-fitted, and lined, with low, side-pleat pockets. Bust sizes: Junior, 30½, 31½, 33in. Teen, 31, 32, 34, 36in. Price 7/6 or 75c includes postage.



3704

3723.—A Jane and Jane style, by Jean Muir. Bracelet-length-sleeved jacket, lined to edge, has unusual rounded V-neckline and button treatment. The sleeveless, slightly A-line dress is semi-fitted with high, rounded neckline. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 7/6 or 75c includes postage.

3734.—An after-5 or street dress, A-line with inverted V-seaming, slightly fitted through waist, centre front neckline slit. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 or 65c includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

XANADU is declared a top classified area — all planes approaching will be shot down. But still the Cobra's flier moves on — his orders are to destroy Xanadu or die! NOW READ ON.



CONTINUED

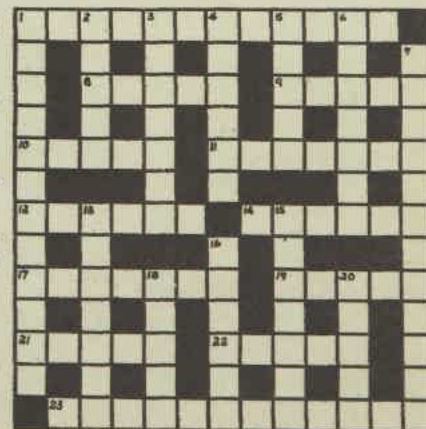
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- If you are showing it, it should really be yellow (5, 7).
- Glances with sly expression (5).
- Decay or a horizontally revolving vane of a helicopter (5).
- Wear away a slender stick in ease (5).
- Apply friction to a holy picture in a Roman river (7).
- Cellars (6).
- Models, not often (6).
- Hold up (7).
- Pole made of gnats (5).
- Greet a white heron (5).
- Officiating priests of mosques (5).
- A pleasing coin of small value for a high price (1, 6, 5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Peter's first epistle recommends to give honor unto her (6, 6).
- Though there is a cut-up log in it, it is a very cold hut (5).
- A woman takes rest on this very high mountain (7).
- Break urns in ease and make safe with them (6).
- Palpitate (5).
- Tempted by nice Ted (7).
- Smart try, go in and change to another form (12).
- Remove fastening while Pat runs (7).
- Imprint man's pet (7).
- Consecrate with oil in a ton (6).
- Rent a cave (5).
- Wilful setting on fire in a popular sonata (5).

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE



WHICH PICTURE FITS YOU?

Are you a fun girl? Or do you drag through the day tired . . . never sick enough to stay in bed, yet never feeling inclined to join in the family fun.

If you have that continually tired feeling . . . if you find yourself being unusually nervy and irritable—perhaps your body is warning you that your blood, tissue, nerves and muscles need an extra supply of essential, health-giving vitamins and minerals!

The difference between feeling unable to cope . . . and coping . . . is often only a daily PLURAVIT capsule!

PLURAVIT is a balanced multivitamin preparation, in a soft gelatin capsule. Just one capsule a day provides your body's daily requirements of 21 essential vitamins and minerals.

Lelord Kordel, famous American nutritionist who recently toured Australia, stressed the need for a well-balanced vitamin supplement. He said, "Try to get your vitamins from foods as much as possible. But don't kid yourself too much about that, or you may be short-changing your body. So find a good, well-balanced formula and use it."

PLURAVIT helps relieve lassitude, loss of appetite, as well as depression due to mental and physical stress. PLURAVIT is particularly helpful to people over 35; people on special diets; or for expectant and nursing mothers. Your family chemist recommends PLURAVIT Multivitamin Capsules.

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Presents . . .

**25 YEARS
OF GOOD
COOKING**

READERS' RECIPES

A selection of the
superb recipes contri-
buted by readers that
have won prizes in our
contests during the past
twenty-five years.

The Australian Women's Weekly — March 30, 1966



● Choco-Nut Pear Marshmallow Dessert.
See this recipe on page 7.

READERS' RECIPES — Page 1

MADE WITH FISH

● These prizewinning fish recipes use fresh and canned fish in imaginative dishes for cocktail savories, entrees, and as the main course.

PRAWN COCKTAIL ROLLS are crisp, bite-sized, filled with a savory mixture. Serve with tartare sauce. Recipe below.

SAVORY BAKED FISH

One large flathead or 2 smaller ones, lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, extra 1 dessertspoon butter.

Clean and scale fish, remove head, skin, and fins. Cut into serving-sized pieces, rub all over with lemon juice. Place milk and butter in greased ovenproof dish, sprinkle with half the parsley and onion. Arrange fish pieces in dish, season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with remainder of onion and parsley. Top with breadcrumbs and grated cheese mixed together, dot with extra butter. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Garnish with lemon wedges and parsley, serve with white sauce flavored with anchovy and chopped gherkins.

CHOKOES SUPREME

Four large chokoes, 1 cup canned or cooked flaked fish, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thick white sauce, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 3 to 4 tablespoons grated cheese, tomato wedges and parsley to garnish.

Wash and peel chokoes, cut in halves, scoop out centre pith. Cook gently in salted water until tender — do not allow to break. Drain carefully. Combine white sauce, fish, lemon juice, worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste. Pile fish mixture into centre cavities of chokoes. Coat liberally with grated cheese, brown lightly under hot grill or in moderately hot oven. Serve garnished with tomato wedges and parsley.

FISH FILLETS PORTUGUESE

Two pounds fish fillets, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 small onion, 2 tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, salt and pepper to taste, lemon wedges, tomato slices, parsley sprigs.

Peel onion and tomatoes, slice thinly and mix with celery. Place half in bottom of greased casserole. Wash and skin fillets of fish. Arrange on top of vegetables; pour lemon juice over. Cover with remaining vegetables. Season with salt and pepper. Dot with butter, gently pour in water. Cover dish, bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes or until fish is tender. Garnish with lemon, parsley, and tomato slices.

CURRIED FISH PATTIES

One cup cooked flaked fish, 2 cups freshly cooked mashed potato, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon grated onion, squeeze lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, salt, pepper, flour, beaten egg for glazing, breadcrumbs, oil for frying.

Mix fish with potato, add curry powder, onion, lemon juice, beaten egg, parsley, salt and pepper; mix well. Shape into patties, coat with flour, dip in beaten egg, then toss in breadcrumbs. Fry in hot oil until golden brown.

FILLETS OF SOLE ST. RAPHAEL

Six fillets of sole, 4 medium-sized tomatoes, 1 onion, 3oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. chopped mushrooms, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon parsley, 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine, 1 dessertspoon cornflour.

Heat butter in pan, add chopped tomatoes, mushrooms, and onion; cook until soft, add parsley, water, wine, and fish fillets; season with salt and pepper. Cover, simmer 20 minutes. Remove fish from pan, arrange on serving dish; keep hot. Meanwhile, blend cornflour with little water, stir into liquid in pan. Continue stirring over low heat until mixture boils and thickens. Pour over fish fillets, serve with creamed potato.

ALL the recipes in this book are outstanding, having been featured as prizewinner's in The Australian Women's Weekly throughout a period of nearly 30 years.

Some won major cash prizes in the big cookery contests which we have held since 1937. Others were winners in our regular cookery contests in which a \$10 prize is awarded weekly.

They are presented again as an interesting collection of wonderful recipes — the 'cream of our contests'.

Please note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used. Quantities serve four to six unless otherwise stated.

PRAWN AND POTATO PIES

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1lb. prawns, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 2 cups mashed, creamed potato, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, lemon wedges.

Knead pastry lightly on floured board, roll thinly. Line 8 individual meat pie tins or 24 patty tins with pastry. Decorate edges or cut with fancy cutter. Bake in hot oven 7 to 10 minutes for small tarts, 10 to 12 minutes for larger tarts. Shell prawns, reserving few for garnishing. Combine shelled prawns, lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Cover bottom of pastry cases with prawns, then spoon or pipe over potato (flavored with salt, pepper, and little grated onion). Top each with sprinkling of grated cheese, return to moderate oven until reheated and cheese is lightly browned. Serve with lemon wedges.

SALMON EGGS

One can salmon or fish cutlets, 5 or 6 hard-boiled eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 cups freshly mashed potato, pepper and salt, squeeze lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, small quantity flour, egg for glazing, breadcrumbs for covering, oil for frying.

Drain and flake fish, removing any skin and bones. Mix with mashed potatoes, season with pepper and salt, lemon juice and lemon rind. Remove shells from freshly cooked hard-boiled eggs. Using lightly floured hands, coat each egg with salmon-potato mixture. Dip in flour, then in egg and toss in crumbs. Deep-fry until golden brown in hot oil. Drain on kitchen paper; cut in halves.

SEAFOOD dishes are easily prepared and cooked and are popular as entrees or as more substantial meals.

PRAWN COCKTAIL ROLLS

Half cup tomato juice, 1 egg, 2 cups stale breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped celery leaves, 1lb. prawns, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1lb. puff pastry, egg-glazing.

Combine tomato juice, beaten egg, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, parsley, chopped celery leaves, lemon juice, and chopped shelled prawns, reserving a few whole for garnishing; mix well. Roll pastry thinly on floured board, cut into strips, 3in. by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Place a teaspoon of mixture on each pastry strip. Roll up from short side, seal edges, leaving ends open. Place on flat tray, glaze with beaten egg, bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes, or until pastry is cooked and golden brown. Just before serving, return to oven to reheat. Serve piping hot, garnished with whole prawns. Serve with tartare sauce.

FISH FILLETS WITH MAYONNAISE PUFF

Two egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, 4 fish fillets (medium size), lemon slices, parsley.

Beat egg-whites until stiff; fold in mayonnaise. Spread on grilled fillets. Bake in moderate oven until mayonnaise mixture is set. Garnish with parsley and lemon slices, serve at once.

MAIN COURSE DISHES

SOME of these recipes have won big prizemoney in our contests. All are deliciously savory.

WOU ARP

Two tablespoons peanut oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched almonds, 1 chicken, salt and pepper, 2 large onions, 1 clove garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sherry, cornflour, extra peanut oil, 3 stalks celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon coarsely chopped ginger, 1 chopped red pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced mushrooms, 1 tablespoon chopped bamboo shoots, 2 tablespoons cornflour.

Put peanut oil into saucepan, fry almonds until just golden brown; drain on paper. Cut meat from chicken into pieces about $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. square. Put into bowl, season with salt and pepper, add sliced onions and crushed garlic, cover with sherry. Cover bowl, allow to marinate 1 hour. Drain meat, roll in cornflour, fry in peanut oil until brown. Remove from pan, place in saucepan with the onions, garlic, and liquid from soaking. Add extra quart of boiling water, simmer gently until tender. When meat is tender, add chopped celery, ginger, red pepper, mushrooms, and bamboo shoots; when heated, thicken with 2 tablespoons cornflour blended with little cold water. Just before serving, add the almonds.

VEGETABLE PATTIES

Four tablespoons uncooked rice, salted water, squeeze lemon juice, 2 thick slices cheese, 2 tomatoes, 1 onion, 2 slices green pepper, little crushed garlic, 1 lb. sausage mince, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, fat.

Boil rice in salted water with lemon juice added until nearly tender; drain. Dice cheese finely, chop tomatoes, green pepper, and onion. Combine rice, mince, cheese, tomatoes, green pepper, garlic, onion, egg, flour, and salt, mix well. Drop generous tablespoonfuls of mixture into greased heated pan, cook quickly until sealed, then turn and seal other side. Reduce heat, continue cooking until done. Serve with vegetables.

WOU ARP, a Chinese chicken dish, is flavored with wine. Recipe above.

The Australian Women's Weekly — March 30, 1966

GLAZED MEAT LOAF

One pound minced veal or topside steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced bacon (rind removed), 1 cup breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 cup stock or water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, hard-boiled egg slices, capers, gherkins, stuffed olives.

Combine minced steak, bacon, salt and pepper to taste, add breadcrumbs, bind with beaten egg and sauce. Keeping hands lightly floured, shape mixture into thick roll. Wrap in floured pudding cloth, tie ends securely. Plunge into boiling water, cook 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, keeping loaf covered with boiling water throughout cooking time. Carefully remove roll from cloth, allow to cool. Soften gelatine in little of the stock or water, add remainder of stock and meat or vegetable extract. Allow to cool and, when beginning to thicken, spoon over roll and allow to set. Garnish roll with hard-boiled egg slices, capers, and sliced gherkins and olives. Coat again with jellied stock, chill until firm. Serve sliced with salad.

NAVARIN OF LAMB

One large breast or boned neck of lamb, little fat for frying, 1 good pinch sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. skinned tomatoes, 1 clove crushed garlic, bouquet garni (a bayleaf, several sprigs parsley, small sprig thyme; if not available use 1 teaspoon mixed herbs), 8 to 10 small onions, 8 to 10 small potatoes, 1 cup peas, 1 cup carrot straws, little chopped parsley.

Trim excess fat off meat, cut into service-sized pieces. Gently fry in fat until lightly browned. Drain on absorbent paper, place in casserole, keep warm. Pour off most of fat from pan, sprinkle in the sugar, heat until it becomes a warm, deep gold. Add the flour, tomatoes, then enough hot water to cover meat. Pour over meat in casserole. Add garlic, salt and pepper, bouquet garni or herbs. Cover, bake in very moderate oven 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Then remove bouquet garni and add vegetables, cook further $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Serve hot, sprinkled with parsley.

VEGETABLE MEAT LOAF

One and a half pounds sausage meat, 1 lb. potatoes, 1 carrot, salt, pepper, 2 sheep's kidneys (skinned and chopped), 1 small onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed herbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground ginger, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry breadcrumbs, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon rashers with rind removed, extra 3 eggs.

Peel and slice potatoes and carrot. Cook in boiling salted water until tender, drain and mash together, season with salt and pepper. Blend together in mixing bowl the sausage meat, potato, and carrot mixture, chopped kidneys, finely chopped onion, herbs, ginger, curry powder, half the breadcrumbs, salt and pepper. Mix in beaten egg, add more breadcrumbs if necessary to make mixture light and moist. Place 1-3rd of mixture into greased, deep loaf tin, break 2 eggs gently on top, cover with half the bacon rashers. Carefully cover with another third of mixture, then remaining egg, bacon, and last third of mixture. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs, place bacon rinds on top. Cover with brown paper, bake in moderate oven 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until cooked through. Cool slightly, discard bacon rinds, loosen sides with knife, turn loaf out. When cold, place loaf on bed of lettuce arranged on large platter.

CRUSTED VEAL

One loin of veal 3 to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ onion, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, pinch nutmeg, pinch dried herbs, 1 egg-yolk, fat for baking, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft breadcrumbs.

Combine breadcrumbs, finely chopped onion, herbs, nutmeg, and butter. Season with salt and pepper, bind with half egg-yolk. Stuff loin of veal with seasoning, skewer neatly or sew up with coarse thread. Place in baking dish with some melted fat. Bake in moderate oven approximately 2 hours, basting occasionally. Drain fat from baking dish, brush meat with remainder of egg-yolk, coat with mixture of extra breadcrumbs and cheese. Return to oven until cheese is melted and crumbs lightly browned. Serve with apple sauce and vegetables.

Continued overleaf

READERS' RECIPES — Page 3



MAIN COURSE DISHES . . . continued

RICE AND TWO-SAUCE MEDLEY

Fish Sauce: One pound fresh or frozen fish fillets, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup wine, 1 bayleaf, 1 quartered onion, few peppercorns, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ grated carrot.

Cook fish with water, wine, onion, and seasonings in covered saucepan approximately 15 minutes, simmer gently until fish is tender and flakes and becomes part of the stock. Melt butter in separate saucepan, stir in flour until smooth, then add milk gradually; cook, stirring constantly, until sauce becomes thick and boils. Add contents of other saucepan, plus grated carrot. Continue cooking 5 minutes longer.

Creole Sauce: One onion, 1 green pepper, 1 stalk celery, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 can tomatoes or 1 lb. fresh skinned tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sherry, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 teaspoons salt, pinch pepper.

Chop onion, pepper, and celery very finely. Heat butter or substitute in frying pan, toss in the vegetables, fry 5 minutes or until slightly cooked. Add tomatoes, breaking them into small chunks with fork. Mix sherry with the flour, blend to smooth paste. Pour into vegetables, adding salt and pepper. Cook over low heat until sauce boils and thickens, stirring constantly.

To Serve: Cook sufficient rice in boiling salted water to serve 4 to 6 people. Serve in large bowl, with the 2 sauces in accompanying small bowls.

CURRIED RABBIT AND VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

Two and a half cups mashed potato, $\frac{1}{2}$ onion, 1 dessertspoon butter, salt to taste, pinch pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced cooked celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced cooked carrot, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 teaspoon curry powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thick white sauce, 1 cup diced cooked rabbit or other meat.

Beat butter, salt, pepper, and finely chopped onion into hot potatoes. Line bottom and sides of greased casserole. Combine celery, peas, and carrots, place half in casserole, cover with mixture of rabbit, sauce, and curry powder, then remainder of vegetables; top with remaining potato. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to very moderate, cook further 30 to 35 minutes. Serve piping hot.

WELSH MEAT BALLS

One and a half pounds minced steak, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 onions, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 cup water, 1 apple.

Mix steak with salt and pepper to taste, parsley, and sauces. Mould into 8 or 10 balls, using 1 tablespoon of the flour to coat. Slice peeled onions, brown lightly in hot fat, remove. Add meat balls, brown on all sides. Transfer to greased casserole. Combine remaining 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, and curry powder, blend with water and vinegar. Add to casserole. Cover, cook in moderate oven $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Remove lid, place sliced apple (peeled and cored) and onion slices on top of meat. Replace lid, continue cooking further $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Top with extra chopped parsley, serve hot with cooked rice and vegetables.

CONTINENTAL GOULASH

One onion, 2 tablespoons oil, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon gravy browning, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon caraway seeds, 1 lb. chuck steak, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, cooked spaghetti, rice, or noodles, 2 tablespoons cheese, paprika.

Brown chopped onion in hot oil, remove. Cut steak into $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. cubes, roll in flour, add to pan, brown on all sides. Return onions, add salt, pepper, caraway seeds, gravy browning, and water. Cover, simmer 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours or pressure cook 20 to 25 minutes. Place layer of cooked spaghetti, rice, or noodles in bottom of greased casserole. Add meat mixture, top with cheese, lightly sprinkle with paprika. Place in oven to reheat.

DINNER IN ONE DISH

One pound leg or chump chops, 1 teaspoon salt, flour, small quantity oil, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 8 tiny whole onions, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup diced carrot, 2 cups potato cut into $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. squares, 1 small can tomato soup, parsley.

Cut meat into $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. cubes. Coat with flour, brown in hot oil, add salt, water, onions. Cover, simmer 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Add vegetables and tomato soup, simmer until tender.

LAMB WITH PINEAPPLE SEASONING

One leg of lamb, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup shredded, drained pineapple, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, 1 cup pineapple juice (drained from shredded pineapple), 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Have butcher remove bone from leg of lamb, wipe over with damp cloth. Prepare stuffing: Place butter in pan, add onion, saute until tender. Add breadcrumbs, cook until lightly browned. Remove from heat, add salt, pepper, parsley, and pineapple, mix well. Pack firmly into cavity in leg of lamb, sew or skewer edges together. Rub outside of meat with salt, ginger, and melted butter mixed together. Place in baking dish in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Pour over pineapple and lemon juices mixed together. Reduce heat, bake further 25 minutes to each pound of meat or until tender. Remove meat, add extra tablespoon of flour to pan, stir, cook 1 or 2 minutes. Season with salt and pepper, add 1 cup stock or water, stir until gravy boils and thickens. Serve lamb in slices with pineapple gravy and vegetables.

JELLIED VEAL

Two large chopped knuckles of veal, 2 or 3 tablespoons each of chopped celery, onion, parsley, carrot, and turnip, 2 cloves, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 hard-boiled eggs.

Wipe knuckles of veal with clean, damp cloth. Place in large saucepan with vegetables, cloves, salt, and pepper. Cover with water, bring quickly to boiling point. Reduce heat, simmer gently with lid on until meat leaves bone. Remove bone, meat, and vegetables; chop meat. Strain liquor, return to saucepan, boil quickly until reduced to 1 quart. Correct seasoning, add lemon juice. Arrange some of the sliced hard-boiled egg in bottom of wetted mould or loaf tin. Pour in sufficient liquor just to cover egg. When slightly jellied, add another layer of liquor, allow to set. Chop remainder of egg, mix with meat and vegetables, fill into mould. Add remainder of liquor, chill until set. Unmould, serve with lettuce and other salad vegetables.

ECONOMICAL MEAT LOAF

One and a half pounds sausage meat, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups breadcrumbs, 2 rashers bacon, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 3 tablespoons chopped celery, 3 tablespoons chopped carrot, salt, pepper, and celery salt to taste, 1 beaten egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup meat stock or tomato juice.

Place sausage meat and crumbs in basin. Cut rind from bacon. Put bacon, onion, celery, and carrot through coarse mincer or chop very finely; add to sausage meat with salt, pepper, and celery salt. Stir in egg and stock or tomato juice. Fill into greased pudding basin, cover tightly with lid or greased paper. Steam $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Remove from pan, drain off excess fat. Place saucer and heavy weight on top, leave to cool. When cool, unmould and slice. Serve with salad ingredients.

DEVILLED SAUSAGES

One and a half pounds sausages, 2 rashers bacon, strips of cheese, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 2 teaspoons tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

With small, sharp knife split each sausage lengthwise; open out. Mix mustard, vinegar, tomato sauce, sugar, and salt. Spread thickly over each of split sausages. Into each slit place strip of cheese and piece of bacon. Place on greased oven tray, cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes. Serve hot.

PORK CHOPS HAWAIIAN

Four lean pork chops, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons oil, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple juice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 extra tablespoon flour for gravy, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seeded raisins, 4 slices pineapple, browned breadcrumbs, butter for frying.

Coat chops lightly with flour, salt, and pepper. Brown lightly on both sides in hot oil. Drain off surplus oil, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the water, cover, simmer until chops are tender. Remove chops from pan, add sugar, pineapple juice, lemon juice, raisins. Blend flour with remainder of water, stir into liquid in pan, continue stirring until boiling. Simmer 3 minutes. Add chops, allow to reheat slowly while preparing pineapple slices. Coat pineapple slices well with breadcrumbs, fry 4 or 5 minutes on each side in small quantity of hot butter. Drain on clean kitchen paper. Serve round meat and gravy on hot dish.

SPANISH RABBIT

One rabbit, 1 packet chicken noodle soup, water, salt, 6 rashers bacon with rind removed, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 chopped onion, 2 chopped tomatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed herbs, 1oz. butter.

Prepare chicken noodle soup as directed on packet, omitting 1 cup of the water. Strain, put noodles aside. Soak rabbit in warm salted water $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Cut into sections, steam 1 hour. Remove, wrap each section in bacon rasher. Grease ovenproof dish, sprinkle with noodles and some breadcrumbs. Arrange rabbit in dish, add onion, tomatoes, parsley, pepper, and herbs. Sprinkle with remaining breadcrumbs, dot with butter, pour in the strained soup. Cover, cook in moderate oven until rabbit is tender (about 1 hour).

PINEAPPLE CURRY KOFTA

This recipe was a \$1000 prizewinner.

Kofta Meat Balls: One and a half pounds lean minced beef, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded cabbage, pinch ground ginger, 1 large onion, 1 clove garlic, pinch ground cloves, 1 green pepper, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt, seasoned flour, oil or fat for frying.

Mince or finely chop onion, garlic, and green pepper. Mix together cabbage, ginger, cloves, curry powder, and meat. Season with salt, add lemon juice, add minced ingredients. Roll into balls, dust with seasoned flour. Brown balls in heated fat or oil. Drain, put aside.

Curry: Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 sliced onions, 1 crushed clove garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon turmeric, 1 tablespoon curry powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cayenne pepper, pinch cinnamon, 2 large tomatoes (skinned and sliced thickly), 1 small diced potato, 1 cup pineapple cubes, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups coconut milk (see below), salt, hot fluffy cooked rice.

Heat butter in pan, add onion and garlic, saute until light brown in color. Add ginger, turmeric, curry powder, cayenne pepper, and cinnamon. Stir well, cook 3 minutes. Add sliced tomatoes, potato, and pineapple. Cook gently 5 minutes, stirring continuously. Add coconut milk and salt to taste; add meat balls. Cover, simmer gently about 15 to 20 minutes. Do not stir but shake pan lightly from time to time. Serve with hot fluffy rice.

Coconut Milk: Pour 2 cups water over $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut in saucepan. Bring to the boil, turn off heat, stand a few minutes. Strain, press out liquid with a spoon.

SALAD BON-BONS

Twelve slices pressed ham or other similar luncheon meat, 2 cups finely shredded lettuce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped white onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ diced green cucumber, 2 medium-sized white onions cut into fine rings, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise.

Combine lettuce, chopped onion, cucumber, and mayonnaise in bowl; mix well. Place portion on each slice of ham, roll up, secure with wooden cocktail sticks. Place 2 or 3 rings of white onion on each ham bon-bon, serve on lettuce with tomato wedges, olives, and gherkins for a buffet luncheon.

ORIENTAL LAMB'S FRY

One lamb's fry, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms, 1 large onion, 3 leaves spinach, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. green beans, 2 stalks celery, 2 tomatoes, 2 tablespoons vegetable oil.

Sauce: One dessertspoon soy sauce, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cornflour blended with 3 tablespoons water.

Soak lamb's fry in cold salted water $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Drain, pat dry. Cut into strips $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and 2in. long. Cut mushrooms, onion, and spinach into slices, string beans and celery, cut into 2in. lengths, cut tomatoes into wedges. Heat oil in large pan, add sliced lamb's fry, saute 3 minutes. Then add prepared vegetables, and continue cooking until meat changes color. Combine all sauce ingredients, pour over contents in pan, stir until the sauce thickens. Cook 10 to 15 minutes longer, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Serve with boiled rice.

CHICKEN CHASSEUR

One 3 to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chicken, seasoned flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 chopped tomatoes, 4 tablespoons chopped chives or shallots, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced mushrooms, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup pineapple or apple juice, extra chopped parsley.

Cut chicken into pieces, coat with seasoned flour to which thyme has been added. Fry in heated butter until golden, turning frequently. Arrange chicken in greased casserole dish, add onion, sugar, lemon juice, tomatoes, chives or shallots, parsley, mushrooms, salt, and pineapple or apple juice. Cover, bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until chicken is tender. Serve sprinkled with extra chopped parsley.

TRIPE WITH SAVORY PINEAPPLE

One and a half pounds tripe, 1 tablespoon pineapple juice, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon butter, pinch nutmeg, 1 teaspoon salt, 6 slices canned pineapple, 1 egg, 2oz. grated cheese, 2oz. browned breadcrumbs, butter for frying.

Wash tripe, scrape underside if necessary. Blanch, cut into 1in. cubes. Cover with milk, add pineapple juice, simmer until tender. Add butter, nutmeg, and salt, stir well to melt butter. Blend flour with little extra cold milk, add to tripe, stir and cook 3 minutes.

Pineapple Slices: Drain pineapple slices. Mix together breadcrumbs and grated cheese. Dip pineapple slices in beaten egg, then toss in cheese and breadcrumbs. Fry until golden brown in hot butter.

Serve tripe piping hot with pineapple slices; garnish with parsley sprigs.

STEAK AND BACON BALLS

One pound minced steak, 2 rashers lean bacon, 1 egg, 1 chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft breadcrumbs, flour, 1 cup tomato juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Flavorings for Sauce: Half teaspoon salt, 1 small sliced onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped green pepper, pinch cayenne pepper.

Mix meat with chopped bacon (rind removed), beaten egg, chopped onion, salt, and breadcrumbs. Shape into balls about size of golf ball, roll in flour. Place in ovenware dish. Combine tomato juice and water, add flavorings, pour round meat balls. Cover, bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Serve hot.

CHINESE PORK WITH VEGETABLES

One pound lean pork, 2 tablespoons oil, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chicken stock or 1 chicken stock cube dissolved in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups thinly sliced carrots, 2 cups sliced green beans, 2 cups celery (cut in 1in. diagonals), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped shallots, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, cooked rice.

Trim fat from pork, then cut into very thin strips. Fry pork in hot oil until lightly brown; cook 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add shallots, beans, carrot, celery, salt, and stock. Bring to boil, reduce heat, cook gently 15 minutes. Blend cornflour with soy sauce and little cold water. Add to pork mixture, stir until it boils and thickens; cook 2 minutes. Turn out on to hot dish, surround with freshly cooked hot rice.



SALAD BON-BONS are ham slices rolled round tasty filling. Recipe left.

RUSSIAN MEAT BALLS WITH CHUTNEY SAUCE

Meat Balls: One pound cooked topside or round steak, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, oil for frying.

Sauce: One small onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seeded raisins, 3 tablespoons diced green pepper, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon sweet chutney, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, oil for frying.

Prepare sauce first. Peel and dice onion, peel and finely chop garlic. Heat oil in heavy pan, add onion, garlic, celery, raisins, and green pepper; fry until soft. Add flour, salt, and sugar, mix well, cook 1 minute. Stir in vinegar, chutney, and water. Stir while sauce boils and thickens. Cover and keep hot while preparing balls.

Meat Balls: Beat egg and milk, add crumbs. Mince steak and onion, add to crumbs with parsley, salt, and pepper. Shape into balls. Deep-fry in hot oil until browned and heated through (5 to 7 minutes). Serve immediately with sauce.

Cool drinks

● Below are cool refreshing drinks or cordials which can be used as an economical base for fruit-flavored drinks.

LEMON DELISH

Half cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2-3rd cup lemon juice, iced water or lemonade, lemon slices.

Boil sugar, water, and lemon juice 3 minutes, cool and chill. One-quarter fill glasses with syrup, fill up with chilled lemonade or iced water. Top each with lemon slices and ice cubes.

FRUIT PUNCH

One quart water, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, grated rinds 1 lemon and 1 orange, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups orange juice, orange slices, chopped mint.

Bring to the boil water, sugar, and grated fruit rinds. Boil 5 minutes; strain and cool. Add orange and lemon juices, chill. Serve each glass topped with orange slice, pinch of chopped mint, and ice cubes.

FRUIT COCKTAIL

One and a half dozen passionfruit, 1 pint lemon juice, 1 pint orange juice, 5 cups sugar, 5 teaspoons citric acid, 1 pint water.

Bring water to the boil, add sugar and citric acid, stir until dissolved. Allow to cool, add strained orange and lemon juices, and lastly passionfruit pulp. Mix well, bottle, and seal. Use as a cordial, dilute with iced water, soda water, or lemonade.

PARTY PUNCH

One cup sugar, 2 pints water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup strong black tea, 4 lemons, 4 oranges, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups grape juice, 1 can crushed pineapple, 1 large bottle ginger ale, orange slices, red and green maraschino cherries, strawberries.

Place sugar and water in saucepan and stir over low heat until the sugar dissolves. Bring to boil, simmer 5 minutes, add strained tea; chill. Squeeze juice from oranges and lemons. Stir into mixture the orange, lemon, and grape juices, pineapple and syrup. Chill at least 2 hours before serving. Pour into punch bowl, add ginger ale, decorate with orange slices, red and green cherries, and strawberry pieces.

DESSERTS—sumptuous or simple

DESSERTS on these two pages range from the sumptuous to the simple. There are recipes to please every taste.

APRICOT CUSTARD SQUARES

Six ounces plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 large can apricot halves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup apricot syrup, 2 slightly beaten eggs, 1 cup evaporated milk, whipped sweetened cream, extra apricot halves.

Sift together the flour and salt into basin, cut in the butter until the mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Work into ball with the hands, then press over base of lightly greased and paper-lined 8in. square tin. Drain the apricots well, reserving $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of syrup. Arrange apricot halves all over the pastry base, sprinkle over the sugar and cinnamon, mixed together. Bake in moderately hot oven 20 minutes.

Mix together the reserved syrup, beaten eggs, and evaporated milk; pour over the apricots. Continue baking about 30 minutes longer in moderate oven, or until custard is set, except in the centre; this will firm upon standing. Serve warm or cold, cut into squares and topped with whipped sweetened cream and apricot halves to decorate.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

One tablespoon butter, 5oz. castor sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 8oz. plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 6 tablespoons cocoa, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Chocolate Sauce: One tablespoon cornflour, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon condensed milk, few drops vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar with vanilla. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with beaten egg and milk. Fill into large greased pudding mould or individual-sized moulds. Cover with paper greased on both sides. Steam 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours for large mould, 1 hour for individual-sized moulds. Unmould on to heated dish, serve with chocolate sauce.

Chocolate Sauce: Blend cornflour and cocoa with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the milk. Add remainder of milk, sugar, and condensed milk. Stir until boiling; simmer 3 minutes. Add vanilla, serve hot.

CARAMEL BANANA DUMPLINGS

One cup plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 bananas, 1 beaten egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Caramel Syrup: One cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 tablespoon butter.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt into basin, rub in butter. Mix with beaten egg and milk to make soft dough. Cut peeled bananas into 1in. lengths, mould dough round to form small balls. Place caramel syrup ingredients into saucepan, bring slowly to boiling point. Add banana balls, cover tightly with lid; cook gently $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Serve piping hot with caramel syrup which forms in base of saucepan.

ORANGE AND LEMON WHIP

Orange Layer: One tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup hot water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Lemon Layer: One tablespoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, 1 cup sugar, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, orange sections, whipped cream to decorate.

Orange Layer: Dissolve gelatine and sugar in hot water, add orange and lemon juices. Cool, set in 2 lightly oiled 7in. sandwich tins.

Lemon Layer: Dissolve gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the water. Add sugar and remainder of water, bring slowly to boiling point, simmer 5 minutes. Cool; when beginning to thicken, beat until thick and fluffy. Add lemon juice. Spread half over each orange jelly. Chill until set, unmould one on top of the other. Top with orange sections and whipped cream.

CRUNCHY APRICOT PUDDING

Half pound cooked apricots (fresh, dried, or canned), 2oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut (or coconut biscuit crumbs), 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups corn breakfast cereal, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, good pinch nutmeg.

Cream butter and sugar with vanilla and nutmeg. Mix in beaten egg, then work in coconut and corn cereal. Arrange apricots, drained free of syrup, in greased ovenproof dish; spread creamed mixture over. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Serve with ice-cream.

FRUIT SALAD MARSHMALLOW

One packet red or yellow jelly, 2 cups boiling water, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups prepared fruit salad, including $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned pineapple, cherries, angelica, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg-white, cream and cherries to decorate.

Dissolve jelly in boiling water. When cold set thin layer in bottom of oiled fancy mould with pattern of cherries and angelica. Add little more jelly, allow to set. Place drained fruit salad in mould, add remainder of jelly, allow to set. Bring sugar, water, and gelatine to boiling point, cook 5 minutes. Allow to become cold, beat until thick and white. Fold in lemon juice, vanilla, and stiffly beaten egg-white. Pour into mould on top of jellied fruit. Chill until firm. Unmould on to serving dish, decorate with whipped cream and cherries.

CASSATA

One large can evaporated milk (chilled), 2-3rd cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon vanilla, 1 dessertspoon gelatine dissolved in 1 tablespoon boiling water, 2oz. melted chocolate, 2 tablespoons raisins, 2oz. glace pineapple, 3 glace apricots or 2oz. maraschino cherries, 1 cup day-old sponge cake crumbs, 1 tablespoon sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, 1 egg-white, 1 tablespoon sugar, almond essence, 1oz. toasted almonds.

Whip evaporated milk until thick, gradually add sugar, dissolved gelatine, and vanilla. Pour half into refrigerator tray. Stir melted chocolate, cooled, into remaining mixture, pour into another tray; freeze until firm. Chop fruit, sprinkle with half sherry, add remainder to cake crumbs. Whip cream, beat egg-white in separate basin until stiff, gradually add sugar. Combine cream, meringue, fruit, cake crumbs, almonds; flavor with almond essence. Line basin with foil, spread chocolate ice-cream on base of basin, make slight hollow in centre; fill with cream mixture. Freeze until firm. Spread over the vanilla ice-cream, press down firmly. Cover with foil; freeze until firm. Turn out, cut into wedges and serve.

• Some of our big recipe contests have produced wonderful desserts, worthy of the large cash prizes they have won. Our weekly readers' recipe contest also brings us luscious desserts.

ORANGE MARMALADE PUDDING

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 4oz. brown sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. chopped almonds and walnuts (mixed), 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 tablespoons marmalade, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, orange slices, 1 tablespoon sugar, extra 1 tablespoon chopped nuts.

Sift 4oz. of flour into basin, rub in butter or substitute, add sugar, nuts, and rind. Reserve $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of this mixture for topping. Sift remaining 4oz. flour with salt and nutmeg, add to nut mixture; mix well. Fold in beaten egg and milk, making firm dough. Fill into greased slab tin 7in. by 11in. Mix marmalade with the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of reserved mixture, spread over mixture in tin. Cover with thin slices of orange, top with sugar and extra nuts. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve hot, cut in squares with custard flavored with orange rind.

APRICOT CHEESE SLICES

Pastry: Three ounces plain flour, 2oz. cornflour, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk.

Sift dry ingredients into basin, rub in butter or substitute. Blend in beaten egg and milk, mix to stiff dough; chill $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

Apricot Filling: One cup sweetened apricot pulp (cooked or canned), 1 tablespoon cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup apricot syrup or sherry.

Heat apricot pulp in saucepan. Blend cornflour with apricot syrup or sherry, add to heated pulp; bring to boil, stirring constantly. Simmer 2 minutes, cool.

Cheese Topping: Ten ounces cream cheese, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs (separated), 1 tablespoon milk, grated rind 1 lemon, extra milk.

Press cheese through sieve. Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add egg-yolks, then cheese, milk, and grated rind. Beat egg-whites until stiff, carefully fold into mixture.

Divide pastry into 2-3rds and 1-3rd portions. Roll larger piece to fit 8in. square or 7in. x 11in. tin; take edges of pastry (1in. up side of tin. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 minutes; cool. Spread over prepared apricot filling, pour over cheese mixture. Roll remaining pastry thinly, cut into thin strips; place in lattice fashion on top. Glaze lightly with milk, bake in moderate oven further 25 minutes. Cool, cut into squares.

MELON MOUSSE

One small honeydew or rockmelon, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 cups water, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, mint to decorate.

Cut melon in halves, remove seeds, scoop out flesh after making some melon balls to decorate, using melon-baller or small teaspoon. Dice melon flesh very finely, or put through coarse mincer. Mix with lemon juice. Bring sugar and water to boiling point, cool slightly, add melon and salt. Freeze to mush in refrigerator trays, fold in sherry and lightly whipped cream. Return to trays, freeze until firm. Serve in melon cases, topped with melon balls and mint sprigs.

CHOCO-NUT PEAR MARSHMALLOW DESSERT

(A \$1000 prizewinner. Shown on cover.)

One packet buttercup cake mix, egg and water as required, sherry.

Pear Marshmallow: Three-quarter cup cold water, 2 tablespoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, 2 dessertspoons lemon juice, 1 unbeaten egg-white, 1 cup pear syrup, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups mashed canned pears (well drained).

Choco-Nut: Three tablespoons evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped milk chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Make up cake as directed on packet (if possible the previous day; only half the cake is required). Cut prepared cake into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. blocks, sprinkle lightly with sherry, set aside.

Place water, gelatine, sugar, cream of tartar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ pear liquid in saucepan, bring to the boil. Simmer gently 10 minutes. Remove from heat, allow to cool. Pour into large mixing bowl, add lemon juice, unbeaten egg-white, and remaining pear liquid; beat until thick. Fold in pears, mix lightly.

While pear marshmallow is beating, prepare choco-nut mixture: Place evaporated milk, sugar, and butter in saucepan, bring to the boil; boil 2 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in chocolate and vanilla. Mix until chocolate is all melted, then stir in coconut and nuts. Mixture must be still slightly warm when assembling sweet.



APRICOT CUSTARD SQUARES combine tender pastry, cinnamon-topped apricots, and a creamy custard. They can be served warm or cold. Recipe on opposite page.

To assemble: Line base of 8in. cake tin or springform pan with waxed paper, lightly coat sides with oil. Pour 1-3rd of marshmallow mixture into tin. Cover with layer of cake blocks, leaving a little space between the pieces and press lightly. Spread half the choco-nut mixture over cake pieces. Cover with more marshmallow, another layer of cake pieces, and remaining choco-nut mixture. Then add remaining marshmallow. Chill until firm. Unmould, decorate with pear slices, whipped cream, and grated chocolate.

PINEAPPLE BUTTERSCOTCH PARFAIT

Quarter cup white sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 3 tablespoons water, 1 egg-white, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned crushed pineapple (drained), 1 teaspoon gelatine.

Place white sugar, brown sugar, butter and 2 tablespoons of the water in saucepan. Bring slowly to boiling point, simmer until soft-ball stage (when a little dropped in cold water can be moulded to form soft ball). Beat egg-white, gradually pour in syrup, mix lightly. Allow to cool, chill. Fold in whipped cream, pineapple, and gelatine which has been softened in remaining 1 tablespoon water and dissolved over hot water. Beat thoroughly, fill into refrigerator tray; chill.

GOLDEN ORANGE DESSERT

Two oranges, 1 tablespoon icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon sago, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint custard, 1 tablespoon golden syrup.

Peel and remove pith from oranges, slice. Sprinkle with icing sugar, place in serving dish. Heat milk and sugar, add sago, cook gently until sago is clear and jelly-like, stirring frequently. Pour over fruit, cool. Add golden syrup to custard, pour over dessert, leave to set. Top with sprinkling of coconut and nutmeg before serving.

FRUIT-SALAD PANCAKES

Half cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 large banana, $\frac{1}{2}$ apple, lemon, sugar.

Sift white self-raising flour with salt, add wholemeal flour. Mix in grated orange and lemon rinds, mix to soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Fold in melted butter or substitute, mashed banana, and peeled, grated apple. Cook in small quantity of melted butter or substitute in shallow pan, turning to brown. Sprinkle with lemon juice and sugar, fold over; serve garnished with lemon wedges.

THESE CAKES TOPPED THE PRIZE LISTS

CAKE recipes in this section include many which have become readers' favorites. Although some first appeared in our prize lists many years ago, we still receive requests for the recipes.

HAZELNUT FINGERS

Six ounces ground hazelnuts, 3oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Beat eggs well, gradually add sugar, continue beating 3 or 4 minutes. Fold in nuts which have been mixed with sifted baking powder. Fill into greased 6in. square cake tin, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake cooler, top with icing made as follows:

Mix $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted icing sugar with 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon brandy and sufficient milk to make smooth spreading consistency. Spread over cake. When icing is just firm, cut into finger lengths.

ALMONDETTES

Filling: Four ounces ground almonds, 4oz. sugar, 1 small egg, grated lemon rind.

Cake Mixture: Eight ounces plain flour, 3oz. castor sugar, pinch salt, 4oz. butter, 1 slightly beaten egg, whole blanched almonds.

Prepare filling by mixing together ground almonds, sugar, lemon rind, and egg. Allow to stand 2 days (it can be used before this if desired).

Mix flour, sugar, and salt in basin; coarsely rub in the butter. Mix in $\frac{1}{4}$ the egg. Form into pat with hands; roll out to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Cut into rounds, place dessertspoon of almond mixture in centre of each round. Wet edges, place another round on top; press edges together. Place whole almond on top; brush with remaining egg. Bake on lightly greased oven trays 20 to 30 minutes in moderate oven.

HAZELNUT FINGERS are topped with flavored icing. Recipe this page.

COCONUT GINGERBREAD

Three ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup golden syrup or treacle, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 1 teaspoon ginger, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch allspice, pinch salt, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups plain flour, 1 cup coconut.

Cream butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Dissolve soda in treacle or syrup, stir into mixture. Sift flour, salt, and spices thoroughly, add to mixture alternately with milk and water. Fold in coconut. Pour into well-greased 7in. cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 55 to 60 minutes. When cool, ice with coconut frosting.

Frosting: One cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup desiccated coconut.

Place sugar, milk, and butter in saucepan, bring to boiling point, stirring frequently. Boil steadily 15 minutes without stirring. Add coconut. Beat until mixture is just beginning to thicken. Spread over cake.

QUICK-MIX CHOCOLATE CAKE

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt, 6oz. sugar, 3oz. dark chocolate, 3 tablespoons water, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sour milk.

Frosting and Filling: One cup sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 1 egg-white, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1oz. or 2oz. chocolate.

Sift flour, cinnamon, and salt. Add sugar, mix well. Grate chocolate, place in saucepan with water. Heat gently until chocolate is melted. Add butter, allow to melt. Fold lightly into dry ingredients with egg-yolk. Fold in sour milk and lastly stiffly beaten egg-white. Turn into 2 greased 8in. sandwich tins; bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to stand few minutes before turning out of tins.

When cold, fill and ice as follows: Frosting and Filling: Boil water and sugar steadily 5 minutes without stirring. Pour gradually on to stiffly beaten egg-white. Add vanilla, whip with rotary beater until very thick. Spread between layers of cake and over top. Grate chocolate coarsely, sprinkle over filling and topping.

PINEAPPLE TEACAKE

Two tablespoons butter, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs (or use 1 egg and 3 tablespoons milk), 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded, well-drained canned pineapple, 1 extra teaspoon butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt, then milk, if used. Spread half mixture into greased 7in. cake tin, cover with layer of pineapple, then remainder of cake mixture. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Carefully remove from tin on to cake cooler. While still hot, brush top with extra butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon mixed together. Serve, cut in wedges.

SHREDDED ALMOND CAKES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, vanilla, 2 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, good $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk.

Icing: Three cups sifted icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, little milk, almonds or coconut.

Cream shortening, sugar, and vanilla until light and creamy. Gradually add beaten eggs, then sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Fill into greased lamington tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Cool on cake cooler, cut into squares.

To prepare icing: Melt butter, mix with icing sugar. Add coffee essence and milk, mixing to smooth-spreading consistency. Coat cakes with icing, toss in finely shredded, lightly toasted almonds or coconut. Leave to set on cake cooler.

RUSSIAN WALNUT CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2 or 3oz. walnuts, 2 or 3oz. crystallised ginger, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mixed spice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk.

Soak ginger a few minutes in warm water to remove sugar; drain. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour, salt, and spice 3 times, fold into creamed mixture alternately with milk. Lastly fold in chopped walnuts (reserve a few for decorating) and chopped ginger. Fill into greased 8in. cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Stand few minutes before cooling on cake cooler. Top with walnuts.



● Prizewinning cakes come in all shapes and sizes, from easy mixed-in-one-bowl cakes to rich fruit cakes, elaborate tortes, original small cakes.

CHOCOLATE ALMOND CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 unbeaten eggs, 3oz. unsweetened melted chocolate, 2 cups plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 cup milk, whipped cream.

Cream butter, sugar, and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in melted chocolate, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Turn into 3 greased 7in. or 2 8in. sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake cooler. Sandwich with cream. Prepare butterscotch fudge frosting.

Frosting: Five ounces light brown sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, 5oz. white sugar, 3 tablespoons milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, blanched almonds.

Place brown sugar and butter in saucepan, cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture darkens slightly (about 5 minutes). Remove from heat, add white sugar, milk, and water. Return to heat, cook without stirring until small amount of liquid forms soft ball in cold water (approximately 8 minutes). Remove from heat. Cool to lukewarm, then beat until consistency for spreading. If necessary, place over hot water to keep soft while spreading. Spread over top of cake; sides can be covered, too, if desired. Decorate with blanched almonds.

CINNAMON CREAM SPONGE

One tablespoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 dessertspoons cinnamon, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, whipped sweetened cream.

Cream butter with sugar. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add golden syrup. Sift flour, cinnamon, and salt 3 times. Fold into mixture alternately with soda dissolved in milk. Turn into 2 greased 7in. sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake cooler. When cold, sandwich with whipped cream. Top can be iced with lemon-flavored warm icing and dusted with cinnamon.

NOVELTY FAN CAKE

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons milk.

Cream butter with sugar and orange rind until soft, white, and fluffy. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into shallow, greased 8in. cake tin, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to stand in tin few minutes before turning carefully on to cake cooler. When quite cold, ice and decorate in the following manner:

Icing and Decoration: Eight ounces sifted icing sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoon chocolate mock cream, icing flowers.

Commencing halfway round edge of cake, trim off piece on either side, leaving round edge for top of fan and cutting to point to represent handle of fan. Sift icing sugar, mix to smooth, thick paste with orange rind, orange juice, and melted butter. Soften to pouring consistency over low heat. Cover top and sides of cake, smoothing surface, if necessary, with knife dipped in hot water. Allow to set. Pipe straight lines of chocolate mock cream from point of fan halfway across surface to represent slats of fan. Pipe remainder of cream round top edge of fan. Fill plain space with icing flowers.

Chocolate Mock Cream: Two tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, milk.

Beat butter until soft, gradually beat in sugar. Add milk, one teaspoon at a time, beating until mixture is white and fluffy and sugar has dissolved. Fold in cocoa.

ONE-EGG SLAB CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups plain flour, 5 tablespoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 12 marshmallows, 2oz. chopped semi-sweet chocolate, chopped nuts.

Cream butter and sugar. Gradually add beaten egg. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with sour milk and vanilla. Lastly, fold in chocolate and marshmallows cut into quarters. Fill into greased-paper-lined lamington tin. Top with chopped nuts, bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Let stand in tin 10 minutes before turning out.



NOVELTY FAN CAKE is a pretty idea for a little girl's birthday. Recipe at left.

BOILED WHISKY CAKE

(This was a big prizewinner in one of our early cookery contests. We still receive dozens of requests each year for this popular, beautifully flavored fruit cake.)

One pound butter, 1lb. brown sugar, 10 eggs, 4oz. of boiled whisky (prepared as directed below), 1lb. raisins, 1lb. sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. glace cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. blanched almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. shredded peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

Boiled Whisky: Melt and brown 1oz. butter with 2 tablespoons sugar, then remove from heat and add 4oz. whisky. Return to stove, simmer until sugar dissolves. Use at once.

Cut butter into pieces in large bowl. Beat until smooth, add sugar gradually, beat until white and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well. Stir in boiling whisky, then fold in prepared fruit mixed with sifted flour, baking powder, and salt; add almonds. Turn into paper-lined 10in. cake tin, bake in slow oven 5 hours. Cool in tin, then wrap until ready to ice and decorate.

LEMON BUTTER CAKE

Lemon Butter: Two ounces butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, 2 lemons, 2 eggs.

Cake Mixture: Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plain flour, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup split blanched almonds.

Prepare lemon butter. Place butter in top half of double saucepan with sugar, grated rind and strained juice of lemons, and beaten eggs. Stir with wooden spoon while mixture cooks 15 minutes. Allow to cool.

Cream butter and sugar for cake mixture. Add beaten egg, then work in sifted flours and salt, making firm mixture. Knead on floured board, divide into 2. Press or roll each piece to fit greased 8in. sandwich tin. Place one portion in tin, press over base and up sides. Spread generously with lemon butter. Place second portion of mixture on top. Decorate with split blanched almonds, sprinkle with extra sugar. Bake in moderate oven approx. $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

Continued overleaf

Tasty scones

● Unusual ingredients produce delightful results in these prize-winning scones.

HOT MARMALADE SCONES

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, marmalade, 1 dessertspoon honey, extra teaspoon grated orange rind.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter. Add sugar, grated orange and lemon rinds. Beat egg, add milk, stir into dry ingredients, mixing to soft dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness, divide in 2. Spread one portion thinly with marmalade, place second portion on top. Cut into $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. squares with floured sharp knife, place on greased tray. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Turn on to cake cooler. Heat honey, add extra orange rind, glaze tops of scones.

WALNUT DATE SCONES

Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 3 teaspoons coffee essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates, 1 or 2oz. chopped walnuts, 2 cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, mix well. Add coffee essence, dates, and walnuts. Lastly fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk, making soft dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, pat or roll to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Cut with floured knife or cutter. Bake on greased tray in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

AMERICAN CHEESE SCONES

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 4oz. grated cheese, 1oz. butter (melted), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, pinch cayenne pepper.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter. Beat egg, add milk. Stir into dry ingredients, making soft dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to oblong shape, fold over once. Roll lightly to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness, cut into rounds. Place on greased tray. Combine cheese, melted butter, mustard, and cayenne. Stir over low heat until cheese starts to melt, spoon over scones. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

THESE CAKES TOPPED THE PRIZE LISTS . . . continued

CHRISTMAS CAKE

The recipe below won first prize in the cake section of our first big cookery contest, held in 1937.

The judges commented on the fact that such a good, big cake could be made so economically. In 1937, ingredients for the cake cost only 80c, and when cooked it weighed 7lb.

One pound butter, 1lb. sugar, 1lb. plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. self-raising flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sultanas, 1lb. currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. seeded raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. glace cherries, 6oz. almonds, 2oz. citron peel, 2 tablespoons orange marmalade, grated rind 1 orange, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, 8 eggs, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy.

Prepare fruit the previous day. Blanch almonds, cut in two lengthwise. Shred citron peel and grated fruit rinds. Place all fruit and rinds in basin, add marmalade; pour over lemon juice and brandy. Cover closely until needed.

Blend butter and sugar until smooth. Add eggs, one at a time, using a little of the sifted flours to prevent curdling. Add fruit, gradually stir in the flours to which salt has been added.

Fill into 10in. cake tin which has been lined with 4 thicknesses of paper; hollow out centre slightly. Bake in slow oven 6 hours.

Leave 3 weeks to mature before cutting.

GOLDEN LAMINGTONS

Two cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water, 2 eggs, juice and grated rind 1 orange, 1 packet orange jelly, toasted desiccated coconut.

Sift flour and salt, add sugar. Fold in butter melted in warm water, and well beaten eggs. Lastly fold in orange rind and juice. Mix well, fill into greased lamington tin or large slab tin. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Cool on cake cooler. When cold, cut into small squares. Prepare jelly according to directions. Allow to become cold. Dip cake squares in when jelly has thickened sufficiently to make thin coating without soaking in too much. Toss in coconut. Place in refrigerator 15 minutes to set jelly frosting.

GOLDEN LAMINGTONS are dipped in jelly then tossed in toasted coconut. See recipe above.

RUSSIAN ALMOND TORTE

Six egg-whites, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced almonds, 2 dessertspoons plain flour, 3 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. unsalted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee, 1 dessertspoon drinking chocolate or cocoa.

Whip egg-whites until stiff. Add gradually the almonds, sugar, and flour, mixing with wooden spoon; fold in beaten egg-yolks. Fill into greased and greased-paper lined lamington tin, bake in slow oven approximately 40 minutes. When cool, remove from tin, remove paper. Slice horizontally and fill with half the following Butter Cream. Top cake with remainder, sprinkle with extra chopped almonds if desired.

Butter Cream: Cream butter well, add sifted icing sugar, coffee, and cocoa gradually, beating continuously. If desired, beat in a little rum for flavoring.

TOFFEE-BUTTER HONEY CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. plain flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beat thoroughly after each addition. Sift together dry ingredients, fold into mix-

ture alternately with milk. Fill into greased lamington tin, bake in moderate oven 25 to 35 minutes. Stand in tin on wire-rack. When nearly cold, spread over topping and return to oven to brown topping lightly. Serve cut into squares or slices.

Topping: Three ounces sugar, 3oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. coconut, 4oz. honey, 2 tablespoons hot water.

Boil together sugar, butter, honey, and water until slightly colored, then add coconut.

FRESH LEMON LOAF

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup castor sugar, 2 eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts, rind and juice 1 large lemon, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar.

Cream butter well, add sugar, beat again; add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add sifted flour and salt alternately with milk; add nuts and lemon rind. Pour into greased 8 x 4in. loaf tin, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Mix lemon juice with extra sugar, stir occasionally until sugar dissolves. When cake is cooked and hot from oven, pour over lemon juice mixture. Leave cake in pan to cool.



CHOCMALLOW CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, vanilla, 2½ cups plain flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1½ cups milk, 2 tablespoons cocoa blended with extra ½ cup milk.

Frosting: Four ounces marshmallows, 1½ tablespoons butter, 1-3rd cup cocoa, 1½ cups sugar, pinch salt, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter with sugar, syrup, and vanilla. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Divide into 2. Fold blended cocoa into one portion. Grease and line bottom of 7½ in. cake tin. Place alternate spoonfuls of chocolate and vanilla mixtures in tin. Smooth surface slightly with knife. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes; cool on cake cooler. When cold, arrange marshmallows on top. Return to oven 2 to 3 minutes until marshmallows begin to melt. Leave in cool place to reset marshmallows. Prepare frosting. Melt butter, stir in cocoa, sugar, salt, and milk. Bring slowly to boiling point, boil gently to 240deg. F. (or when a little tested in cold water will mould into soft ball). Cool slightly, add vanilla. Beat until beginning to thicken. Pour quickly over cake.

EGGLESS APPLE FRUIT CAKE

One cup plain flour, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon spice, pinch salt, 1½ cups mixed fruit, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ cup warm milk, 1 cup very dry stewed apple pulp (slightly sweetened).

Sift flours, spice, and salt, add sugar, fruit, and cold apple pulp. Dissolve soda in warm milk, add melted butter, fold into dry ingredients. Fill into 8 in. round or square cake tin lined with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1½ hours. Allow to stand in tin 15 minutes before turning out on to cake-cooler.

BANANA AND GINGER GEMS

Two ounces butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, 3 dessertspoons golden syrup, 1-3rd cup milk, 1 ripe banana, 1 egg.

Cream butter and sugar, gradually add beaten egg and well-mashed banana. Sift flour and ginger, fold into creamed mixture. Lastly add golden syrup and soda dissolved in the milk. Fold in lightly, making smooth mixture. Three parts fill sizzling hot greased gem irons. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

BIRTHDAY BOOK CAKE

Sponge Cake: Four eggs, pinch salt, 2½ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2½ tablespoons boiling water.

Mock Cream: One cup milk, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons icing sugar, vanilla, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam.

Icing: Three cups sifted icing sugar, juice ½ lemon, 1 dessertspoon butter, water, 1 tablespoon cocoa, pink coloring.

Separate eggs, beat whites with pinch of salt until stiff and frothy. Gradually add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in flour (sifted 3 times) then boiling water. Pour into well-greased and paper-lined swiss roll tin. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Cool on cake cooler, cut in halves.

Mock Cream: Blend cornflour with little of the milk, add remainder of milk. Stir over gentle heat until boiling. Simmer 3 minutes, cool. Cream butter with sifted icing sugar, and few drops vanilla. Add cornflour mixture (still warm), a little at a time, beat well. Spread raspberry jam over both portions of sponge, join with mock cream.

Icing: Sift icing sugar, stir in lemon juice, butter, and sufficient water to make stiff paste. Warm slightly until smooth, ice both ends and front of book. When icing is set, mark with knife blade to represent leaves of book. Ice top of book, leaving right-hand corners uniced. Dip knife in hot water to smooth surface where necessary. Reserve 2 tablespoons of icing, color it pink. Add cocoa to remainder of icing and little extra water to mix. Reheat slightly, ice corners of book and back to represent leather binding. Using writing pipe and bag, pipe "Happy Birthday" with chocolate icing, and outline edge of book. With rose pipe and bag, pipe roses to hold candles. If desired, using writing pipe and pink icing, print name on back of book. Prepare at least 12 hours before required.

DANISH SNOWBALLS

Rub ½ lb. stale plain cake into crumbs. Bring to simmering point 1 tablespoon apricot jam, 1 tablespoon water, 3 teaspoons lemon juice (or half orange and half lemon juice). Pour over cakecrumbs, add few drops almond essence. Mix well, mould into balls about size of golf ball. Stand aside to become firm. Coat with thin chocolate icing, roll in coconut.



BIRTHDAY BOOK CAKE is easy to decorate, even for a beginner. There's a tender sponge cake under the chocolate frosting. The recipe is on this page.

PUMPKIN BUBBLE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup castor sugar, ½ cup warm dry mashed pumpkin, 2 large eggs, vanilla, 2 cups rice cereal, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam, 2 cups self-raising flour.

Beat butter and sugar until creamy. Add egg-yolks, vanilla, and mashed pumpkin; beat well. Sift in flour alternately with 1½ cups rice cereal. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Place mixture in lined and greased shallow cake tin. Add enough hot water to raspberry jam to make it of running consistency; spread evenly over cake mixture. Cover with remainder of rice cereal. Bake in moderate oven about 40 minutes or until well risen. Test with skewer. When cool, cut into squares.

DATE ROLL

One cup stoned dates, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups self-raising flour.

Place dates and soda in basin, pour over boiling water. Allow to stand about 1 hour to soften dates. Beat butter, brown sugar, and egg together, pour in date-and-water

mixture. Add sifted flour, mix lightly. Fill into two well-greased roll tins and, before putting on lids, push knife down through mixture several times to remove any air bubbles. Bake in moderate oven about 45 minutes. Serve sliced and buttered.

EGGLESS CHOCOLATE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, vanilla, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 10oz. plain flour, 4 tablespoons cocoa, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, scant 1½ cups milk.

Cream butter with sugar, vanilla, and syrup. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, making a soft dropping consistency. Grease and line bottoms of 2 8 in. sandwich tins, fill mixture evenly into both. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, fill with lemon filling, dust top with sifted icing sugar.

Lemon Filling: Place in saucepan grated rind and juice 1 lemon, 3 teaspoons cornflour blended with 3 tablespoons water, 4 tablespoons sugar, and 3 teaspoons butter. Stir over gentle heat until boiling, simmer 3 minutes; allow to cool.

Delicious homemade jams

● Take advantage of seasonal gluts of fruit by making jam to eat on bread and butter or to fill into small cooked pastry cases.

CUMQUAT CONSERVE

Cumquats, sugar, water, salt, lemon juice. Weigh cumquats. Allow 1lb. sugar for each 1lb. cumquats. Prick fruit well with darning needle. Cover with lightly salted water, stand 12 hours. Drain, cover with fresh water. Bring to boiling point, simmer gently 1 hour; drain. Prepare a syrup, using $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water and juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon to each 1lb. fruit. Add half the weighed sugar. Simmer 5 minutes, skim. Add fruit, simmer 10 minutes. Turn into basin, stand 24 hours; drain; return syrup to saucepan. Add half-remainder of sugar to syrup, bring to boiling point. Pour over cumquats, stand 2 days; drain again; return syrup to saucepan. Reboil syrup with remaining sugar, pour over fruit, leave 24 hours. Simmer fruit and syrup until syrup is slightly golden and fruit quite clear. Bottle while hot, seal when cold. Keep 3 months before using for best flavor.

RHUBARB AND FIG JAM

Three pounds rhubarb (approximately 2 bunches), 3lb. sugar, juice 2 lemons, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. preserved figs.

Wash rhubarb, cut into 1in. pieces. Place in large basin, cover with half sugar, leave overnight. Add lemon juice, turn into preserving pan. Bring slowly to boiling point, stirring occasionally. Add remainder of sugar and figs, stir gently until sugar is dissolved. Boil steadily until mixture jells when tested on cold saucer. Bottle while hot into warm, dry jars; seal when cold.

QUINCE AND ORANGE JAM

Two large quinces, 6 green apples, 4 large oranges, water, sugar.

Wash quinces and apples, cut into pieces without removing skins or cores. Cover with water, and boil until pulpy. Strain through coarse strainer, reserving liquid, discarding pulp. Wash and shred oranges, cover with water, cook until quite tender. Add strained liquid from quinces and apples. Measure and make quantity up to 12 cups with extra water. Bring to boil in preserving pan, add 12 cups warmed sugar. Boil steadily until mixture jells when tested on cold saucer. Bottle while hot into clean, dry, heated jars.

ROSE-HIP AND APPLE JELLY

One pint ripe rose-hips (freshly picked), 2 pints boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. green apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, 2lb. sugar, strained juice 1 lemon.

Wash rose-hips thoroughly, place in preserving pan with boiling water. Cook gently until soft, mash with fork or wooden spoon. Strain through jelly bag or several layers of muslin, allow to drip overnight. Measure rose-hip juice, make up to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints with extra water. Peel, core, and slice apples, cook with the cold water and lemon juice until very soft; beat to pulp. Add to rose-hip juice, bring to boiling point. Add warmed sugar, stir until dissolved. Cook quickly until mixture jells when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle into clean, dry, heated jars; seal and label when cold.

GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE

Three medium-size grapefruit, 6 pints water, 6lb. sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Slice grapefruit thinly, cover with the water, stand 12 hours or longer. Place over gentle heat in covered pan, cook until tender, leave until next day. Place again over gentle heat; when nearly boiling stir in sugar, salt, and cream of tartar. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Increase heat, boil rapidly until marmalade jells when tested on cold saucer. Bottle while hot in warm jars, seal when cold.

MOCK RASPBERRY JAM

Two pounds quinces, 3lb. tomatoes, 5lb. sugar, juice 2 lemons, 2 cups water.

Peel and core quinces, dice finely or put through coarse mincer. Dip tomatoes in boiling water, remove skins, chop finely. Put fruit, water, and lemon juice on to boil in large preserving pan, cook gently until fruit is tender. Warm sugar, add gradually to fruit, cook steadily 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until mixture jells when tested on cold saucer. Stir occasionally to prevent sticking and remove scum as it rises to surface. Bottle while hot into clean, dry, heated jars; seal when cold, label, and store in dark place.

PIES AND TARTS

LITTLE tartlets with sweet fillings make wonderful fare for afternoon tea or supper, and also are very good to include in lunchboxes.

NOUGAT TARTLETS

Pastry: Five ounces flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk, raspberry jam.

Sift flour and baking powder, rub in butter or substitute. Add sugar, mix to firm dough with beaten egg-yolk and milk. Knead lightly on floured board, roll thinly. Cut with floured cutter, line patty tins, prick with fork. Bake 5 minutes in hot oven. Remove from oven, place small dab of jam in each, fill with prepared filling.

Filling: Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg-white, 1 dessertspoon almond meal, 1 tablespoon icing sugar, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts, 6 tablespoons cake crumbs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon rum or orange juice, 1 tablespoon milk.

Cream butter or substitute and sugar; stir in stiffly beaten egg-white. Mix dry ingredients together, fold into creamed mixture. Lastly add milk and rum. Fill into tart cases, return to moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until filling is set. Allow to cool on cake cooler, spread top thinly with lemon butter or lemon cheese; decorate, if desired, with whipped cream.

APPLE CRUMB TARTLETS

Eight ounces sweet shortcrust pastry, 2 apples, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups stale cake crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons chopped raisins, 1 egg, raspberry or apricot jam.

Roll pastry thinly, line patty-tins. Simmer peeled, cored, and sliced apples to pulp with water, sugar, and lemon rind. Cool, add crumbs, cinnamon, raisins, and egg-yolk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Place $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon jam in base of each pastry case, fill with apple crumb mixture. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with custard or cream as a dinner sweet or cold, iced with lemon icing, for afternoon teas.

WALNUT CHEESECAKES

Six ounces biscuit pastry or sweet shortcrust, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, few drops almond essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup cake crumbs, apricot jam, small quantity whipped cream.

Roll pastry thinly on floured board, cut into rounds with fluted cutter. Line shallow patty tins. In base of each tartlet place $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon apricot jam. Cream butter or substitute with sugar and almond essence. Add beaten egg, then fold in cake crumbs and walnuts. Place a spoonful of this mixture in each tartlet. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes or until golden brown. When cold top with dab of whipped cream (or apply thin coating of lemon-flavored icing and sprinkle with chopped walnuts).

HAVANA CREAM PIE

One cooked 8in. biscuit pastry case, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Mix together $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the sugar, cornflour, and salt. Gradually stir in milk. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture boils and thickens; simmer 1 minute. Gradually add beaten egg-yolks, stir and cook further 2 minutes. Add butter and vanilla, beat until very smooth, cool slightly. Pour into baked and cooled pastry case. Allow to cool. Beat egg-whites until stiff and frothy, gradually add remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Pile on to cold tart, return to moderate oven until lightly browned.

VARIATIONS

Coconut Cream Pie: Stir $\frac{1}{2}$ cup desiccated coconut into cream filling, cover with meringue, and top with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded or desiccated coconut.

Chocolate Cream Pie: Add to milk 2oz. chocolate roughly chopped, heat until chocolate is melted. Cool before adding to sugar and cornflour. Top with extra chopped chocolate.

Butterscotch Cream Pie: Substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar for $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar used in cream filling, and increase butter to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons.

Strawberry Cream Pie: Cover cream filling with halved strawberries before adding meringue. Serve decorated with whole strawberries.

● Sweet pies for dessert, and little tartlets with luscious fillings to serve any time, have been consistent winners.

GOLDEN STAIRCASE PIE

(A \$1000 prizewinner)

Crust: Three ounces butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons castor sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon milk, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons cornflour.

Cream together butter or substitute and sugar, beat in egg-yolk. Add milk, work in sifted flour and cornflour. Knead on lightly floured board until smooth. Roll out, fit into 8in. or 9in. pie plate. Prick base, trim and decorate edges. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Filling (First layer): Juice 1 large lemon, pulp, 2 passionfruit, 7oz. condensed milk.

Blend lemon juice and passionfruit pulp with condensed milk, spread into cooled pastry case, chill.

Second layer: Juice and rind 1 lemon, juice and rind 1 orange, 1 tablespoon custard powder, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, water.

Add to orange and lemon juice sufficient water to fill 8oz. measuring cup. Place in saucepan with grated rinds, bring to boil. Blend custard powder, cornflour, and sugar with enough water to make smooth paste. Add boiling liquid slowly, stirring constantly. Add butter, return to saucepan, stir over low heat 3 minutes. Allow to cool, stirring occasionally to prevent skin forming. Spread carefully over first layer in pastry shell; chill.

Topping: One cup milk, 3 dessertspoons cornflour, pinch salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, water, passionfruit pulp.

Put milk in saucepan, heat gently. Blend cornflour and salt to smooth paste with little water. Pour on boiling milk very slowly, stirring all the time. Stir over low heat 5 minutes. Cover with damp cloth, stir occasionally until cool. Cream butter and sugar until white and fluffy, then beat in cooled custard mixture, a little at a time, adding vanilla during mixing. Spread over filling in pastry case; chill well. Just before serving, spoon over extra passionfruit pulp.

PASSIONFRUIT COCONUT TART

Six ounces sweet shortcrust pastry, 2 eggs, 1½ cups milk, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup desiccated coconut, pulp 2 passionfruit.

Line 8in. tart plate with pastry, decorate edge, do not prick base. Partly cook in hot oven approximately 7 minutes. Beat eggs well, add sugar, beat again. Add milk, passionfruit pulp, and coconut, mix well. Fill into partly cooked pastry case, return to moderate oven. Cook in moderate oven further 20 to 25 minutes until custard is set. Serve topped with whipped cream and extra passionfruit pulp.

LEMON BANANA CREAM PIE

One 9in. cooked biscuit or champagne pastry case.

Lemon Filling: Three ounces sugar, ¼ cup water, juice and grated rind 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons arrowroot, 2 bananas, extra lemon juice.

Cream Filling: One cup milk, 1 tablespoon arrowroot, 2 egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon butter, 3 tablespoons icing-sugar, vanilla, 1 tablespoon coconut.

Lemon Filling: Blend arrowroot to smooth paste with little of the water. Place in saucepan remainder of water, sugar, butter, juice and rind of lemon; stir in blended arrowroot. Stir, bring to boiling point, simmer 3 minutes. When nearly cold, pour into tart case, cover with banana slices coated with lemon juice to prevent discoloration.

Cream Filling: Blend arrowroot with ¼ cup of the milk. Beat egg-yolks, stir in remainder of milk, then blended arrowroot. Heat over gentle heat, stirring constantly until mixture boils; simmer 2 minutes. Cream butter with sifted icing sugar. Gradually stir in hot custard, vanilla, and coconut. Beat until creamy, cool slightly, pour over bananas.

Prepare a meringue with 2 egg-whites left from the cream filling by beating until stiff and frothy, and gradually adding 5 tablespoons sugar. Flavor with lemon juice, spread over cold cream filling, top with sprinkling of coconut. Bake in very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned.



GOLDEN STAIRCASE PIE has a delicious filling flavored with lemon, passionfruit, and orange, is topped with passionfruit. See recipe on this page.

LEMON BASKETS

Six ounces sweet shortcrust or champagne pastry, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, grated rind 1 lemon and juice 2 lemons, 2 tablespoons butter, extra 2 tablespoons sugar, cherries to decorate.

Roll pastry thinly. Cut out rounds, line patty tins. Cut ½in. strips for handles. Twist, lie flat on baking sheets in curved handle shapes. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes for tart cases, 5 to 7 minutes for handles. Cool on cake cooler. Place sugar, lemon rind and juice, 1 yolk and 1 whole beaten egg and butter in saucepan. Stir over gentle heat until thickened; fill into pastry cases. Make meringue with remaining egg-white and extra sugar; pipe or spoon on to tarts. Place handles in position, return to cool oven to set meringue. Decorate with halved cherries.

Alternative Filling: In place of the lemon filling above, the little pastry cases can be filled with any of the packaged dessert or pie fillings, prepared according to directions on package. Fill into cooled pastry cases.

APPLE AND LEMON MERINGUE TART

Biscuit Pastry: Two ounces butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon milk.

Cream butter with sugar, add egg-yolks, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt, then milk, making dry dough. Roll to fit 7in. tart plate. Brush sides and base with little egg-white. Prepare filling.

Apple and Lemon Filling: One egg, ¼ cup sugar, grated rind and juice 1 medium lemon, 1 green apple.

Topping: Two egg-whites, 3 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, ¼ cup corn breakfast cereal.

Beat egg with sugar until thick and creamy. Add lemon rind and juice, then peeled grated apple. Fill into pastry case. Place in hot oven, bake 10 to 12 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, cook 20 to 25 minutes longer or until filling is set; cool. Prepare topping. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar and vanilla. Beat until smooth. Fold in corn cereal, pile on to tart, return to very moderate oven until topping is set and lightly browned.

BISCUITS—sweet or savory

MAKE these biscuits to serve with afternoon tea or after-dinner coffee. Some are ideal, too, for school lunchboxes.

COCONUT BUBBLE BARS

Two ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon milk, 1 cup plain flour, pinch salt, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups coconut, 1 cup rice breakfast cereal, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts.

Cream butter with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the sugar. Add milk, then work in sifted flour and salt. Press into greased slab tin. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Beat eggs, add remainder of sugar, beat 3 or 4 minutes. Fold in remainder of ingredients, mix well. Spread evenly over cooked mixture, return to moderate oven further 20 minutes. While still warm, brush with milk, sprinkle with coconut, cut into finger lengths. Remove from tin, finish cooling on cake cooler.

ORANGE DATE SLICES

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup corn breakfast cereal, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 cups sifted self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon spice.

Date Filling: One cup stoned dates, 2 tablespoons orange juice, grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ orange, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 2 tablespoons water.

Cream butter and sugar, gradually add beaten egg. Stir in corn cereal, then fold in sifted flour, spice, and salt alternately with milk; mix evenly. Spread half of mixture in greased slab tin. Cover with cold date filling, spread remaining mixture over top. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. When cold, cut into finger lengths. Can be topped with orange-flavored icing and sprinkled with chopped nuts before cutting.

Date Filling: Stir chopped dates, orange juice and rind, sugar, and water over low heat until consistency of thick jam. Allow to cool before using.

APRICOT CHOCOLATE FINGERS

One and a half cups self-raising flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cocoa, 4oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 3oz. dried apricots, 2oz. chopped nuts, 2 tablespoons chopped preserved ginger, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Soak apricots in boiling water $\frac{1}{2}$ hour until soft but not pulpy. Sift flour, cocoa, and cinnamon, rub in butter. Add sugar, chopped nuts, ginger, and drained chopped apricots; mix well. Fold in beaten egg and milk. Spread in greased swiss-roll tin. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake cooler, top with chocolate icing and extra nuts. Serve cut into finger lengths.

JUBILEE SHORTBREAD

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, vanilla.

Topping: One cup grated green apple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts or mixed nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped glace cherries, 1 tablespoon cocoa, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ orange, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup icing sugar.

Cream butter and sugar with few drops vanilla. Gradually add 1 beaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour, making stiff mixture. Press evenly into slab tin 7in. x 10in. Prepare topping by adding nuts, cherries, cocoa, and orange juice to grated apple and mixing well. Spread evenly over base mixture. Beat egg well, stir in sifted icing sugar, pour over top of shortbread. Bake in hot oven 40 to 45 minutes. Allow partly to cool in tin. Cut into fingers or squares, finish cooling on cake cooler.

CRUNCHY CRISPS

Half cup sugar, 1 cup coconut, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 cup corn breakfast cereal, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon honey.

Melt butter, add honey. Work into all dry ingredients, mix well together. Fill into paper patty cases, place on oven trays. Bake in moderate oven until golden brown (about 15 to 20 minutes). Leave on trays until cold, store in airtight tin.

NOUGAT RASPBERRY COOKIES are topped with coconut. Recipe at right.

• There are biscuits here for all occasions. Some are sweet, some savory, and some do not require any baking.

PINEAPPLE SHORTBREAD

Two ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups well-drained canned crushed pineapple.

Topping: One egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup coconut.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, mix well. Fold in milk, sifted flour, and salt. Turn on to floured board, roll to fit greased slab tin. Cover with pineapple, prepare topping.

Topping: Beat egg and sugar together, add coconut. Spread over pineapple. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot with custard as a dinner sweet or allow to become cold, cut into finger lengths, and serve for afternoon tea or supper.

CHOCOLATE NUT BARS

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. plain biscuits, 1 teaspoon rum or vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salted peanuts.

Melt butter, add sugar, cocoa, and beaten egg. Stir well, cook 1 minute. Fold in crushed biscuits, nuts, and rum or vanilla. Press firmly into greased tin, chill until set. Cut into finger lengths or blocks. Can be decorated with vanilla or lemon icing if desired.

NOUGAT RASPBERRY COOKIES

Six ounces plain flour, pinch salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon water.

Topping: Two ounces ground almonds, 2oz. coconut, 4oz. sugar, few drops almond essence, 1 egg-white, 1 tablespoon milk, raspberry jam.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter, add sugar. Beat egg-yolk lightly with water, add to dry ingredients, mix to pliable dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll thinly, cut into circles with fluted cutter. Place circles on baking trays. Combine ground almonds, coconut, and sugar. Beat egg-white slightly, add milk and almond essence. Add to dry ingredients, mix well, pile on to pastry rings. Make depression in centre of each with handle of wooden spoon, fill with little raspberry jam. Bake 15 to 17 minutes in moderate oven.





SHERRY SLICES, at left, are made with a rich sherry-flavored mixture layered between marzipan. Serve them with after-dinner coffee. Recipe below.

CHOCOLATE COCONUT ROUGHS

Two ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 dessert-spoon cocoa, little milk if necessary.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, beat well. Fold in coconut, nuts, and dates, then sifted dry ingredients. Add milk, if necessary, to make mixture of dropping consistency. Drop in small spoonfuls on to greased oven tray, spacing well. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool on tray, store in airtight tin.

PEANUT CHEESE BISCUITS

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped peanuts, cold water, celery salt.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter or substitute. Add cheese and peanuts and mix in firm dough with water. Knead slightly on floured board, roll out to approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Cut with floured cutter or into finger lengths, place on greased tray. Glaze with water, prick lightly with fork, sprinkle with celery salt. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes until golden brown. Cool on cake cooler.

RAINBOW SHORTBREAD FINGERS

Six ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 8oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. custard powder, pinch salt, little milk, 1 table-spoon cocoa, pink coloring, lemon-flavored icing.

Cream butter with sugar. Work in sifted flour, custard powder, and salt, then sufficient milk to make stiff paste. Divide mixture into 3 equal portions. To one portion add pink coloring; to another add cocoa blended to smooth, thick paste with milk; leave third portion plain. On floured board press or roll each portion to long, narrow strip. Join the 3 layers, one on top of the other, with pink layer in middle. Lift carefully on to greased oven tray. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. When cold, top with lemon-flavored icing, cut into finger lengths.

CHEESE SAVORIES

One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 egg, cold water to mix, 3 tablespoons fish paste, 2 gherkins, egg-glazing.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in butter; add cheese. Mix to stiff dough with beaten egg and water. Knead slightly on floured board, roll thinly. Cut into $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. to 2 in.

circles. Place half the circles on biscuit trays, spread centres thickly with fish paste. Top each with 2 thin slices gherkin. Glaze edges, place remaining circles on top. Press lightly round edges, glaze tops, mark with knife. Bake in rather hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Cool on cake cooler. Serve garnished with parsley.

CUSTARD BISCUITS

Two ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup custard powder, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Chocolate-Honey Filling: One and a half cups icing sugar, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 1 table-spoon honey, 1 dessert-spoon butter, 3 teaspoons boiling water.

Cream butter, sugar, and vanilla. Add egg, beat well. Add sifted flour, baking powder, and custard powder alternately with milk, making stiff mixture. Fill into bag with large rose-pipe attached; pipe 2 in. lengths on to greased oven tray. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Allow to cool on trays. When cold, fill pairs with chocolate-honey filling.

Chocolate-Honey Filling: Melt honey and butter over hot water, stir into sifted icing sugar and cocoa. Add boiling water, mix until smooth. Any filling left can be thinned slightly with hot water and used to decorate tops of biscuits.

SAVORY BUTTERFLY BISCUITS

Four ounces plain flour, 2oz. butter or substitute, pinch mustard, cayenne pepper and salt, 2oz. finely grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice, 1 egg-yolk, 2 table-spoons milk.

Sift flour, mustard, cayenne, and salt. Rub in butter, add cheese. Mix to firm dough with beaten egg-yolk, milk, and lemon juice. Knead lightly on floured board, roll thinly. Cut into rounds with floured cutter, place on flat oven trays. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes, until crisp and very lightly browned. Cover half of cooled biscuits with topping made by combining 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, dash cayenne pepper, mustard, and salt, and 1 table-spoon cream (from top of milk). Cut remaining half of biscuits in 2, arrange on savory mixture resembling butterfly wings. Place strip of gherkin down centre.

CHERRY SURPRISES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 table-spoon milk, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts, 2oz. corn breakfast cereal, 6oz. plain flour, pinch salt, glace cherries, coconut.

Melt butter with sugar and milk (do not allow to become too hot). Place mixed spice, nuts, sifted salt and flour, and corn cereal in basin, add hot liquid, mix well. Mould small amount of mixture round whole glace cherries, roll in coconut, place on greased trays. Bake in hot oven 15 to 17 minutes. Cool on cake cooler.

MUNCHIES

One cup plain flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 cup coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter or substitute, 1 table-spoon golden syrup, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 tablespoons boiling water.

Mix dry ingredients, except soda, together. Melt butter in boiling water, add syrup and soda. Stir into dry-ingredients; mix well. Place teaspoonfuls on to greased tray. Bake in moderate oven until browned (about 10 minutes). Allow to cool on tray.

SHERRY SLICES

Marzipan Layers. Eight ounces marzipan meal, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups icing sugar, 3 tablespoons castor sugar, 1 table-spoon sherry or lemon juice, 1 egg-white.

Filling: Half cup seedless jam, 1 cup desiccated coconut, 1 cup chopped dried fruits (such as raisins, dates, sultanas, cherries, apricots), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts, 3 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 table-spoon cocoa, 2 tablespoons sherry.

Icing: Six ounces chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup icing sugar, 1oz. butter, 3 tablespoons milk, extra chopped nuts.

Mix marzipan meal with icing sugar and castor sugar. Add egg-white and enough sherry to make firm dough. Divide into 2, roll 50th pieces to fit slab tin 7 in. x 11 in. Place one layer in bottom of tin, press over filling mixture, lift second marzipan layer on top; chill.

Filling: Combine all filling ingredients, using little extra sherry to moisten if necessary.

Icing: Melt chocolate in top half of double boiler, add butter and heated milk. Blend in sifted icing sugar to make smooth icing. Spread over top marzipan layer, sprinkle with extra chopped nuts.

Chill overnight in refrigerator, cut into small squares or desired shapes with knife dipped in hot water.

SNACKS AND SAVORIES

● On this page are easy-to-make recipes for supper, for snacks, or as tasty additions to meals.

SOME of these recipes would also be excellent for luncheon dishes when unexpected guests arrive.

ASPARAGUS LOGS

Four ounces plain flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mustard, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1oz. grated cheese, 1 can asparagus, egg for glazing, breadcrumbs.

Sift flour, salt, cayenne, mustard, and baking powder into basin. Rub in butter, add cheese. Mix to dry dough with 1 or 2 tablespoons of asparagus liquid. Roll out pastry thinly, cut into strips 3in. x 2in. Place asparagus spear on each piece. Moisten edges, roll up; pinch ends. Dip in egg glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Deep-fry until brown.

SAVORY RICE SALAD

One cup cooked and drained rice, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise or salad oil, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 small tomato, 1 teaspoon finely chopped chives, shallots, or onion, 2 tablespoons finely diced cucumber, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar.

Roughly chop hard-boiled egg and tomato. Marinate cucumber in vinegar with pinch of salt at least 15 minutes, drain. Combine all ingredients, mix well. Place in bowl, cover, and chill. Serve in lettuce cups.

SPANISH RICE

Half cup rice, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup hot water, 3 tablespoons chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, pinch dried sage (or $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon freshly chopped sage), $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pepper, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomato pulp (made from fresh skinned tomatoes).

Saute uncooked rice until light brown in 1 tablespoon of the butter; use shallow, heavy pan. Add hot water, cook gently, covered, until rice has absorbed all liquid. Melt remainder of butter in small saucepan, add onion and green pepper; brown lightly. Add tomato pulp gradually, stir until boiling; simmer 5 minutes. Season with sage, salt, and pepper. Pour over rice, cover pan, allow to cook gently until sauce has thickened and reduced. Serve hot.

SAVORY RICE SALAD to serve with cold meats or grills. Recipe above.

RICE OMELET

Four eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cooked rice, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Separate eggs; beat yolks with parsley, salt, and pepper. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and, lastly, cooked rice. Heat butter in pan; pour in omelet mixture. Cook gently until set and brown underneath. Brown top under moderate griller. Fold over, serve piping hot, garnished with parsley. Serves 2.

ASPARAGUS SAVORY

One can asparagus tips, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 2 or 3 rashers bacon (rind removed), 2oz. butter, 2oz. flour, milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, grated cheese, breadcrumbs.

Drain asparagus tips, reserve the liquid. Grill bacon rashers, shell eggs, chop both roughly. Melt butter, stir in the flour, cook 1 minute without browning. Stir in milk made up to 1 pint with reserved asparagus liquid. Correct seasonings with salt and pepper. Fold in prepared bacon, eggs, and asparagus cut into 1in. pieces. Fill mixture into greased ovenware dish or into individual ramekin dishes. Sprinkle

with equal quantities of cheese and breadcrumbs. Place in moderate oven until thoroughly heated through and top is golden brown. Serve with fingers of hot buttered toast.

SAVORY PICNIC PIE

Four ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 rashers bacon, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mashed potato, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, milk, 2 or 3 eggs.

Line 8in. tart plate with pastry. Chop onion, fry in butter until tender. Add chopped bacon, cook 2 minutes. Add potato, parsley, salt, pepper, and milk to make soft mixture. Fill into pastry case. Beat eggs, season, pour over potato mixture. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

SAVORY CHOKOES

Four young chokoes, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 small tomato, pepper and salt, pinch of herbs, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Wash chokoes well; if young, leave unpeeled. Cut in halves, remove seeds. Cook gently in small quantity boiling salted water, lid on. When tender, drain, cut

thin wafer from curved sides so halves stand evenly on greased oven tray. Peel and chop tomato, mix with all other ingredients except cheese. Stand 5 or 10 minutes. Fill into seed cavities in chokoes, top with grated cheese. Place in moderate oven until thoroughly heated and cheese is melted and lightly browned.

SAVORY SPREADS AND PASTES

Chicken Liver Spread: Two sheep's kidneys, 3 chicken livers, 3 chicken giblets, 1 medium-sized onion, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dried mixed herbs, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, little stock.

Soak kidneys in salted water $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, skin and chop, removing core. Chop livers, giblets, and onion. Place all together in saucepan with the water, salt, and herbs. Boil together until tender and liquid has reduced to half; cool, mince finely. Add lemon juice and enough stock to make spreading consistency. Store in refrigerator.

Cheese Spread: One tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. grated mature cheese, 2 beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cayenne pepper.

Melt butter in top of double boiler over simmering water. Add cheese, stir until melted. Mix in beaten eggs and milk, salt, mustard, and cayenne. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick. Store in refrigerator in glasses, covered with transparent wrapping paper. Keeps 2 to 3 weeks.

Mock Turkey Paste: Half pound ripe skinned chopped tomatoes, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon mixed dried herbs, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon black pepper, soft white breadcrumbs.

Put all ingredients, except breadcrumbs, in saucepan, boil 1 minute. Remove from heat, add enough breadcrumbs to make a paste consistency. Store in refrigerator.

Steak Paste: One pound topside steak, 1 tablespoon anchovy essence, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon black pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground mace, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, gravy.

Chop steak into small pieces, removing all fat. Put all ingredients, except gravy, in heatproof basin, cover and steam 3 hours. When cool, mince finely, add just enough gravy to bind. Fill into jars, cover with transparent wrapping paper. Store in refrigerator. Keeps 2 weeks.

